

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXXIV., No. 2

"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.

FEBRUARY, 1903

THE RECENT CRISIS IN VENEZUELA

At the present writing, the recent disagreeable political entanglement in South America which threatened to involve three great world powers, bids fair to be settled amicably and without any international complications. The results so far have been interesting and most unexpected. Almost from the very beginning the center of interest shifted from Venezuela to the United States, from the payment of a debt to a definite statement of the Monroe Doctrine. The United States discovered that in order to maintain a policy whose greatest efficacy virtually relies upon its very intangibility, the nicest diplomacy would be necessary. Our position was, therefore, one of great delicacy, and to have come out of it—as it now seems we have—not only without committing ourselves but with added credit and world praise is a matter of no slight congratulation.

It can in fairness scarcely be doubted that Germany meant to make us declare ourselves explicitly upon the Monroe Doctrine. In order to do this she had the best of pretexts at her back. No free country can assume a protectorate over another free country and shield that country from paying its lawful debts. In the present instance the conditions were peculiar in that the United States had herself established a precedent in a like matter. In collecting debts from South American republics we have employed practically the very means which Germany and England attempted to use. On the surface, therefore, it would seem that the foreign powers did nothing that was not in exact accord with precedence and right. As if this were not enough, assurance was given that no attempt would be made to acquire a foothold in Venezuela.

This looks all very well, but when the matter is considered more closely, the question works out somewhat differently. In order to collect these debts it would have been necessary to establish a "peaceful blockade"

and collect the customs of the port. The treasury of Venezuela is in none too flourishing a condition. How many years it might take to collect the amounts, and what damage this might work upon financial interests were the points at issue. And what foothold might not a foreign power almost imperceptibly obtain during such a time is not hard to see—especially when the turbulent, unsettled condition of the country is taken into account. A country where revolutions are a business, and where the foreign elements are big, is in a rather good position to lose its liberty.

Germany must have seen all this very clearly. The cleverness of her proposal that President Roosevelt act as arbiter when she saw that she could not coerce us into a definitely stated policy showed this plainly. And the statesmanship that brought about the result that not President Roosevelt but the Hague Tribunal should be the adjudicator was a triumph of diplomacy which won universal admiration. It has saved the United States an embarrassing position, and it has given recognition to the Hague Tribunal. It has put another rung in the ladder which leads from war to arbitration. Recently there have been rumors that the question will never reach the Hague but be settled amicably by diplomats in Washington. This would but redound the more to our credit.

One of the rather curious results of the whole affair has been the co-operation of Germany and England and the subsequent revulsion of England against this. While Mr. Kipling is rather harsh in his words, he yet mirrors the English feeling—the feeling of having been tricked into a situation from which little or no honor could accrue. The London Spectator thus speaks:

The feeling of indignation in the public mind at being yoked with Germany in the infliction of punishment upon the errant Republic of Venezuela, a feeling which has been more nearly unanimous than any experienced in the present generation, is reflected with extraordinary vividness in a poem

by Mr. Kipling published in the Times entitled *The Rowers*. The poet there exactly interprets and makes conscious the national feeling:

"They sang: 'What reckoning do ye keep
And steer her by what star,
If we come unscathed from the Southern deep
To be wrecked on a Baltic bar?"

Last night ye swore our voyage was done,
But seaward still we go;
And ye tell us now of a secret vow
Ye have made with an open foe!

The dead they mocked are scarcely cold,
Our wounds are bleeding yet—
And ye tell us now that our strength is sold
To help them press for a debt!

'Neath all the flags of all mankind
That use upon the seas,
Was there no other fleet to find
That ye strike hands with these?"

Mr. Kipling has been blamed for the too great fierceness of his poem, and men have feared its tendency to embroil us still further with Germany. In ordinary circumstances we should have agreed that it was wrong to increase national animosity, but we fear that in the case of Germany nothing could increase the animosity of the dominant public opinion. Here there is a real need for speaking out plainly and strongly. Only by such speech can we hope to convince the government that we cannot, and will not, become the allies of Germany, and that the control of our foreign policy must not be placed even for an hour in the hands of the Kaiser and his Chancellor.

AMERICAN INTERESTS IN CANADA

"Cecil Rhodes once passed his hand across the map of Africa and said, 'I want to see this "all red," or, in other words, all British.' A like American expansionist, who hoped to see the American continent 'all red', or controlled by the United States," writes Mr. Robert H. Montgomery in the *World's Work*, "could readily fancy in taking such a trip as I recently took from Sydney, Nova Scotia, to Vancouver, that a reddish tinge covers territory far to the north of our northern political limits; for the industrial boundary of the United States runs in a waving line across the continent well within the Canadian territory."

Mr. Montgomery discovered on his trip that American capital and American labor were deeply and vitally interested in almost every Canadian endeavor. The whole development of Nova Scotia was due more to Henry M. Whitney of Boston than to any other man. The opening up of the country has been in a great measure through American brains and American labor. The successful manipulation of the railroad systems, the development of the mines, the cattle-raising and grain-pro-

ducing industries, the manufactures and products show everywhere the strong and definite impress of the American hand. "The story begins at the Atlantic threshold of Canada and proceeds to the Pacific Ocean—with American achievements all the way."

It would be delightful to speculate what national results are likely to follow from such an "industrial invasion," but the speculation at this time would be futile as far as definiteness is concerned. One thing, however, seems imminent, and that is that as American capital and American interests grow more important in Canada, the question of the tariff is bound to come into increasing prominence. As for Canada itself, some results are bound to follow. "What the social or political result will be it is too early to prophesy. In some quarters of Canada anxiety is expressed, but it would seem needlessly. That the fusion of the two peoples caused by counter migration of Americans and Canadians across a purely arbitrary boundary is inevitable, is the conclusion of some observers; but, at any rate, it guarantees the final occupation of the land by men of the same sturdy stock, speaking the same language, and with customs, laws, and religion essentially alike."

THE LATEST TRIUMPH OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

The announcement that at no very distant day wireless telegraphy will be used for the purpose of conducting daily newspapers on the big ocean liners, and that a certain vessel has already been chosen for the initial trial fills one with mingled sensations of delight and despair. The great simple wonder of the thing almost takes the breath away. The idea that sailing in mid-ocean, with not a vestige of land in sight, one might sit down over one's cigar and read the day's happenings in New York, Paris, Berlin, London, or the globe at large, would ten years ago have been considered the vagaries of a dreamer or an overflorid novelist. Yet the dream is soon to become a reality, and while we accept it with a feeling of amused surprise, we take it very much as a matter of fact of an age when marvels have grown commonplace.

The benefits of being ever in telegraphic communication with land are manifold. They are so evident and patent that to enumerate them would be tedious. The point to be questioned is whether the scheme has any drawbacks, and if so, what they are. And that there are drawbacks cannot be doubted. The over-practical may call these sentimental

and superfine, but they are at bottom vital as the virtues. We are so much taken up in commercial pursuits that we are apt to forget the finer and quieter elements of existence. It is a transgression upon this esthetic character of life wherein the present attempt is to be deprecated. The Chicago Chronicle states the case very clearly and concisely:

A ship at sea is the most complete illustration conceivable of the rest cure. The invalid can receive no tantalizing letters. The daily newspaper, which he finds indispensable in his activities at home, is neither expected nor desired on an ocean breakfast table. The shrill cry of the fraud "extra" does not break the rhythm of the waves. Hitherto no telegram fractured the profound sleep of the ocean voyage. Freedom from distraction of every kind is an elementary restorer of health. If the Marconi system, equip ocean ships with a daily newspaper, the hygienic character of ocean travel will lose a considerable portion of its value.

If a death dispatch reach a household ashore, there is at least the possibility of immediate action to alleviate its distressing effects, but the wireless telegram at sea, which will disclose to traveling members of the household disaster within their home, will be ten times more grievous to receive because the recipients will be for days or perhaps weeks unable to do anything to relieve the sufferings or mitigate the evils that have befallen the home circle. Telegrams of a business nature will excite their recipients without the accompaniment of land powers which experience has made helpful in times of business troubles.

Let those to whom these words seem over-finical remember that every action is followed by a reaction. It is the reaction which should give rest and recuperative strength. We need the quieting, restful things of this world, if we are to succeed in the strenuous endeavor.

THE GENTLE ART OF GIVING

There are some very interesting statistics on the question of giving in Appleton's Annual Encyclopedia for 1902. The publishers estimate that over \$85,000,000 was given or left by will, during the year, for charity. Of this amount, however, owing to various conditions, less than \$70,000,000 can, with certainty, be distributed. The amount is divided broadly as follows:

Colleges and educational institutions, including schools for manual training	\$20,127,525
Church work, Sunday-schools, and Young Men's Christian Association..	7,588,220
Foreign missionary work.....	263,500
Benevolent societies	4,364,724
Hospitals, nurseries, and asylums	26,480,958
Museums and art institutes	6,372,422
Libraries	2,157,000
Cooper Union	942,440
New York Historical Society.....	50,000
Total	\$68,346,789

Further analysis shows that of the immense amount given for educational purposes five-sixths were contributed by persons still living, while six-sevenths of the total for foreign missionary work came to the boards through bequests of deceased friends. Almost two-thirds of the amount received for home church work was in the form of bequests, while only a little more than one-fifteenth of the amount given for libraries was so acquired. Less than one-eleventh of the donations for museums and art institutes was left by will, whereas various benevolent societies other than those closely allied with the hospital work were indebted to the memory of deceased benefactors for about four-fifths of the total received during the year. Hospitals and kindred institutions received about half of their increase from persons still living and half as beneficiaries under wills.

There seems to be here a rather curious phenomenon, illustrating a most natural, yet nevertheless most interesting phase of human nature. The connection between approaching death and religion seems inevitable even to the atheist. The man on his deathbed, about to render in a final account, likes to think that when the books shall be opened a large credit may be seen which has gone toward the praise and honor of his Maker. Indeed, it would seem that not being able to pay one's way into Heaven one tries to pave one's way thither. On the other hand, a man being sound and healthy looks not so much toward the next world as upon this one. Therefore, he gives his money to places which will bring a present honor and a present good. Not that this is the conscious purpose. The greatest delight of giving is giving. The selfishness in it is too subtle for consciousness.

It is not hard, of course to pick out who have been the great donors; the names spring almost unconsciously to the lips, but the great list of those less known is what brings the greatest satisfaction. We are, it is good to see, as generous and free with our money as we are eager to amass it.

SCIENCE AND DISEASE

The warfare of science with disease is one of those ever-old and ever-new contests which have a fascination for many minds. While the training of specialists has doubtless done much to effect cures in individual cases, and while the experiments of investigators have certainly enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge respecting disease. neither of these factors have contributed so much toward the control of the half-dozen more important maladies that annually slay their thousands as the gradual spread of elementary knowledge.

respecting disease among increasing numbers of the earth's inhabitants. The immortal Jenner has for more than a century had the credit of discovering the efficacy of vaccination, and so of saving the lives of millions; yet it is probably true that he gained his knowledge of cow-pox, the method of disseminating it among human beings, and the protection it afforded against smallpox from the simple dairy folk of Gloucestershire, who had long observed it. The world owes him a debt of gratitude for spreading abroad the information he had gained, but hardly for a true discovery or generalization in science. Pasteur worked out from many contributing sources a consistent theory of germ diseases, and following his reasoning Behring and Roux perfected the anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria, probably the greatest contribution of pure science to the specific treatment of disease. In the case of typhoid fever, while science has done much in investigating the causes of its epidemics, only the gradual education of the public to the protection of its food and water supplies can ever put an end to its ravages. Fortunately, the public is growing more and more alive to the importance of such protection, and the death-rate from typhus is decreasing. Only the coöperation of large numbers of widely scattered people can destroy the malaria-burdened mosquito; but in the case of yellow fever, intelligent action by a single local health board, like that of Havana, will suffice practically to conquer the disease. Tuberculosis, again, is clearly preventable by the spread of knowledge that consumptive sputum must be disinfected; and the end of cholera infantum waits on the growth of the simple practice of sterilizing milk for infants.

In all these various directions while science has been the pioneer it remains for the slow spread of elementary knowledge among the people to work the cure.

A NEW AID TO ZOOLOGICAL CLASSIFICATION

In the December number of Pearson's Magazine is an article which is far more important than at first sight appears. It is called *Eye to Eye with Wild Beasts*, and describes the work of an artist zoologist, Mr. Arthur Head, F.Z.S., who, in conjunction with Dr. Lindsay Johnson, conceived the idea of examining the eyes of animals with the ophthalmoscope. Mr. Marcus Woodward, the writer of the article, thus describes the value of Mr. Head's investigations:

"The work, indeed, is of vast importance

from the scientific point of view—providing, among other things, an entirely new proof of the theories of evolution, and an entirely new method of classifying the animal kingdom—so perfect that, if you show Dr. Johnson a drawing of the back of the eye of any animal, he will tell you at once not only to what genus it belongs, but also to what family, and what order, and what sub-class. And not only this, but he will tell you the time (comparatively, Mr. Woodward must mean) at which that animal came into existence by development."

As is the case with so many discoveries, it seems strange that the method of Mr. Head never before occurred to comparative anatomists. Optic organs are striking instances of gradual development, from the generalized property of sensitiveness to light, possessed by many protozoa, to the marvelously intricate structure of the human eye. The most primitive specialized organ of sight is merely a patch of pigment more sensitive to light than protoplasm generally, and is found in its simplest condition in a star fish. The ends of the arms are furnished with such patches, and a muscle running along the upper side of each arm turns the primitive eye towards the light. Compare this form of eye with the anatomy of the human eye, and it will be seen that few, if any, developments of animal organs present such an object for wonder. It is not a subject for surprise, therefore, that the study of the eye should become an aid to classification, or rather, perhaps, a means of verifying classification. Mr. Woodward, in describing his meeting with Mr. Head in the Zoological Gardens in London, tells how he found him examining the eye of a Cape jumping hare. Mr. Head's exclamation was: "It seems to me that this jumping hare is no more a hare than I am. His retina is colored green and red, and is utterly different from the pure vermilion of all the hare and rabbit family." Now, the "jumping hare" (*Pedetes caffer*) belongs to the same family as the jerboa and the North American "jumping mouse" (*Zapus hudsonius*) a family separated, in North American zoology, by the porcupines from the hares. This is a curious proof of the new method of investigation; a method which calls for close attention on the part of all zoologists.

ELECTRIC HEATING

The shortness of the coal supply during the present winter is certain to increase the anxiety which, for some years past, has compelled attention to modes of obtaining heat for

household purposes. Very recently there has appeared a description of the efforts made by the State Electrician of the State of New York in this direction. Granted that it is a whim, a hobby, it, nevertheless, demonstrates the possibility of supplying heat from sources other than coal.

A single wire extends from Mr. Barnes's front porch to the supply wire of an electric light company, and through this he obtains all the light and heat, including that employed in cooking, which is required in his household. The wire is conducted to a switchboard in the library on the ground floor, and from this center control is exercised over the supply for every purpose. Light, of course, there is in abundance, even to a Christmas tree, with 600 one-candle bulbs. Heaters are placed in the hall, the two parlors, the library, the dining-room on the ground floor, and in every room on the second floor. These heaters are 24 by 12 by 8 inches, looking like a black box standing upon a marble base. Each room, or all the rooms at once, can be heated as required, necessary gradation of temperature being easily attainable. Each heater is supplied with a safety appliance by which the fuse is blown out in case the wire becomes short-circuited, and thus danger of fire is materially lessened. In the kitchen the provision is even more wonderful. In an electric oven bread can be baked, turkeys and joints cooked, broiling done, water boiled, tea and coffee made, sad-irons and curling irons heated—all by making various connections with a wire; and, in the case of a supper party after the theater, a moment suffices to place the chafing-dish in commission.

The whole arrangement is ideal and suggests endless possibilities. That it is expensive under present conditions goes without saying. Mr. Barnes says that it costs three times as much as it would cost to heat the house with coal or steam, but—and that "but" is a very large one—it is possible, it is effective, it is convenient. Human invention does not stand still under such conditions, and it will find out a way for providing less expensive arrangements, and after that will not rest until it finds a supply of electricity at a cost which will compete with that of other fuels. With all the millions of horse power in our streams and tidal waters going literally to waste, this should not be insurmountable. Shall we ever see the time when he who builds his house by stream or ocean will be above the troubled waters of coal operators and miners?

THE SPECIALIST

The present rapid growth of knowledge is one of the most wonderful phenomena in the world's history. It is no mere figure of speech to say that frequently the sheets of one of our encyclopedias are not dry from the press before some subject which has been treated most carefully needs addition or revision. It may be some new discovery has been made, some new invention has been evolved, some hitherto unknown law or principle has been elucidated; in one way or another knowledge is daily growing from more to more. Only a few centuries ago the *trivium* and *quadrivium* of the monastic schools, the seven years' course of grammar, dialectics, rhetoric, music, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, were supposed to turn out the perfect scholar. Now a lifetime does not suffice, for there is no such thing as perfection. The wise man of Israel is said to have spoken of trees, "from the cedar that is in Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." Now he would have all that he could do to speak of conifers alone. The Admirable Crichton, that paragon of Scottish learning, who astonished the universities of Europe, would be silenced beside a graduate from one of our city high schools. To hope to attain even a respectable knowledge of every branch of learning is out of the question, one branch generally being sufficient for a lifetime.

This, however, is a condition which has its advantages. It is humbling without being humiliating, for it shows the limitations of man's capacity; it compels concentration of intellectual powers instead of encouraging diffusion of them; and the very vastness of the field fosters the hope that there may be some one spot in it which may become a man's own. It, in short, produces the specialist, and herein lies the secret of the rapid growth of knowledge. When the intellectual powers are devoted to one subject, they become strangely alive to every phase and possibility of it. In following out the intricacy of some line of investigation, the mind appears to acquire a sense of prevision and discovery is felt, is anticipated, before it is grasped. It is thus that the great specialists of our own times have astounded the world, and it is due to this that the last half century has surpassed many preceding centuries in its additions to knowledge. In the specialization of study and investigation lies the hope of the future. He is the wisest and most successful student who seeks to know something of many things, but above all, the whole of one thing, not little about all things.

THE ORIENT AND WESTERN CIVILIZATION

Minister Wu Ting-Fang contributes to the January Harper's some observations on Chinese and Western civilization that deserve attention, as, indeed, most of the utterances of this broad-minded Oriental do deserve attention. Long residence abroad and a keen appreciation of the best in Western civilization have failed to convince this Chinaman, who is by inheritance and conviction a disciple of Confucius, that the civilization of the West is superior to that of the East. He says:

There is a disposition in some quarters to confound civilization with political ascendancy. Civilization does not mean merely the possession of the most powerful battleships or the most effective guns. It means rather the victory of man over his environments. It is a curious fact that those nations which have contributed most to civilization have fallen a prey to their less civilized foes. Did not Egypt bow to the supremacy of Persia? Did not Greece pass under the Roman yoke? Rome herself had to yield to the barbarous Teutonic hordes from the north. The truth is that civilization is the natural fruit of peace, not of war.

Civilization is the sum of man's efforts to advance from a lower to a higher level. Every nation has had problems to solve in the course of its history, and in reckoning human achievements the contributions of each people should be taken into account, so that the experience of one should inure to the profit of all. Civilization may also be said to be a progress from a natural to an artificial state. The civilized man is a product of evolution, and cannot come into being in a day.

Taking China and the United States as representing the most advanced types of Eastern and Western civilizations, he affirms that "China is a country that does not recognize the aristocracy of wealth. Greater attention is given to intellectual and moral superiority. A scholar and gentleman commands greater respect than a mere millionaire."

Comparing the golden rule of Christ, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," with that of Confucius, "Do not do to others what you do not wish others to do to you," he says that the first is "positive and in some respects aggressive. It fosters proselytism, and tends indirectly to encourage national expansion." "Non-interference with other people's affairs is the keynote" of the second, and "this accords perfectly with the spirit of Chinese civilization. . . . The tendency of Chinese civilization is to bring peace and contentment, while the tendency of American civilization is to engender a spirit of restlessness and enterprise."

"What will be the probable result on China of the meeting of Chinese and Western civiliza-

tions? Will Chinese civilization give way, or be able to maintain itself? In other words, what is the future of Chinese civilization? It is a civilization that has weathered out all the violent storms of the past, and it is not likely that anything short of a mighty convulsion of nature will be able to tear it up by the roots. I do not say that China does not stand in need of reform in order to meet the demands of the times. She lacks many things that go to make up a modern nation. These are too obvious to require specification. Her transportation system is too primitive for these days of steam and electricity. The slow-going junk and the pack-mule cannot possibly compete with the iron horse and the trolley. Her educational system is still too medieval to satisfy modern requirements. Essay-writing and calligraphy must give place to the study of modern sciences. In short, she must introduce modern machinery and inventions, and learn to profit by modern discoveries. By adopting what is useful in the Western civilization, she will not lose those sterling qualities that have enabled her to outlast all the great nations of the past."

THE LATEST VIEWS OF BENJAMIN KIDD

Minister Wu's belief in the superiority of Oriental civilization is evidently founded on its moral qualities. The subordination of the individual to the family life, of the son to the parent while the parent lives, and the greater contentment and happiness of the mass of Chinamen are in his opinion moral qualities that would be ill-exchanged for American individualism, restlessness, and enterprise. It is interesting to compare this view with that of Mr. Benjamin Kidd, who contributes to the same magazine an article on *The Man Who Is To Come*. Commenting on the changed opinions of men of science respecting the efficacy of natural selection in social evolution, he maintains that this is due to the discovery that it is not so much present as future efficiency that is significant of social progress:

"When the center of significance in the evolutionary process in society is regarded as not in the present at all, but in the future, the change which is effected is gradually made apparent. The fact which becomes more evident in the study of the evolution of society is that, just as in the evolution of life, the highest efficiency is not simply that which includes only the qualities necessary to maintain a place in the free fight in progress in the present, but rather those which are identified

with the still higher interests of the future. The evolution of society from the beginning has thus centered round the function of socialization, in the development of which progress has necessarily been towards a more organic type of social order. In this development the characteristic feature is that the mean center of the life processes of society is undoubtedly tending to be projected ever farther and farther into the future. It is in this supreme rivalry that the great systems of society are being continually matched against each other, and that races, nations, and eventually great types of civilization, have their principles tested in a process of natural selection the principles of which extend far beyond the consciousness not only of the individuals concerned, but even of the political systems in which they are included."

It is the belief of Minister Wu that Chinese civilization has survived the decaying systems of Western Europe because of its ethical superiority, and that the adoption by his people of the products of western invention and enterprise will give them eventual leadership in this struggle of social systems, combined with the qualities that endure. Mr. Kidd, however, points to the gradual evolution among the western nations of eastern conceptions of renunciation, of individual subordination and of responsibility to life extending beyond all claims of the present and the finite, and the providing for these ethical conceptions of a permanent world-milieu by the peoples of western stock amongst whom the military process in human evolution culminated.

"As social evolution continues, it is evident that to an increasing degree the entire range of the processes of the human mind is being gradually drawn into the vortex of this supreme conflict between the present and the future. As the present writer has put it elsewhere, we stand in it at the very pivot of the evolutionary process in human history. The whole content of systems of thought, of philosophy, of morality, of ethics, and of religion must in time be caught into its influence. It is in the resulting demiurgic stress that the rival systems of society are being unconsciously pitted against each other; that nations and peoples and great types of civilization will meet and clash and have their principles tested. And it is in respect of the controlling principle of the conflict—the degree of efficiency of the subordination of the present to the future—that natural selection is continuing to discriminate between the living,

the dying, and the dead, as progress continues in the modern world."

The resemblance between Mr. Kidd's latest views and those recently expressed by H. G. Wells in his series of articles entitled *Mankind in the Making* is notable and suggests a new trend of thought among social philosophers. The spread of such views among leaders of modern thought and their development into a consistent system of philosophy might ultimately substitute conscious effort toward the future betterment of the race for the unconscious operation of social evolution, and so quicken the pace of forces now at work.

A SHAKESPEARIAN REVIVAL OR WHAT?

Three productions of Shakespearian tragedies in New York at one time. All produced worthily and by actors of repute. As many more promised. Mr. Richard Mansfield is giving *Julius Cæsar* in a lavish manner. Much time and money have been expended upon Mr. Sothorn's revival of *Hamlet*, while over at the Irving Place Theater, where German reigns supreme, Mr. Ferdinand Bonn has been appearing in *The Merchant of Venice* and *Hamlet*. As if this were not enough to startle, Mrs. Fiske has announced her intention of producing *Much Ado About Nothing* and *Macbeth*, while Mr. Gillette has long said that he will appear in *Hamlet* this spring. Even this does not close the list, but enough has been said to show signs to those who care to read them. It is to be noted that all these productions are, or are to be, on an elaborate scale by actors of the first rank. They are in no way experimental, but are meant to be successes with long runs. It looks a bit as if Shakespeare were coming back to his own again, or at least, for some peculiar reason, were enjoying a present vogue.

The latter alternative is probably the truer. It is a vogue, and the reasons for it are not hard to see. Anyone who has watched the English and American drama the last five years must have noticed an ever-increasing dissatisfaction with present conditions, and a growing agitation about them. The melodrama and the farce have practically had their day. The merely amusing has grown trite, and ceased to amuse. Side by side with this has come the rise of what might be called the new drama. It began with Ibsen, who, taking a light from the torch of Dumas, has literally recreated the drama

and stamped his influence upon every dramatist of the century. Men who disbelieved in him and ridiculed him have come under his power. Forcing admiration for the perfection of his dramaturgic skill, he has made the modern playwright see that characterization, psychology, and seriousness must take the place of maudlin sentimentality. With Ibsen began the rise of the serious drama, whose exponents to-day number such men as Pinero, Jones and Hervieu.

We, over here in America, are just beginning to feel the full weight of this influence. The result is that the drama is now in a state of transition. Movements toward a national theater crop up each day. Managers are realizing that good plays were never so scarce, and have resorted to all sorts of devices and tricks to catch the public. Lavishness of scenery and costume is everywhere evident. Mere skeletons of plays are clothed by accessories and padded by novelties.

And so we have Shakespeare. Here is a chance for the actor to measure himself with tradition. Here is a chance for the manager to worthy his profession while he keeps his eye open to see how the land lies and whither the drama is tending. And the public, while it could wish that the great plays were acted in some cases with more downright greatness and less attempt at striking innovations, gladly picks up the crumbs and blesses the giver. Meanwhile, the better dramatists are having their plays printed, and the plays themselves are being more and more read. And the drama is tending toward a more serious, worthy, and lasting literary product, rather than a theatric hodge-podge.

RICHARD STRAUSS AND THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE The Atlantic Monthly for January contains an article on The Future of the Orchestra from the pen of W. J. Henderson that recalls something of the controversy that resounded a generation ago over the Music of the Future. Wagner's future proved to be not so very far away. It has long been with us as a very present reality. The disciples and imitators that have sprung up by scores and hundreds in all parts of the world, but especially in Eastern Europe, have each pushed his principles of composition a little farther from the old classical models, until to-day we begin to think that Richard Wagner himself was a prophet rather of the past than of the future, and the world looks for newer leadership. Mr.

Henderson thinks that it has found its new prophet in Richard Strauss of Munich:

Richard Strauss, standing upon the vantage ground made for him by Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, has evidently tried to carry the direct expression of the orchestra to a higher plane by utilizing the best elements of their work. He has sought to make the orchestra tell stories, but he has not made the error of supposing that he could ignore the fundamental principles of musical form which constituted the ground plan of the old symphony. He has utilized themes with definite meanings attached to them, as Wagner did, without confining himself to two, as the older writers did, and as Liszt did in most of his works. He has returned in his later compositions to the fashion of clearly separated movements, while he has made them pass before the hearer without pauses between any two of them. He has developed his themes according to the principles laid down by the symphonic masters, and has striven to enforce their meaning with all the effects of orchestral color. And withal he has endeavored to compose only music with a purpose, never music for its own sake. In short, Strauss has shown that the principles of musical form which the earlier writers painfully evolved out of their attempts to produce nothing beyond musical beauty, not only can be, but must be, utilized by the composer who cares nothing whatever about musical beauty, and who aims only at making music a means of expression.

Of the technical side of his work this writer says:

Flutes, oboes, and clarinets were used by the classic masters in pairs; Wagner began to employ them by threes. Strauss uses three or four of each. He makes his orchestra sing in many parts, and he keeps the various voices weaving and interweaving in marvelously learned counterpoint. When he wants a great climax of sound, he gets one that is overwhelming. Furthermore he habitually introduces solo voices among the mass of tone. He individualizes his instruments, and in some compositions fairly casts them for definite dramatic impersonations.

Strauss goes the furthest in the elaboration of detail. He uses numerous themes, each a guiding motive in the Wagnerian sense, and he asks us to follow them through a myriad of musical workings out, all having direct significance in telling a story. The stories are not without unpleasant incidents, and the music is rasping in its ugliness at times. But this is not for us to judge. What is said of the music of Strauss now was said twenty-five years ago of Wagner's. But a few years and the acidulated croakings of the singer of Munich may be as sweet upon our ears as now are the endless melodic weavings of Tristan und Isolde.

This prophecy may be true, but surely it will not be because of the ideas expressed in his work. The composer of Don Juan, of Death and Apotheosis, of Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, and of Thus Spake Zarathustra will not be remembered with the delight with which some of us recall our first introduction to the Niebelungen Lied and Parsifal. Our

author points, it is true, to Strauss's latest symphonic poem, *A Hero's Life*, for which he claims the extraordinary merit of moral decency; yet we fear that Strauss will be longest remembered as the musical exponent of the artistic and ethical principles of the decadent literary dramatists, as "our musical Maeterlinck, our tonal Ibsen." Whatever technical advance he may make upon the work of former composers, his ideas will need to be translated for us by artists of nobler mind and higher aspirations before the world will accept his work as worthy to be compared with that of Wagner.

AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHS AT TURIN

American pictorial photography won a triumph at the recent Turin Exposition that was all the more gratifying because totally unexpected. Near the close of 1901 General di Cesnola, acting as the American Commissioner of the Turin International Decorative and Fine Arts Exposition, made overtures to the Camera Club of New York to secure a representation of the work of American photographers at that exhibition. The club, however, failed to take action in the matter, and about two months before the exposition was to open the commissioner appealed to Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, the editor of *Camera Work*, to assist him in making a collection for Turin. At so late a date it was difficult to get together many photographs and impossible, of course, to have any work specially prepared for the exposition; but by drawing on his own collection and on those of a few of his friends, Mr. Stieglitz was able to prepare an exhibit of some sixty photographs, the work of about thirty camerists. Little was heard of the exhibit until after the close of the exposition, when its collector was surprised by the information that he had been awarded the special prize of His Majesty, the King of Italy—a valuable piece of bronze—for the best collection in the exposition. The jury, which was composed of four painters, one sculptor, one English and one Italian photographer, was not content with this, but gave to individual exhibitors among the Americans five grand prizes, two gold medals, four silver medals, and eight honorable mentions—twenty prizes in all distributed among thirty exhibitors. It would not be unreasonable to say that America's contribution to this department was "the sensation of the entire exposition." Pictorial photography was hardly known in this country six years ago. England, Austria, France,

and Germany were all represented at the exposition, and the work of their photographers had hitherto been regarded as the highest examples of photographic art; yet it was decided by a jury of their own countrymen that each of these nations had something to learn from the "American School," whose development of individual pictorial expression was recognized as a departure that brought with it a distinct artistic gain.

The American press and many photographers of the old school have scoffed at much of this advanced work, and it needed this tangible victory at Turin to set the seal of artistic approval upon the movement as a whole. The distinguishing qualities of the movement are difficult to describe in words, though they are apparent enough in individual photographs. In general, greater emphasis is laid on contrasting effects of light and shade by the new photographers than on detail. Composition is studied with the same care and knowledge that a painter bestows upon the choicest masterpiece of his brush; the disposition of high lights, the qualities of tone and texture, are as much a part of the photographer's art to-day as of that of landscape and portrait painting. The difference is more a difference of materials than of point of view, while in the older photography the aim and point of view were wholly mechanical and inartistic.

PUBLISHING IN THE UNITED STATES

The earliest history of the publishing industry on this continent dates back to within a century of the invention of printing, the printing press having been introduced into Mexico about 1540. Seven books were printed in Peru before 1600. These interesting facts are brought out by Eugene Parsons in an article contributed to the *World To-day* for January. Beginning with the earliest publication in New England, viz.: *The Freeman's Oath*, printed in 1639, this writer traces the beginnings of American publishing during the Colonial period, and shows that before the Revolution 7,683 titles appeared, of which nine-tenths were pamphlets. The first American newspaper, *Publick Occurrences*, appeared in Boston in 1690, and was promptly suppressed by the government of the colony. The second journal, the *News Letter*, enjoyed a longer lease of life although its circulation rarely exceeded 300 copies, and its contents were chiefly formal proclamations, verbose addresses and other official matter, announcements of the arrival and departure of vessels,

and an occasional brief account of a fire or the death of a citizen. During the pre-Revolutionary period some seventy-eight newspapers were started in America, of which thirty-nine were in course of publication at the beginning of the war. The most influential of these was the *Boston Gazette*, established in 1719, which before the Revolution numbered among its contributors such ardent patriots as Samuel Adams, John Adams, and James Otis. Freedom of the press was not the least noteworthy of the results of the Revolution. A free press did not exist in England or elsewhere in the world for many years afterward. The first half-century of American national life saw the beginnings of American literature, and as a consequence of the book-publishing trade in the United States. Little, Brown & Co. of Boston, established in 1784, and J. B. Lippincott & Company of Philadelphia, founded in 1798, are the two oldest houses of this character that still survive. Harper & Brothers, 1817, and D. Appleton & Company, 1825, were pioneers in the book trade in New York, now the center of the publishing industry in this country. The growth of the industry has been very rapid in the past few years. The number of books published in 1880 was 2,076, including reprints and pamphlets. In 1890 the total had grown to 4,559; in 1900 to 6,356, and in 1901 to 8,141. Of this last total 4,706 were copyright books by American authors, 2,122 books by English and other foreign authors; and 1,318 English books imported in editions. The United States Census Bulletin of June 28, 1902, showed the number and circulation of newspapers and periodicals from 1850 to 1900, the number in the former year being 2,526, with a total circulation of 5,142,177, and in the latter year, 18,226 papers and periodicals, with a circulation of 4,681,113,530 copies. The total value of the printing product of the country now ranks with that of the three or four greatest industries, a fact that speaks well for the average intelligence of American citizens.

MANKIND IN THE MAKING

The name of Herbert George Wells has for some time been favorably known in the world of letters for his semi-scientific fiction, but nothing that he has produced as yet can compare, for practical common sense, with the series of articles written by him, now being published in the *Cosmopolitan*, under the name of Man-

kind in the Making. Of those which have already appeared, the one in the December number will appeal most strongly to the readers of *CURRENT LITERATURE*, for it treats of *The Beginnings of Mind and Language*. There is not a word we can afford to lose of this scathing arraignment of the way in which our language is used on both sides of the Atlantic. Assuredly Mr. Wells is right in assailing that "baby language" which so many persons think is the right one to use with children. There is no reason, earthly or otherwise, why "father" should be "paw"; "mother," "maw," "mum," "mom," or "mommie"; the dog "bow-wow"; the horse, "gee-gee," and the like. We have great sympathy with that small boy, still in petticoats, who, when warned by an elderly gentleman that the "puff-puff" was coming, said, "I suppose, sir, you mean the locomotive."

Very pointedly, also, does Mr. Wells criticise the qualifications of the instructors of the young in the matters of correct pronunciation, reading and writing of their mother tongue; but it is gratifying to see that he is inclined to speak more favorably of those in this country than of those in England. A suggestion which he makes seems to be practicable, namely, the use of phonographs upon which correct passages have been recorded. But especially does he insist that the reading lessons should be taken from good models, and one is glad that he recommends Elizabethan prose, than which none is more stately, together with anthologies of English lyrics and short stories that are masterpieces.

There is a very slipshod tendency at work in our literature. Incidents, and not the language in which those incidents are related, appear to be the great thing sought after both by readers and writers. It may with justice be questioned whether one-half of the words in a novel, for instance, are not hurriedly passed over in the haste to discover how the plot develops. Our letters, both of business and social intercourse, are hurriedly written, abbreviated where possible, nominatives being omitted and grammatical constructions ignored. "Hustling," as it is expressively called, is as characteristic of our speech and writing as it is of our progress through the street. If Mr. Wells can only open the eyes of the present age to the loss it is sustaining in not pausing long enough in its onward march to realize the value of its inheritance of language, he will deserve to be crowned, like poets of old, in his New Republic.

**"FRENCH" TONE
IN AMERICAN
FICTION**

Fiction is one of the noblest phases of literary art. As in the case of all its sister Fine Arts, its object is not merely to amuse, but to convey to mankind some message which will elevate and refine the mind and, consequently, the body, and so help on the evolution of the human race toward the perfection of its glory. Who that has contemplated the highest work of sculptor and painter, who that has been charmed with the harmonies of the musician, has not felt such a message and gone back to the duties of life strengthened by the experience? It is not too much to say that such should be the effect of fiction. Each writer who feels called upon to contribute a single book to the ever-swelling number of works of fiction is not worthy to touch the hem of the garment of the Muse, if his object be not the elevation and refinement of his race. It is true that there will be frequent instances in which the result falls far short of the ideal; it is true also that there will be some instances in which sordid motives will take the place of artistic ones; but it will be a cause for the deepest humiliation, if ever the writing of fiction become a means of inculcating or of pandering to depravity.

It does not, however, follow that all which fiction depicts should represent the rosy side of life. Human existence has its storms as well as its calms. It suffers from devastating passions as much as it enjoys inspiring emotions. All these are legitimate material for the writer's pen. The treatment of them is a legitimate sphere for the writer's art, and no one can rise from an artistic study of them without benefit. There is, however, no need to glory in the impurity of life, no need to hold up its wrong-doing as amusement for an hour or two. Unfortunately, this tone has been held to be characteristic of some French fiction, although, whatever metropolitan France may be, provincial France will compare favorably with other lands in morality. There are indications at present of a tendency to introduce this so-called French tone into American fiction. Under various disguises doubtful morality is introduced, not for the sake, it is to be feared, of showing that human problems can only be solved, in the interests of the evolution of the noblest, by acting from the highest motives, but for the sake of mere entertainment. If this fear is well grounded, the tendency is to be regretted and nothing short of stern resentment on the part of the public will be its proper antidote. Some persons may

argue that "to the pure all things are pure," but it is more reasonable to be guided by the old adage that "you cannot touch pitch without being defiled."

**THE COINAGE
OF WORDS**

It was estimated about the year 1880, that the peasantry of a certain district in England used only 800 words to express all the needs of their rural life. The total vocabulary of the Bible is only about 6,000 words, that of Milton's poems about 8,000, and Shakespeare, dealing with so vast a range of human action, thought, passion, and emotion, only used some 15,000. A modern dictionary contains some 150,000. The mind is bewildered at the great growth of the English language in three centuries. It is quite true that a large number of the words catalogued to-day consists of technical terms only used in the sciences to which they belong, and that some are "slang," with which the English language could dispense without any great loss, but there still remains a vast number available for the speaker and the writer. Language, like every other product of life, must grow. Bentley showed but little of his usual acumen when he wrote: "It were no difficult contrivance, if the public had any regard to it, to make the English language immutable, unless hereafter some foreign nation shall invade and overrun us." The moment a language ceases to acquire new words, there is an indication that thought is standing still, and decadence must at once ensue.

The introduction of new words, however, must be governed by some sound principle. It would be a strange thing if, in a republic of men, a new coin might be foisted upon the citizens at the will of any single individual. Even so in the republic of language, whatever is introduced must be coined under the authority of the law. So long as there is a sufficient expression for any thing or idea, so long is there no need for a new name. When Huxley coined the word "agnostic," fashioning it according to the laws of the English tongue, there was necessity for a name for a man who simply put revelation among the things which were unknowable. "Skeptic" would not serve, for the skeptic claims the right to reason about revelation. No such good reason had Browning for importing "banality." Already we had several expressions for the commonplace. Consequently, for everyone who uses "banality," a thousand use "agnostic." One is useful, the other is useless.

Moreover, when words are prepared for use in any language they must not be coined of base metal, or be compounded of two or more different tongues. A hybrid word is abomination to the lover of correct speech. From all hybrids let us be delivered. And it may be questioned whether some of the hyphenated words are not as bad as hybrids. There seems to be a rage for coining such, merely for the sake of avoiding a turn in a sentence. May we be delivered from these also. He who coins a word incurs great responsibility; let him beware that his coinage be not counterfeit.

UNIFORM PRONUNCIATION

When we begin to speak a foreign language, the first difficulty that presents itself is pronunciation, for we realize that accurate pronunciation is one of the tests of proficiency. Does it ever strike us that this may be the case with our own? But, in order that it may rank with the great languages of the world, as indeed it does claim to rank, there must be a standard of pronunciation of English as rigid as that which applies to any other tongue. There is such a standard, established by custom, but custom based upon the genius of the language. This standard is adopted, with a marvelously intricate system of representing sounds, in our best dictionaries; and yet, how few persons take the trouble to investigate it! How often "a chiel amang us taking notes" might record, in a single day, so many variations in the pronunciation of words in every-day use, that a foreigner would find it impossible to decide which was the customary one.

The pronunciation of English depends mainly upon two things—vocalization and accent. By vocalization is meant the formation and utterance of vocal sounds; accent involves stress and pitch of voice. For uniform pronunciation, which is assuredly most desirable, there must be uniform vocalization and stress and pitch. These can only be acquired by imitation, and the models must be scholarly persons speaking, not only in ordinary conversation, but also more formally in the forum and the pulpit.

THE MODERN ART OF DRESSING

From Koenigsburg, Prussia, comes the intelligence that the women of the diocese of Ermland have broken loose from the traditions of dress. They have turned over to the Bénédictine Sisters no less than 400 gold and silver head-dresses, because, they say, fashions have changed and they can no longer wear the ances-

tral costume. Some of these precious ornaments are said to contain from \$25 to \$40 worth of gold and silver, besides being adorned with beautiful lace and hand-made embroidery. The bishop of the diocese has graciously accepted the gift and has assured the donors that the valuables will be devoted to holy purposes in the shape of vessels and vestments.

The modern art of dressing has much to answer for, and not the least of the crimes committed in the name of its ever-changing fashion is the extinction of distinctive national costume, and thus one of the greatest charms of travel is destroyed. May we not also add that one of the most pleasing evidences of racial unity is obliterated? Who that has spent a fête day in some Breton or Norman village has not been more strongly impressed by the French character by seeing the swains and maidens in their bright provincial dress than by anything he saw in the streets of Paris? Who that has tramped through the valleys of Switzerland has not longed to be an artist in order that he might be able to make an adequate permanent record of the charming characteristic cantonal costumes? What would the Via del Corso at Rome be in carnival time without its merry *contadina*, what the Prado of Madrid without the bewitching *mantilla*? Imagine a Tyrolean chamois hunter in the corduroys, sweater and golf cap of the American slaughterer of rabbits! The very thought is sacrilege. But all these things must go. The traditions of the fathers are becoming things of the past and the increasing realization of the universal brotherhood of man demands a corresponding universal type of dress, the fashion of which must be decided in some center of sartorial art.

Expert testimony ascribes the changing fashion of mankind's garments to the influence of a temperate climate, which necessitates different clothing at different seasons. Be it so. It is better to leave it thus than to lay the blame on the fickleness of human nature, but what shall we say about the bad taste displayed in the designs? Can anything be more outrageous than the silk headgear, frock coat and nether garments of the fashionable man of to-day? We say nothing about the strangely formed garb of his helpmeet, for that is a dangerous subject. As things are, permanency of type of costume is entirely destroyed by the modern art of dressing, and you had better wear at once the garment you buy as soon as you get it, for it may be old-fashioned tomorrow.

The Man Who Is To Come

By Benjamin Kidd*

However interesting in itself may have been the application of the Darwinian hypothesis to the study of the lower forms of life, it is not amongst these, but in human society, that we have the most important theater of the operation of the law of natural selection. It is in its application to human development that the doctrine of evolution must be expected in the end to give its most significant results. The increasing importance of the doctrine of evolution by natural selection in the study of society, and more particularly in the elucidation of the principles underlying the development of peoples, of institutions, and of types of civilization in the slow, long-sustained rivalry in which they are matched against one another as the cosmic process unfolds itself in history, renders it not unfitting that some endeavor should be made to give a brief account of the current position of the doctrine and of the modifications of it which have taken place since it left the hands of Darwin.

The principle of natural selection is thus stated by Darwin: "As many more individuals of each species are born than can possibly survive, and as, consequently, there is a frequently recurring struggle for existence, it follows that any being, if it vary, however slightly, in any manner profitable to itself, under the complex and sometimes varying conditions of life, will have a better chance of surviving, and thus be naturally selected. From the strong principle of inheritance any selected variety will tend to propagate its new and modified form."

One of the first matters to be noticed in considering the later developments of the theory of natural selection is the character of the cause which first suggested it to the minds of its authors. Darwin had been reading Malthus on the struggle which goes on amongst savage races, and on the natural checks, such as war, pestilence, and famine, which tend to keep population within fixed limits. Being well prepared, as he said, to appreciate the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on, from long-continued observation of the habits of animals and plants, it at once struck him that under these circumstances favorable variations would tend to be preserved, and unfavorable ones to

be destroyed. "Here, then," said Darwin, "I had at last got a theory by which to work."

Wallace, the co-author of the theory of natural selection, formulated it almost simultaneously under the same stimulus of the speculations of Malthus.

In taking account of these events it is important to notice two things: The doctrine of evolution by natural selection thus in reality took its origin from a study of the facts of human society. But that study, it has to be observed, was largely concerned with society at a low stage of evolution. It is now generally admitted that Malthus's grasp of the principles of social development was to a considerable degree elementary. The system of prudential checks which he wished to see introduced into civilized society, so as to counterbalance (as in savage society) what he considered to be the undue increase of population, is one which it is perceived cannot be usefully discussed solely from the narrow standpoint from which he considered it, while it constitutes a considerable danger to many modern peoples who have actually practised it as he desired. The evolution of society is, in short, seen to be governed by more organic causes than Malthus had any conception of.

When we turn now to the doctrine of natural selection as Darwin propounded it, there is a fact which is unmistakable. It is obviously this early conception of Malthus which has been applied to life in general. Just as the political utilitarians who afterwards adopted Malthus's views saw the whole story of society through the principle of utility confined within the consciousness of the existing state, so the early Darwinians saw the center of gravity in the evolutionary process in the struggle for existence in the present. It was the qualities contributing to efficiency in relation to current environment which they beheld determining the course of evolution throughout all the forms of life. They conceived that—to quote words in which Mr. Wallace has put the matter very clearly in correspondence with the present writer on this point—"the interest of the fittest individual for the time being is the interest of the species." That was the early Darwinian position in a nutshell.

*Harper's.

When, however, the mind has been made well acquainted with the details of the evolutionary process it becomes evident that even when allowance is made for every qualification that can be urged in extension of this view, it cannot be taken to represent more than a partial conception of the mechanism of the evolutionary process in life, and that the Darwinian hypothesis itself in this original form is probably destined to undergo as great development as the earlier Lamarckian conception of evolution underwent at the hands of Darwin.

It may be seen that while it would of course always be necessary for a form of life which was to continue to be able to hold a place effectively in the present, it must have been the qualities identified with the larger interests of the future rather than those contributing only to success in a free fight in the present which must always have weighted the tendencies of development in life from the beginning. For instance, "the fittest for the time being" might be simply fit and nothing else—as amongst the lowest forms of life which have remained unchanged and unchanging through all the æons of time that life has existed. Or the fittest for the time being might be complete and efficient in respect to the present, and yet bear in addition in varying degrees the burden of qualities useless and even disadvantageous in relation to current environment, but contributing to a higher efficiency in the future. The evolutionary process as the future became the present would discriminate between these forms, and the winning types of life in the end would be those which had borne the burden of the future in addition to fitness in relation to current environment. As long views tell in every-day life, so it would be the interests in the future which would in the end dominate the development towards higher forms of life. Progress from lower to higher types would, in short, follow the line of variations in which efficiency "for the time being" included more than adaptation to current environment. In other words, so far from it being a fact that the interest of the fittest individuals for the time being is one and the same thing as the interest of the species, the truth would be that it is out of the margin of qualities contributing to higher efficiency in the future, but always borne at first by successful forms as a burden over and above the qualities contributing to fitness for the time being, that the whole sum of progress in life has been evolved.

The subordination of the present to the future in the case of offspring is so evident a fact

of every-day life, and has indeed been so frequently recognized in many relations in the study of the evolutionary process that the first tendency of elementary criticism of the position here defined is to take it as involving the statement of a truism. It must not, however, be forgotten that this was the tendency of the first criticism of the law of natural selection itself, and when the mechanism of the evolutionary process is closely regarded it will be seen how far the principle in reality carries us. For the law of progress in life cannot, it would thus appear, be stated, as the early Darwinians imagined, simply in terms of qualities connected by the principle of utility with current or past environment. What appears to be in view is the fact that in the evolution of life toward higher forms natural selection itself has been, as it were, shut up from the beginning within this principle of projected efficiency.

When the principle here stated is applied to the evolution of human society the method of its working is readily perceived. When Darwin proceeded to apply the principle of natural selection in the form in which he had conceived it to human society, the result was in many respects remarkable. For instance, when the evolutionary process in society came to be viewed principally through the medium of qualities which contributed to success in the present or in the past, it may be observed that Darwin found himself confronted with a difficulty which was radical in character. In the evolution of life as he had conceived it among lower forms natural selection was regarded as weeding out with great stringency all qualities but those which contributed to success in the current struggle for existence. In the *Descent of Man* we see him therefore struggling with the fact that, as he says, "we civilized men do our utmost to check the process of elimination: we build asylums for the imbeciles, the maimed, the sick; we institute poor-laws; and our medical men exert their utmost skill to save the life of every one to the last moment." As we see the matter now, these facts have to be regarded as controlled by a far deeper and more organic principle of social evolution. But we do not observe that Darwin as yet has such a principle clearly in view. With regard to Malthus's principle of population a similar note of perplexity may be said to be evident. It is impossible, he says, not to regret bitterly, but whether wisely is another question, the rate at which man tends to increase. The facts of human society did not, in short, fit in with the restricted view of the principle of natural selec-

tion which had so far prevailed. In the absence of any clear view of a larger controlling principle we see Darwin, therefore, actually finding himself driven to the partial abandonment of his own theory of natural selection in the study of human society. The remark, it may be observed, is repeated more than once in the *Descent of Man* that natural selection can effect but comparatively little in advanced society. "With highly civilized nations," he continues, "progress depends to a subordinate degree on natural selection."

As the development of the evolutionary theory continued, the same result was to be witnessed in the case of Mr. Wallace, who had been from the beginning one of the most strenuous supporters of the theory of the direct relationship between all qualities in life and the principle of utility in regard to current environment. In the last chapter of his book, *Darwinism*, published in 1889, we see him similarly confronted by the fact that human faculties could not be all accounted for by the theory which had hitherto prevailed. According to his view, qualities, at all events, like the artistic, metaphysical, and religious in the human mind could not be explained by the Darwinian theory of natural selection. Mr. Wallace therefore also proceeded to the remarkable alternative of practically abandoning the principle as regards these qualities in human society, going on to assume that man, as regards these portions of his mind, must be under the influence of causes different from those that had operated elsewhere in life. The effect of this departure was marked. As the present writer has put it elsewhere: It is no injustice to Mr. Wallace to say that the effect produced on the minds of the younger school of evolutionists at the time was not so much to convince them that he was right as to make them feel that the theory of natural selection that he had endeavored to apply to human society was still in some radical respect incomplete. Finally, in England, Huxley, the last of the leading group of early Darwinians, reached in the Romanes lecture of 1893 exactly the same crux in endeavoring to apply the Darwinian doctrine, as it had hitherto been held, to human society. Huxley reached at last the extreme position of asserting that the ethical process in society was irreconcilable with the theory of the struggle for existence and the principle of natural selection. These both belonged, he considered, to what he called the cosmic process in life.

The weakness of all these positions is now fully apparent, and would probably have excited

keen discussion at an earlier stage if it had not been for the prestige of the names associated with them. For thus to remove human society as regards its most characteristic features from the operation of the principle of natural selection could only have one meaning. It must have involved some fundamental and far-reaching incompleteness in the theory of social evolution which had so far prevailed.

When the center of significance in the evolutionary process in society is regarded as not in the present at all, but in the future, the change which is effected is gradually made apparent. The fact which becomes more evident in the study of the evolution of society is that, just as in the evolution of life, the highest efficiency is not simply that which includes only the qualities necessary to maintain a place in the free fight in progress in the present, but rather those which are identified with the still higher interests in the future. The evolution of society from the beginning has thus centered round the function of socialization, in the development of which progress has necessarily been towards a more organic type of social order. In this development the characteristic feature is that the mean center of the life processes of society is undoubtedly tending to be projected ever farther and farther into the future. It is in this supreme rivalry that the great systems of society are being continually matched against each other, and that races, nations, and eventually great types of civilization, have their principles tested in a process of natural selection, the principles of which extend far beyond the consciousness not only of the individuals concerned, but even of the political systems in which they are included.

In primitive society the first rudiments of social organization must be considered to have arisen under the sternest conditions of natural selection, the elements of strength which they possessed leading to the disappearance before them of other groups of men with which they came into competition. In the earlier stages of social evolution, as amongst the lower types of life, efficiency in the struggle for existence would be nearly always efficiency in the present—that is to say, it would be military efficiency in the development of society. As military evolution continued, societies liable to be resolved into their component elements on the death of the chief or leader would give place to others of a more organic type in which ideas permanently subordinating the individual to military efficiency prevailed. In this stage social systems, in which authority was per-

petuated by ancestor worship, in which all the members were therefore held to be joined in an exclusive citizenship to the deities who were worshiped, and in which all outsiders were accordingly—as in the civilizations of the ancient world—treated as natural enemies, would contain the elements of the highest military potentiality.

Where, however, as throughout the whole of this military stage, all human institutions rested ultimately on force, the full limits of the organic principle in society in this phase also must in time be reached. The basis of the industrial and even the intellectual life of society would be slavery; all human institutions would tend to become closed absolutisms within the state; the state itself, as in the old classic civilizations, would know neither legal nor moral limits to its power; and the ultimate tendencies in ethics, in politics, and in religion must be to ultimately culminate in an ideal of universal conquest and of absolute dominion.

In the next stage a further and still more organic process of social subordination would bring into view the full outlines of the growing struggle between the present and the future. The enormously higher organic potentiality of a state of social order which, while preserving its efficiency in the present, would be influenced by conceptions that would dissolve all those closed absolutisms in the state by projecting the sense of human responsibility altogether outside and beyond it, would be evident. This is the stage of social evolution which may be said to have begun in the Western era in which we are living. One of its most significant features consists in the fact that the essentially Eastern conceptions of renunciation, of individual subordination, and of responsibility to life extending beyond all claims of the present and the finite, for which no Eastern people has ever been able to supply an enduring stage in history, has at length been provided with a permanent *world-milieu* by the peoples of Western stock, amongst whom the military process in human evolution culminated. The characteristic phenomenon of the historic process as a whole in this phase is such a free conflict of forces as has not been possible in the world before.

With the growth of that sense of responsibility towards life, which Darwin thought he saw interfering with the operation of the law of natural selection by filling the asylums with the maimed and less capable, we have not indeed the suspension of natural selection in society, but the first basis of a social process, the intensity

and efficiency of which have, under the influence of natural selection when viewed from a wider standpoint, begun to tell to an increasing degree in competition with all other types of society whatever. The projection of the sense of human responsibility outside the limits of all the creeds and interests which, in previous stages, had embodied it in the state, has resulted in the gradual dissolution of the closed absolutisms in the state within which human activities had previously been confined. The dissolution of the conception upon which slavery rested; the growth of the conception of the native equality of men, and of their right to equal voting power in the state irrespective of status or possessions; the undermining of the absolute position of the occupying classes, and of the ideas by which civil and religious opinion was previously supported by the power of the state; the tolerance of parties; the right of free inquiry in every direction; the long movement towards political enfranchisement; with finally the growth of that conviction which constitutes a standing challenge to all existing absolute tendencies in the economic conditions of the modern world, namely, that the distribution of wealth in a well-ordered state should aim at realizing political justice—are all features of an integrating process in Western history. They are all the marks of a type of society of higher organic potentiality than has existed in the world before,—a type of which the characteristic feature is that the sense of human responsibility has been at last projected outside the state and beyond the present.

As social evolution continues it is evident that to an increasing degree the entire range of the processes of the human mind is being gradually drawn into the vortex of this supreme conflict between the present and the future. As the present writer has put it elsewhere, we stand in it at the very pivot of the evolutionary process in human history. The whole content of systems of thought, of philosophy, of morality, of ethics, and of religion must in time be caught into its influence. It is in the resulting demiurgic stress that the rival systems of society are being unconsciously pitted against each other; that nations and peoples and great types of civilization will meet and clash and have their principles tested. And it is in respect of the controlling principle of the conflict—the degree of efficiency of the subordination of the present to the future—that natural selection is continuing to discriminate between the living, the dying, and the dead, as progress continues in the modern world.

Contemporary Celebrities

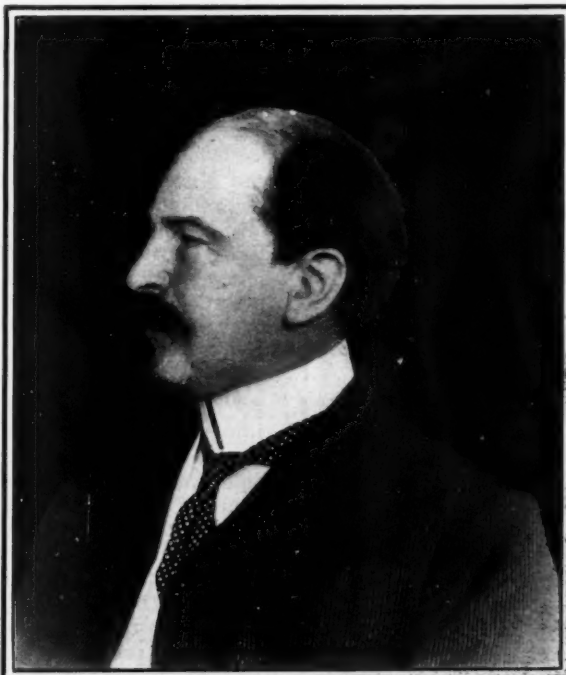
A MAN TO DEPEND UPON

Minister Herbert W. Bowen, who has been brought into such prominence through recent affairs in Venezuela, is one of the best trained diplomats now representing the United States in the Southern Hemisphere. His ground education he received at Woodstock, Conn., and at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. After this he traveled in France and Germany with a tutor, who prepared him for Yale. He entered that institution with the class of 1878, and made a record in his English studies, as well as by his devotion to track athletics and his excellent piano performances. He left Yale before the beginning of the senior year, and returned to Europe, studying music and the Italian language. He subsequently graduated from the Law School of Columbia University and practised at the New York bar for a few years. His present position of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Venezuela represents but one step in that series of promotions which has followed him ever since his entrance into the diplomatic service. This commencement was made when, in 1890, he entered upon the duties of Consul at Barcelona, Spain, under appointment by President Harrison. Five years later President Cleveland gave him his first promotion, making him Consul-General. This position he was holding when, a year later, the agitation preceding the Spanish-American War commenced. Minister Bowen's brave conduct in

the face of the dangers which subsequently confronted him when his legation was repeatedly besieged by angry, blood-thirsty mobs, who threatened both the legation and its inmates, has passed into history. When diplomatic relations were again resumed another minister was sent to Spain, Mr. Bowen being promoted by President McKinley to Minister Resident and Consul-General to Persia, which post had been held by

Mr. A. S. Hardy, the novelist, the present Minister to Spain. A second time President McKinley promoted Mr. Bowen, raising him to the office of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, which position was held until June, 1901, when Minister Bowen's last promotion sent him to his present position in Venezuela. It can well be seen that this gradual and steady rise in his honors has been of great benefit to Mr. Bowen in preparing him for his present trying situation, and that the experience and knowledge of diplomatic usage and

international law which he has gained make him an official peculiarly apt to the situation. Moreover, his intimate relations and close study of Spanish peoples should stand him in especially good stead just at present. So the country at large may feel safe in believing that, no matter what the exigencies of the occasion, the American representative in Venezuela will continue to have a firm hold upon events and will exercise judgment, authority, and discretion.



Courtesy of Harper's Weekly

MINISTER HERBERT W. BOWEN

**AN EXPERT
PHILANTHROPIST**

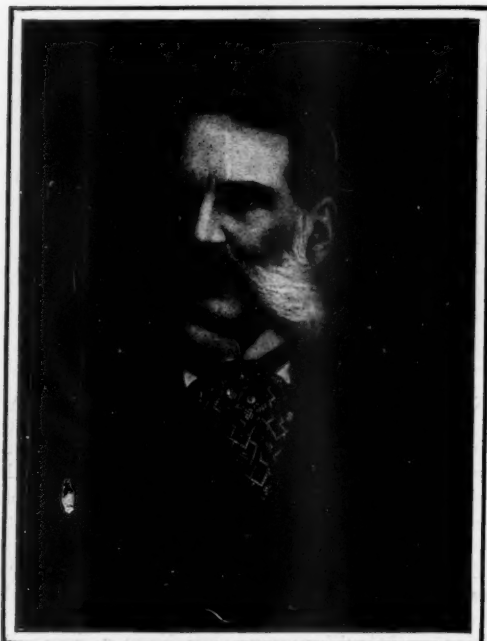
Much has been said and not a little written on the subject of the incompatibility of persistent money-making, and the development at the same time of the artistic qualities. That this theory is a false one, or at least that it applies only in a modified degree is proven by the lives of many of the men most prominent to-day; but in no case is this refutation more clearly made than it is by the life of Morris Ketchum Jesup, the President of the New York Chamber of Commerce, the patron of art and science, and the moving spirit in a dozen or more charities. Mr. Jesup lost his father early in life, and was in consequence forced to forego many early advantages. He started his business career at a young age, being when only twenty-two the founder of the firm of Clark and Jesup, merchants. Four years later he left this successful enterprise and established a bank. Under one name or another this bank has continued to the present day, with Mr. Jesup as its successful director. His successful businesses have amassed a great fortune for Mr. Jesup, to the wise expenditure of which he has devoted most of the time of his latter years. He has been honored with many offices. He became a member of the

Chamber of Commerce in 1884, served on its committees, and finally became its president; he was one of the founders of the Young Men's Christian Association, and in 1872 assumed the vast duties it entailed on him as head executive. He has been identified with the Five Points House of Industry in New York, the American Sunday School Union, the New York Mission and Tract Society, the American Museum of Natural History, of each of which institutions he is or has been president. He has held offices in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Institute for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, and other philanthropic societies. He has made munificent gifts to educational and other charities, some of which are unique, for example the Forty-fourth Street Lodging House for Homeless Boys in New York, which he erected in 1888 as a present to the Children's Aid Society. Perhaps of all his benefactions none will be more gratefully remembered by the American public than his aid to the American Museum of Natural History, which owes its remarkable development principally to Mr. Jesup's interest and munificence, his untiring efforts in its behalf having secured for it many of the wonderful collections which has placed this institution in a rank not far behind that of the world-famed British Museum.

**THE CHAIR OF
CHINESE
AT COLUMBIA**

The establishment of a Department of Chinese at Columbia University was an event of great importance in the history of higher education in this country. The trustees of that institution were quick to grasp the advantages of such an innovation when, by the generosity of some of the friends of the university, they were given a fund to be expended for that purpose. The growing importance of our relations in the far East, the enormous actual and prospective increase in our trade with China, and the undoubtedly prominent part which that country will take in the history of the next quarter century, all point to the urgent need of instruction of Americans in the Chinese languages and laws.

So when, under the Dean Lung fund, an instructor was to be chosen for the chair of Chinese, the question arose as to who, among all the scholars of this country and Europe, might best be chosen for the place. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the new president of the university, acting under the advice of Professor Giles, of the University of Cambridge, England, who had been invited to confer, and Professors Boas, Gottheil, and Jackson, all accredited Oriental students, invited to the



Courtesy of The Mail and Express

Photo by Rockwood

MORRIS K. JESUP



PROFESSOR FRIEDRICH HIRTH

chair Professor Friedrich Hirth, then living in Munich as a Member of the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences.

President Butler, in his report of his action, thus speaks of Professor Hirth:

"Professor Hirth is about fifty-three years of age. He entered the Chinese customs service in 1870. He lived at Canton from 1870 to 1875, and at Amoy from 1875 to 1877. From there he was called to the central office in Shanghai, where he was engaged upon statistical work relating to the commerce of China. He remained in Shanghai until 1888, with the exception of the years 1880-82, which were spent on leave of absence in Dresden. A second leave of absence, 1888-90, was spent chiefly in Berlin. From 1890 to 1895 he was employed in Hong Kong, on the island of Formosa, in Ching-Kiang, Ichang, and Chung-king. In 1897 Professor Hirth resigned his position and made his home in Munich. He is considered one of the best authorities, if not the very best, on the commerce of China, and his knowledge of the history of Chinese art is unsurpassed. For several years past Professor Hirth has paid particular attention to the evidences of the connection between European and Chinese culture, and the results of his investigations are to be published by the Imperial Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg. Professor Hirth's writings are very numerous; his published contributions to the literature of his special subject, between 1869 and 1889, being eighty-two in number. He speaks and writes English well. He is completely equipped to give instruction in the written language of China and in various

aspects of Chinese civilization, particularly the commercial and the artistic. In my judgment, he is the best man to be invited to accept the Dean Lung chair of Chinese."

Broadly speaking, there are three sets of courses which Professor Hirth offers at Columbia. One set deals with the written language; another with the spoken language; while the courses in the third set are intended to give a general knowledge of China and its history. These latter courses are open both to students who do and who do not make a study of the language.

**A PLAYWRIGHT
WHO
HAS SUCCEEDED**

There are undoubtedly far greater dramatists in the world to-day than Mr. Fitch, but there are few, if any, who will compare with him in fecundity of literary production. Since 1889, the time of his first play—Beau Brummell—he has written twenty original plays, and, in addition, has made twelve adaptations. Every season finds three or four new plays by Mr. Fitch upon the stage. Besides the play mentioned above, he is best known for his Nathan Hale, Barbara Frietchie, and Captain Jinks.

The characteristic notes of Mr. Fitch's work are cleverness and stagecraft. There is probably no dramatist of the day who knows better the details of stage business and stage mechanism. To this he adds often the graceful conceit



Photo by Sarony

CLYDE FITCH

not infrequently combined with real poetry. If he is not interested in deep psychology and the serious, he nevertheless steers clear of the conventional. His characters are superficially, at least, absolutely true, stupidly true. Mr. Fitch is a young man yet, being but thirty-five. He is a graduate of Amherst College, from which he received last year an honorary degree of M.A. What ever may be said derogatory of his work, and, indeed, certain things must be said, the fact remains that Mr. Fitch is the most popular of the American dramatists and a man who has in him the ability to do great things. Some of his later plays, such as *The Climbers* and others, have shown distinct traces of work which needs but time and a little incentive to be elaborated into greatness. It would seem almost that did the public give Mr. Fitch the encouragement, he might rise to heights, indeed.

When one thinks of American art in Paris one thinks of four names: of Sargent, Whistler, Abbey, and Alexander. Of these four but one has returned to make his residence in his home country—Alexander. John W. Alexander is a native of Pennsylvania. He received his art education in the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Munich, and through his studies in Paris and other European art centers. Success came to him long ago. In Paris art circles he is well known and highly regarded. His paintings are remarkable for the softness and beauty

of their colors and the ample grace of their lines, which flow and melt into one another. They are both decorative and esthetic in quality. There is nothing harsh or brilliant in the coloring, nothing discordant, nothing

striking, in a conspicuous sense; the delicate tinted half-lights are toned to a mellifluous softness which charms and delights the eye. Some of his best-known canvases are those entitled *A Study in Green*, wherein is depicted a young woman in graceful dress, placing a water lily in her corsage, the whole done in a tone of predominant green, and wonderfully lighted; the portrait of Mrs. Alexander, dressed in quaint costume and placed in a soft and somewhat idealistic setting; the Rodin portrait, the *Study in Tone*, the portrait of Dr. Patton, painted for Princeton University; and the much discussed painting of *A Quiet Hour*, in which a young girl, in a beautiful, flowing gown, with neck and shoulders bare, sits bending over a book which lies open on a bed in front of her, while her face is beautifully framed by the white curtain of the window beyond.

Mr. Alexander has received many honors, among them the first gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1900. He is societaire of the

Société Nationale des Beaux Arts of Paris, a member of the Society of American Artists, and the Société Nouvelle, Paris, and an honorary member of the International Society of London, the Vienna Society of Painters, and the Munich Society of Painters

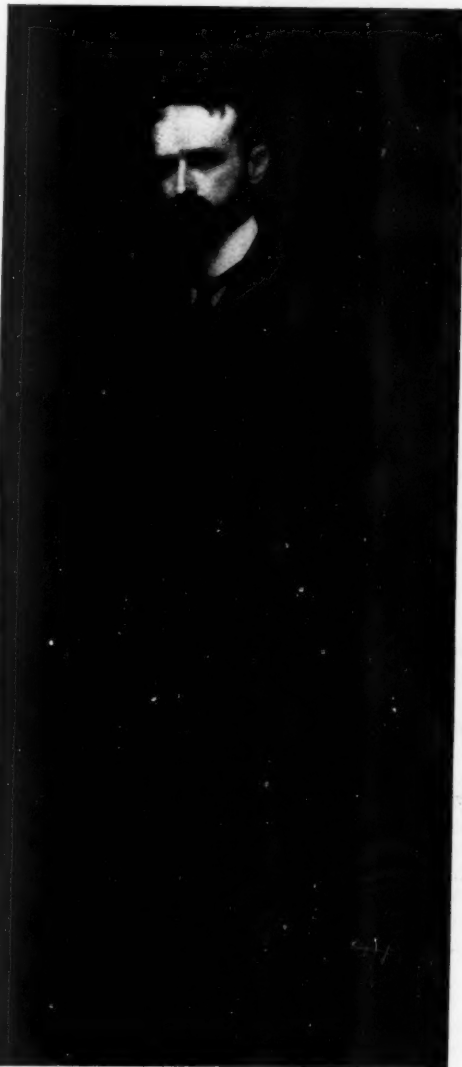


Photo by Miss Ben-Yusuf

JOHN WHITE ALEXANDER

MRS. LANGTRY IN AMERICA AGAIN

The return to America of an actress who has not been seen here for three years is always an event that is eagerly watched by our large theater-going public, and so there is an interest attaching to the return to this country of Mrs. Langtry after an absence of some years in England. Mrs. Langtry's rise to favor on the stage is recalled by many. She was known in London as a society woman, where she was famous for her beauty long before her professional début. Her adoption of the stage as a profession followed upon the loss of a family estate, and she was doubtless influenced, in making her choice, by her many successes as an amateur. Her professional début was made at the Haymarket Theater in London in the part of Miss Hardcastle in *She Stoops to Conquer*, soon following with *The Honeymoon*, *An Unequal Match*, and *As You Like It*, in which latter play she was *Rosalind*. Mrs. Langtry has made a great success of her stage work, climbing to honors through her impersonations in plays that have now become standards. Her

American début was made at Wallack's Theater on November 6, 1882, where she presented the three plays she had presented in London. The next year, the interim having been spent in touring this country, she appeared at the old Fifth Avenue Theater as *Galatea*, and, having great success, remained here for two years when she returned to London. Her greatest success in America, however, was made when, a year later, she returned to this country to play the *Lady of*

Lyons. Her reputation was now secure, and success followed success in quick array. As in *A Looking Glass*, *Nos Intimés*, *The Enemies*, *A Wife's Peril*, *Esther Sandraz*, are some of her most popular productions, while as *Pauline*, in *The Lady of Lyons*, she is, perhaps, liked best of all.

Recently, at the command of King Edward, Mrs. Langtry produced at the Imperial Theater, London, her new play of *The Crossways*. It was a private royal performance before an audience of the King and Queen, their household, and the nobility. It is this play which Mrs. Langtry is at present presenting in this country, having opened her American engagement in New York City in December. She will spend some months here touring the country.

There have been few actresses who have enjoyed a greater vogue and more peculiar fame than Mrs. Langtry. The days when the "*Jersey Lily*" was first the furor of two continents are still vivid in the memory. Her photographs were used for advertising and art purposes. They were to be found in every little back

woods town, even in the farmhouses. It is interesting in light of this early fame to view the present woman. She has matured greatly, of course, but it is remarkable how little she has aged. Her beauty has proved of the lasting kind. Moreover, her art has improved greatly, so that the Langtry of to-day, while not perhaps so fascinating as the Langtry of some fifteen years ago, is yet quite as attractive, and she is still prominent in the world of the theater.



Photo by Sarony

MRS. LANGTRY IN THE CROSSWAYS



Courtesy of The N. Y. World

PANORAMA OF THE HARBOR OF LA GUAYRA

The Recent Crisis in Venezuela

For years Venezuela has been in a turbulent state. Revolution has followed hard upon revolution. A continual state of unrest has been always present. But it has been only very recently that these petty troubles have threatened, and still threaten, to involve three of the greatest nations of the world. The little country has in a bound thus sprung to the front rank of prominence. Its whole career and character are now of the gravest importance. To understand the present situation, therefore, it is well to look closely at the country and its condition. First a word should be spoken of the history of the country. The few facts are stated succinctly and well by a writer in the *National Geographic Magazine*:

Venezuela was the first part of the American continent sighted by Columbus. During his third voyage, in 1498, he first saw the coast from the Island of Trinidad, and thought that it was another island; but the fresh water of the Gulf of Paria, whose shores he coasted for several weeks, soon convinced him that great continental rivers were pouring into the gulf, and that the vast Asiatic continent at last stretched before him. Sickness prevented him from making extended explorations of the coast and sent him back to Hispaniola.

The following year Alonzo de Ojeda, accompanied by the celebrated Amerigo Vespucci, traced a greater extent of the Venezuelan coast. It was Ojeda who gave the country its present name—Venezuela.

Venezuela has a larger area than the combined areas of the great States of Texas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Arkansas. In figures its area amounts to about 590,000 square miles. The population is 500,000 less than that of Massachusetts. In 1891 it was 2,323,527. The capital, Caracas, has 75,000 inhabitants,

Maracaibo 35,000, La Guayra 15,000, and Barcelona about 13,000. About one person out of every one hundred is pure white, while the others are descendants of black slaves, mulattoes, etc., and Indians.

The republic has three zones—hot, temperate, and cool—according to the elevation of the land. The lowlands in the northwest are very torrid. Here great quantities of coffee and cacao are raised, which form the largest agricultural exports of the country. The cacao is sent mainly to France, Germany, and Spain, and the coffee, which averages a yearly crop of 55,000 tons, to the United States. South and east of the lowlands, extending eastward to Caracas, are high mountains, where, the climate being temperate, most of the people live. Caracas, the capital, is 3,000 feet above the sea. Trade winds prevent the extremes of heat suffered in the corresponding latitude of northern Africa. The mean temperature at Caracas is only 71.2 degrees Fahr. On the coast it averages from ten to twelve degrees higher.

Vast llanos, or great plains, stretch south of the mountains, making splendid runs for cattle. South again of the plains beyond the Orinoco, are vast forests, from which the natives get rubber, tropical woods, and vanilla. There are also gold diggings south of the Orinoco, which yielded over \$600,000 for export in 1900.

Almost nothing is manufactured beyond the cheapest grades of goods. The larger share of the imports come from the United States—\$3,271,000 worth in 1901, consisting of flour, lard, hardware, and cotton goods, on all of which a heavy duty was levied. England and

Germany send the next largest amount of goods. Venezuela sent in return to the United States in 1901 \$6,645,000 worth of coffee, cacao, and skins, all entering free of duty. The annual revenue of Venezuela is about \$7,500,000, obtained mainly from customs duties.

So much for the bare facts. The present trouble, however, centers about one man and one locality—Cipriano Castro and the City of Caracas. Miss Marion Bowen writes charmingly of these in the Independent:

General Cipriano Castro, the President of Venezuela, is comparatively young, being only about forty years of age. His personal appearance is rather against him, as he is lame, short and dark-visaged, being of a decided Indian type. But one cannot look at his face without reading there an indomitable tenacity of purpose and dogged persistency. His eyes are black and piercing, and he has every appearance of being a man who has perfect confidence in his own power to rule, and who is bound to rule with a rod of iron. I think no power on earth could make him change his mind after it was once made up.

His lameness is the result of a wound received in the battle of Yocuyito, where he succeeded in wresting the Presidency of Venezuela from General Ignacio Andrade. Before this wound had time to heal President Castro was awakened one night by the awful earthquake. It was on October 29, 1900, and, thinking the house was crumbling beneath him, he jumped out of a second-story window in his palace, the "Casa Armarilla" (Yellow House), and broke his wounded leg. This ignominious jump is not generally given as the cause of his lameness, for his countrymen think it sounds better to say their President injured his leg in battle. The "Casa Armarilla" was not destroyed by the earthquake, but its foundations were so weakened by the severe

recurring shocks that it was considered unsafe for occupancy, and the next day General and Madame Castro moved into their present home, "Miraflores" ("Look at the Flowers"), which is one of the finest buildings in Caracas.

President and Madame Castro generally give many brilliant entertainments, but owing to the recent revolution they have lived a very quiet life during the past year, and have only once thrown open the doors of "Miraflores" to their hosts of friends, both among the Venezuelans and the Foreign Colony. This was at the New Year's reception in 1902, when from 2.30 until 7.30 P.M. President and Madame Castro received the New Year's greetings from a throng of handsomely dressed men and women, who for the time being threw aside all their worry and anxiety over the revolution

and enjoyed to the utmost the hospitality of their President and his wife.

The Venezuelans are naturally an indolent, easy-going people, with all the excitable and emotional characteristics that are always found in the tropical countries. The ladies do nothing but sit in the windows all day long, waiting for some lover to



Courtesy of The N. Y. American

STREET IN JUAN GRIEGO

pass along beneath and stop and chat for a while. A man has to be a favored suitor before he is allowed to do more than make a "window call," and even when he has gained entrance to the house of his lady-love he is never left alone with her for one minute, but is always chaperoned by the father and mother, who sometimes have the kindness to fall asleep for a few seconds over their reading. The very situation of Caracas would easily make it a valley of peace, as it lies 3,000 feet above the sea level in a green valley with mountains towering far above. To reach Caracas we must either make the trip from La Guayra, the seaport of Caracas, on the back of a donkey, a long and tedious journey, or else take one of the two daily trains on the English Railroad.



Courtesy of Harper's Weekly

CUSTOM HOUSE, LA GUAYRA

One can see many interesting sights in Caracas, if one of the many victorias is taken at the station and the "cochero" is told to drive around the city. The streets are narrow, crooked, and very rough, the entire city being paved with cobblestones. On every side are dirty, half-dressed children varying in color from the blackness of the ace of spades to the fairest of the fair. We pass women from Martinique, wearing their picturesque dresses of bright-colored calico, with a kerchief tied around their necks and crossed in front, and on their heads are the most dazzling bandanna handkerchiefs, tied in such a fashion that two of the corners stick up like little horns. On the street corners we pass men smoking their cigarettes and standing on one foot while the other leg is twined around their canes, thus serving the purpose of the other leg. These men are inferior looking and are most impudent in the way in which they stare at women, especially American women. They are

quick-tempered, and think nothing of taking out a pistol and shooting a man if they have any dispute.

There are many squares, or plazas, but the largest and most important one is the Plaza Bolivar, in the center of the city. This is where all the promenading is done, and on Thursday and Sunday evenings the National Band, which would be a credit to any country, gives an open-air concert. The children have their concert Saturday afternoon and the Plaza is crowded with pretty children dressed in the daintiest little white dresses and Parisian hats. These small tots are never seen during the week till Saturday afternoon, when they come out, every one of them, and

show themselves off in perfect imitation of their pretty doll-like mothers.

In the center of the Plaza is a large bronze equestrian statue of General Simon Bolivar, the Liberator of Venezuela. This statue was erected in 1870 by General Guzman Blanco, one of the ablest Presidents that Venezuela has ever had.

Facing the Plaza Bolivar are the old Cathedral, which was partially destroyed in the earthquake of 1812; the Post Office, a handsome two-storied building, and the "Casa



Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly

AMERICAN LEGATION BESIEGED BY GERMAN AND BRITISH SUBJECTS SEEKING PROTECTION AND RELIEF

Amarilla," which used to be the White House of Caracas. A few minutes' walk from the Plaza brings us to the Museum, the University, the Federal Palace, and Elliptical Salon. These last two buildings face each other on a very beautiful open square filled with all kinds of flowering shrubs and tropical trees. The Government offices, Senate Chamber, and House of Representatives are in the Federal Palace, while in the Elliptical Salon, where the President receives the Diplomatic Corps after an inauguration and on all state occasions, is a fine ceiling painting representing the battle near Carrababo, one of the famous battles during the War for Independence. On the walls are fine portraits of all the Presidents of Venezuela, with the exception of President Guzman Blanco, which was destroyed in 1899, and portraits of many other prominent men and heroes. If we have a little time to spare we should walk a few blocks further on to the Municipal Theater, a very handsome building, the interior which reminds one of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. On our way home we pass through the shopping district, where, if we care to pay the price, we can buy almost anything. The best and cheapest way to buy the beautiful native lace work is from the women peddlers, who go from house to house to sell their wares, and during the recent revolution it has been very easy to buy at very low prices valuable old fans, laces, jewelry, and



Courtesy of The N. Y. American

VIEW IN BELLA VISTA. CORNER AFTER THE DEFENCE OF PUERTO CABELLO BY GEN. PAREDES IN 1900. BULLET HOLES SEEN IN BUILDING SHOW FIERCENESS OF FIGHT

curios from poor Venezuelans, who used to be rich, but who have lost all their money owing to the troubled state of the country, and who are now forced to part with their old treasures in order to keep the wolf from the door.

On our way to the Pantheon, the Westminster Abbey of Caracas, situated in the extreme northern portion of the city, we pass some of the best houses, but they are far from attractive on the outside. They are all one-storied, built of stucco of different colors, yellow and light blue predominating, with flat fronts relieved only by two closely barred windows through which the señoritas flirt with their dark-skinned admirers. The interiors of these houses are more attractive, as they all have open "patios" filled with palms, shrubs, and flowers and sweetly singing birds. The houses of the rich and poor are built right next to each other, and there is no street reserved for the residences of the richer class. For instance, one day when I was waiting at the door of one of the finest houses in Caracas I was surprised to have the door of the opposite house open and to see a man walk out leading a horse. Evidently the stable was in the back of the house and man and beast had to use the same door.



Courtesy of The N. Y. American

TROOPS LEAVING CARACAS

The Pantheon, which stands at the end of the street at the foot of the mountains, is an imposing building of yellow stucco. It was formerly a cathedral, but has recently been converted into the last resting-place of the heroes of Venezuela. There are a few who have handsome marble monuments inside, but for the most part these are merely tablets bearing the names of the persons with the date of their birth and death. In front of the monuments and on the tablets are cheap memorial wreaths of imitation flowers and tinsel tied with the national colors—red, blue, and yellow.

This is a very pretty, enticing picture, full of rest and languor. Unhappily, Venezuela does not always possess this languor. The eternal revolutions keep ever recurring. Just what these mean and their manner are vividly portrayed by Conrad Brandt, another writer in the same periodical.

It is Saturday and market time. From everywhere out of the environs the farmers are coming to the town—to La Villa. Heavily burdened mules and burros, basket-carrying women and children are filling the usually very quiet streets of San Cristobal.

All of a sudden the news arrived: "The Colombians fell upon San Antonio, robbed the town and are marching against San Cristobal." It had the same effect upon the people as a stick thrown into an anthill. A sudden crying and yelling filled the air, mounted soldiers raced through the crowd in frantic haste, while some quiet and more reasonable fellows busied themselves with sharpening the *machete* (broad, long knife): *Quien sabe para quien* (Heaven knows for whom).

The garrison soldiers quickly stationed themselves at the entrances to the market and also at the various gates of the town. Everybody was compelled to remain in the town. The *peones*, *arrieros* (mule drivers), farmers—in fact, everybody of the male sex over twelve years of age became a soldier. Venezuela is a free country and, according to the law, nobody can be forced into the military service, but in case of a necessity like the present one the government corrals as many as it can get.

Groups of crying people—women and children—filled the streets. Indeed, they had every reason for their tears. An hour ago a happy family, and now fathers and brothers are soldiers or, as the Venezuelan expresses it, "cannon meat." The newly recruited army amounted to about two thousand men, who were furnished at once with rifles, cartridges, and bayonets.

A regular Venezuelan army looks like a badly organized band of robbers, but after the enlistment of the raw recruits the result was simply indescribable. A terrible mixup—a blue-dressed soldier side by side with a farmer, whose ruana or poncho in its better day long ago was a coffee sack. The next man in the badly formed line has no ruana, but is proud of a shirt whose color was once white. A child of twelve stands in the same line with an old gray-haired man, whose once stalwart form is now bent downward and who is sighing under the weight of his rifle.

Two little boys carry their guns like a litter. Across the barrels they have tied a board and deposited on it their heavy cartridge belts, knives, a small bundle of bananas and a kettle. A good part of the poor fellows had no idea why and for whom they were going to fight; many of them never touched a rifle before, and considered the Mauser rifle or *er maus* as a very nice, wonderful thing to play with, unfortunately a trifle heavy.

The soldiers and officers of a Venezuelan army treat each other very nicely. The usual form of addressing each other is *Hola*



Courtesy of the N. Y. American

A TYPICAL BARRICADE

Compadre, compadre meaning about the same as cousin or neighbor in our language. If one feels like smoking he smokes, and a nearby officer is handy with a match. This politeness is always rewarded by the offer of a never refused cigarillo. To become a general in this wonderful army one has to have money, or be a braggart, or to have some friends and a pull. The field-glass is necessary—no glass, no general. The horse or mule is easy to get; the general borrows it.

Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly

BAREFOOTED DEFENDERS ENTERING THE SAN CARLOS BARRACKS AT CARACAS



The day after the battle I went out with a friend to visit the different scenes of the fight. We found the roof of the rancho near the Cucuta bridge full of holes. There was not a single unbroken tile on this roof, and the walls and doors of the house were perforated with bullet-holes. The bare corpses of negro soldiers were lying around everywhere, the color of these bodies being changed into a dark, greenish blue and the skin glittering like wet leather. The Venezuelan soldiers were busily engaged in disrobing their dead enemies. Every rag, dirty and torn, was good enough to be taken away, only the amulet around the neck being left on the bodies. After completing this "disarming," they threw the bodies into the river, but only where the river was handy. In the patio of the rancho, in an old and half-crumbled hut, moaned and screamed some fifteen wounded soldiers. In the eastern corner lay a huge pile of naked dead soldiers waiting for burial. Stretched over a heap of bricks lay a young fellow. His wide open, dark eyes pleaded for help, and from his bursting and burning lips came the cry of "Water, water." I asked the ranchera (wife of the proprietor) for the water, but received the reply that these *bestias* could die for all she cared, and that she would take great pleasure in killing each and every one of them. I became incensed and demanded water at once,

and when I had succeeded in getting some, all the poor devils got a drink of it.

There is but one more phase to the question, and that applies peculiarly to the United States. The Monroe Doctrine is the pivotal point in the controversy. This doctrine and its meanings should be kept in mind when considering the question. The Outlook probably contains one of the clearest statements of it.

What is the Monroe Doctrine? This is a question of interest, but not of paramount interest. The twentieth century has a right to make doctrines as well as the nineteenth, and it is quite as capable. If a nation ought not to break ruthlessly from its traditions, neither ought it to be manacled by them. The "dead hand" cannot be permitted to control the living present. The nation has a perfect right, on the one hand, to abandon the Monroe Doctrine altogether if in its judgment it is no longer applicable, and equally to extend it if it is no longer adequate. Nevertheless, a doctrine which grew up gradually into a national tradition before Monroe's time, and has been sedulously maintained ever since, has due to it the respect, though not the authority, of a Constitutional provision. Before it is either applied or amended the nation must know what it is. It is involved in the two following paragraphs from the Message of President Monroe of December 2, 1823:

The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as

subjects for future colonization by any European Powers.

We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

The occasion which gave rise to this declaration has long since passed away. The Holy Alliance, formed for the purpose of counteracting the pernicious principle of representative government, has long since ceased to exist; representative government has been established in all European countries west of Russia; the principle of popular rights is recognized in most of these governments as really, if not as fully and consistently, as in the United States. Nevertheless, the essential principles, or perhaps we should say the essential spirit of the Monroe Doctrine, remain a principle to guide, a spirit to inspire, as long as the nation lasts. These principles are two: National safety, Fraternal guardianship.

I. The peril which threatened the United States in its youth from the hostility of European Powers to its fundamental principle of popular rights no longer exists; but it cannot be said that there is no peril against which it is wise for American statesmanship to protect our shores. The possible danger is more remote, but it is a danger of a greater calamity in 1902 than in 1823. In 1823 the navies of the world were propelled by sail; American coast cities were relatively small; and they could be adequately protected by land batteries. In 1902 the navies of the world

are propelled by steam; the coast cities are large and increasing in magnitude and wealth; and land batteries afford at best but a doubtful protection, owing to the distance through which modern ordnance carries its projectiles. The best protection to our American coast is a diplomacy which prevents the establishment of coaling stations on this side of the Atlantic. For a modern navy depends for its efficiency on the proximity of a coaling station; a man-of-war without coal is as harmless as a man-of-war without ammunition. England has coaling stations on this side of the Atlantic; Germany has none; and it would be a short-sighted policy which would willingly permit Germany to secure a coaling station here if we can prevent it. It is for this reason that the purchase of the Danish West Indies would be good policy; not that we want the islands, but that we do not want some other power to obtain them. Three thousand miles of ocean is a protection from European navies; it is not wise for us to allow another power behind our breastworks if we can prevent it. For this reason, if there were no other, we should adhere to our declaration that "the American continents are not to be considered as subjects for colonization by European powers."

II. But there is another reason which we have expressed by the phrase "fraternal guardianship." Wealth and power impose responsibilities. The rich and strong nation owes duties to its weaker national neighbor no less than the rich, strong man owes duties to his weaker individual neighbor. The mere fact of neighborhood accentuates and often creates this obligation. This duty to our weaker Republics in South America justified our declaration in 1823 that any interference with

their rights of self-government would be regarded as "the manifestation of an unfriendly spirit toward the United States." How far America will go in protecting such Republics from such interference she did not say in 1823, and it is not necessary to say now.



Courtesy of The N. Y. American

COURTYARD OF FEDERAL CAPITOL BUILDING, CARACAS

Venezuela and the Cartoonists



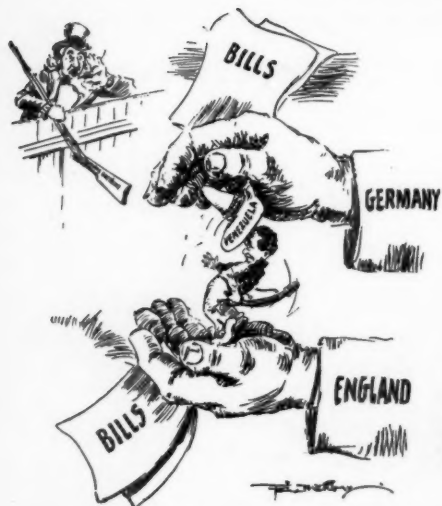
LITTLE AJAX DEFYING THE LIGHTNING—
MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL



PRES. CASTRO "SAY, YOU BIG FELLOWS, MY UNCLE
SAMMY'S WATCHING YOU."—NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE



THE BATTLESHIP IN VENEZUELAN WATERS—BOSTON HERALD



UNCLE SAM, "EASY GENTLEMEN, EASY!"—
WASHINGTON EVENING STAR



"DARN OUR FOOL SOULS, WILL SOMEBODY HEAD US OFF?"—
CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN



CORNERING HIM

LITTLE VENEZUELA, "YAH! YOU BIG BULLIES! YOU DAREN'T GET OVER THAT FENCE!"
ENGLAND AND GERMANY (TOGETHER), "ALL RIGHT, YOUNG MAN, WE CAN WAIT!"—PUNCH



HIS OCCUPATION IN DANGER.
MARS, "IF THIS SORT OF THING IS COMING INTO FASHION, I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR ANOTHER JOB."—N. Y. TIMES



UNCLE SAM, "YES, IT'S LOADED, GENTLEMEN." — CLEVELAND LEADER



UNCLE SAM, "THERE'S A TERRIBLE DISCORD SOMEWHERE."—BALTIMORE HERALD



"COME-ON, BOYS. HERE'S WHERE YOU GET A SQUARE DEAL"—OHIO STATE JOURNAL



FOOLHARDY—BROOKLYN EAGLE



"HI! FELLOWS, WAIT A MOMENT. I WANT TO GO ALONG WITH YOU!"—CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

A Side Light on American Greatness: Some of Our "Infant Industries"

The purpose of this compiled department is to give some idea of all the American industries. These are interesting in themselves and, moreover, in light of the renewed agitation upon the tariff question, they have a present importance. We mean therefore to give, from time to time as shall seem expedient, a résumé of these so-called "infant industries."

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES . . EDWARD D. JONES . . WORLD'S WORK

The Twelfth Census marks the close of the first complete century of manufactures in the United States. It will thus become the most important statistical basis by which will be measured the future advancement of American industry.

In 1791, when Alexander Hamilton submitted his celebrated "Report on Manufactures" to Congress, he was able to refer to the household system of manufacture by means of which each family unit supplied many of its own needs; and he described the remarkable development of this type of manufacture in southern New England, where considerable quantities of coarse cloth, clothing and nails were produced. In addition to this, some twenty industries were mentioned which had reached a considerable development, involving special buildings, the division of labor, the ingathering of raw materials from distant localities, and the distribution of the manufactured articles throughout the States. Among these were tanning, iron manufacture, ship-building and furniture manufacture, the making of cordage, brick, distilled liquors, paper, wool, hats, whale oil and candles, copper utensils, tobacco, turpentine, flour, etc.

While this was a respectable beginning, the chief task of the American people was to be for at least five decades to push forward the frontier.

Up to 1840 this work went on. By that time compact settlement had reached the Mississippi River, and the further growth of population required the building of railways and the establishment of manufactures. By 1850 the chief forms of labor-saving agricultural implements of American origin were introduced and began their work of liberating an increasing proportion of the population from agriculture. The Civil War increased the need of the country for manu-

factured articles, and, accompanied as it was by a high tariff to provide Government revenue, provided a powerful impulse to develop home manufactures. Down to 1880 agriculture was the chief source of wealth in this country. The last two censuses have shown manufacture to be dominant. In 1900 the value of agricultural products was four and seven-tenths billions of dollars; the net value of manufactured products was five and nine-tenths billions.

To gather some of the chief results of the recent census investigation into a few sentences we may say that when we speak of "American manufactures" we mean 512,339 establishments, using \$9,835,086,909 of capital, and involving the labor of 397,174 officials and clerks and 5,316,802 wage-earners. This vast equipment consumes \$7,348,144,755 worth of raw materials annually and makes out of the same manufactured products worth altogether \$13,014,287,498. These figures all show a healthy increase over those of 1890. There are 44 per cent. more establishments now than then; 50 per cent. more capital is used; a fourth more wage-earners are employed; and the annual value of the gross product is 40 per cent. more than in 1890.

Our rank among the manufacturing nations of the world is first, for, according to the estimates of the late Mr. Mulhall, we produce about half as much as all of Europe combined. The United Kingdom ranks second, Germany third, France fourth, and Austria-Hungary fifth.

The significance of \$13,000,000,000, the value of the manufactured articles produced in 1900, is difficult to realize. It is nine and one-third times the authorized capitalization of the greatest corporation on earth, the United States Steel Corporation. It is one-fifth of the true value of all real estate and personal property in the United States reported by the census of 1890, or about the value of New York and Pennsylvania combined at that time. So great an annual product has been produced by our manufacturing establishments only in recent years. The product of 1890 was \$9,372,437,283, that of 1880 \$5,369,579,191, that of 1850 but \$1,019,106,616.

In 1810 the manufactured goods produced in this country were worth \$27.58 per capita of the population, or \$165.48 for the average family. In 1860 manufactures were worth \$60.06 per capita, or \$318.32 for the average-sized family of that period. In 1890 the per capita value was \$149.72, or for a family of 4.9 persons \$733.63. In 1900 the per capita value of manufactured goods was \$172.21, or \$809.39 for the average family of 4.7 persons.

The census shows the increase in the size of plants by showing that, while the product of manufacture has been increasing in almost all lines, the number of establishments has been declining in many of them. There was in 1900 a smaller number of establishments than in 1890 manufacturing agricultural implements, boots and shoes, carpets, glass, iron and steel, leather, woolens, and the products of slaughtering and meat-packing; nevertheless, in each of these industries the average capital, the average number of employees, and the average product per establishment increased, and the total product of each of these industries increased.

Turning to the question of industrial combinations, we find some interesting statistics in the census. A list of 185 such organizations is presented. They controlled 2,340 plants, possessed a combined capital of \$1,436,625,910, employed 400,000 wage-earners and 24,640 officials, and manufactured products annually valued at \$1,667,350,949. That is to say, 8.4 per cent. of the wage-earners engaged in manufacturing in America were employed by these combinations, and 14.1 per cent. of the value of our manufactures originated with them. The census report does not include the United States Steel Corporation nor any other combination organized during or since the census year. The steel corporation is largely covered by the above figures, however, since most of its constituent companies rank as combinations. The great dividend-payers among the "trusts" in 1900 were the Standard Oil Company, American Steel and Wire Company, Federal Steel Company, American Sugar Refining Company, Amalgamated Copper Company, Pullman Company, American Tobacco Company, Continental Tobacco Company, and the United States Leather Company.

The general causes which have made us a great manufacturing nation and the advantages which we now possess have been placed under five headings:

1. Agricultural resources.

2. Mineral resources. It is plain that a country which produces nine-tenths of the world's cotton, one-third of its coal, one-fourth of its iron ore, and one-half of its copper, and a similar generous share of many other things, such as lumber, grain, hides and petroleum, has a great advantage in the matter of raw materials upon which to set labor and capital at work.

3. Transportation facilities. These include the remnants of a neglected canal system, a magnificent but scarcely used system of navigable rivers amounting to 18,000 miles, and a highly important system of Great Lakes waterways extending for 1,000 miles and carrying a tonnage "equal to nearly 40 per cent. of that of the entire railroad system of the United States." Our railway system, constructed with great rapidity between 1860 and 1880, is now over a third of that of the world. In 1899 the total length was 189,295 miles, as against 172,621 in Europe, and the cost of moving goods was less here than in Europe, being on the average less than six mills for carrying one ton a distance of one mile.

4. Freedom of interstate commerce.

5. Freedom from tradition.

As an example of American ingenuity, we may cite the invention of the system of interchangeable parts, which has made possible the use of complex machinery in agriculture or other industries at a distance from machine shops or the point of original manufacture. Activity, skill and willingness characterize the best type of American workmen, and this willingness is shown, in part, by a readiness to pack bag and baggage and move to those places where manufacture can be carried on most economically, especially if it be to a large city. The organizing ability of American capitalists cannot be doubted. There is scarcely an industry upon which the peculiar genius of the American has not wrought an effect.

RAILWAY SERVICE N. Y. TRIBUNE

In no industry perhaps does the United States enjoy a more remarkable ascendancy over the rest of the world than in its railway service. At the close of the last century North America had no less than 220,880 miles of track in operation, while the total for Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and South America was only a trifle greater—about 270,000 miles. The United States then had a mile of road for every 383 inhabitants, Europe

one for every 2,267, and British India one for every 12,400. This country invented the parlor, sleeping and dining-cars, the pressed-steel freight car, many of the best features of the modern locomotive, the air brake, the automatic coupler, and a host of related devices, and it runs the fastest long-distance trains.

One of the most marvelous developments in the whole railroad system is that which has taken place at the head of a train in the last seventy years. The best locomotives to-day are about four times as long as the De Witt Clinton (1831), a foot or two higher, have drivers that are 72 (or even 80) inches in diameter instead of only 54, and carry 200 pounds of steam instead of only 80. But these figures afford no idea of the real gain that has been effected in power. Relative to the other features, the boiler has grown abnormally, while the smokestack has actually diminished in size. In the De Witt Clinton the smokepipe was as big as the boiler. One does not realize what modern science has done for this type of engine until he is told that it has a pull of from 16 to 30 tons, as against 919 pounds! A locomotive built not long ago for the Santa Fe road weighed 133½ tons. Trevethick's engine, built just a century ago, weighed five! Stephenson's Rocket (1829) was several hundred pounds lighter. Even between 1850 and 1860 the average weight of a passenger locomotive was twenty tons and of a freight engine thirty.

At the close of the fiscal year 1901 there were in operation in the United States 195,887 miles of track, or within about 25,000 miles of the total for North America. If these roads could be stretched out into one continuous line, they would be long enough to encircle the globe at the equator about eight times, or to reach nearly nine-tenths of the distance from the earth to the moon.

The Scientific American makes some striking comparisons to indicate the bulk of material used in the construction of these roads. It takes the Great Pyramid of Egypt as the starting point in its calculation. That mighty structure is 756 feet square at its base, and rises 481 feet, and contains about 91,500,000 cubic feet. If a shell of the same shape and dimensions were manufactured it could be let down over the Capitol at Washington without touching, and the apex of the pyramid would be two hundred feet or more above the dome of the building.

If the steel rails used in laying the track of these American roads were melted up into a

single lump of a shape that would admit of measurement it would be found to contain 15 per cent. more material than the Great Pyramid. Another comparison can be made with the Washington Monument, which rises 550 feet above its base. This same mass of steel would equal it in height if cast in a rectangular block 436 feet square at the bottom. Some of these rails weigh from 80 to 100 pounds to the yard, but most of the track west of the Mississippi is considerably lighter. Probably 25,000,000 tons would not be a wild estimate of the total weight.

One can't mold wood like steel, and even if one could it would doubtless be impossible to cast in one chunk the timber now employed for railroad ties. One can compute volumes, though, and it is estimated that all the wooden ties in service to-day occupy a space equal to twenty-four great pyramids. A similar calculation for rock and gravel ballast on these American roads gives a bulk 135 times as great as the above-mentioned standard of comparison. Following the ratio of length to height which is found in the pyramid of Cheops, the heap of ballast would measure 3,900 feet on each side at the base, and rise to a height of 2,500 feet, or about half a mile!

When it comes to rolling stock, equally impressive results are reached. The 39,729 locomotives in service are equivalent to three Great Pyramids, 35,811 passenger cars to three and a half pyramids, and 1,409,472 freight cars to forty-two pyramids.

Over a million employees are required to operate and keep in running order the railways of the United States. Nearly half of them (459,704) are trackmen and laborers. These figures include switchmen, flagmen and watchmen, as well as section bosses and track repairers. Then there are 204,194 machinists and shop workmen, 127,141 station agents and station men, 116,585 conductors and brakemen, 92,458 engineers and firemen, 39,701 clerks, 26,606 telegraph operators and 4,780 general officers.

SHOEMAKERS TO THE WORLD BOSTON GLOBE

"To shoe the world" is the aim of Lynn (Mass.) shoemakers. The board of trade of the shoe city is now in the midst of one of the most remarkable campaigns for trade in the commercial world.

It has opened communications with every United States consul or agent and is securing from them detailed reports upon the conditions of the shoe market and the possibilities

for Yankee shoes in the cities, districts or countries in which they are located. Already hundreds of these letters have been published to the shoe world, and the energetic manufacturer is preparing to take advantage of the most desirable markets with his superior American goods.

The exportation of American shoes is of comparatively recent growth. In 1895 this country exported only \$1,000,000 worth of boots and shoes, but for the fiscal year 1901 it sent abroad \$5,500,000 worth of boots and shoes, and England and her colonies took \$4,400,000 worth of this total.

This is the history of the manufacture of shoes in America.

From the one shoemaker, Thomas Beard, who came over on the Mayflower on her third voyage in 1629, with his "dyvers hydes for both soles and up leathers," this country has risen to be the greatest shoemaking nation in the world. It has now 1,600 shoe factories, in which are employed 142,992 men, women and children. These employees received in wages \$59,175,883 a year; and they made the last census year 197,539,173 pairs of boots and shoes and 17,112,841 pairs of slippers, worth \$261,028,580. Roughly, the average was three pairs of shoes to every inhabitant of this country.

The raw material used that year amounted to \$169,604,054 and represented the hides of millions of cattle slaughtered in Chicago and Australian or South American packing houses, the skins of great flocks of sheep of the Western plains and herds of goats of India, to say nothing of the South African, German and Russian, Chinese and Irish skins and hides.

Massachusetts and New Hampshire, together, make more shoes than all the rest of the nation. Massachusetts alone makes 44.9 per cent. of the shoes of the country. The Massachusetts operatives are the best paid in the world, their average wage being over \$500 a year. Boston, the "Hub of the Universe," is also the great center of the shoe trade. The last census show that Lynn leads the world in making women's shoes and also in the shoe supply business, Brockton in men's and Haverhill in low cut shoes.

Every one of the forty-four parts of the ordinary shoe is put together by machinery, the various parts of the upper being cut out by hand. In fact, the cutter is now the only skilled hand workman left in the shoe industry.

The two chief systems of the shoe machinery are the McKay and the Goodyear. They are

the greatest marvels of applied and systematized inventions developed in half a century. They are, with various other subordinate systems and machines, controlled by a great shoe machinery trust, the United Shoe Machinery Company, organized by Sidney Winslow, of Boston, two years ago. Immediately after consolidating the American systems, Mr. Winslow consolidated the English systems, and now the shoe makers of the world pay tribute to Yankee ingenuity for the use of their machines.

These machines are not sold outright, but are leased to manufacturers. The Germans placed a prohibitive tariff on these leased machines, but the clever Yankee found it only an excuse for even a firmer grip on the German manufacturer. The machine company gave their machines to the German shoemakers on condition that they would buy all their supplies from the giver, and the prices charged for the supplies earn the profit of the machines.

A pair of women's shoes made in Lynn to establish a record for rapid shoemaking required 57 different operations and the use of 42 machines. In the shoes were put 26 pieces of leather cut from the skin, 14 pieces of cloth, 24 buttons, 80 tacks, 20 nails, 2 box toes, 2 steel shanks, 2 molded counters, 2 taps, 2 heels and 20 yards of thread. All these parts were assembled and made into a neat-looking and graceful pair of shoes, ready to wear, in 13 minutes by a stop watch.

There are over 100 distinct pieces in the ordinary shoe, including the 44 parts, the lasting tacks, the heel nails, threads and laces. The parts of the upper are cut from side leather, as may be seen in any shoe. The linings, cut in similar shape, are "closed on" or stitched in, and the parts are "vamped" or fastened together on a machine much like the household sewing machine. This clumsy-looking upper is next fastened to the insole by a wonderful machine. The heavy outsole is next made soft and flexible and fitted in the stock-fitting room, and it is then stitched to the upper by a McKay or Goodyear machine, either of which drives a heavy needle through the thick sole with marvelous rapidity. The heel is next nailed on, and then the shoe is sent to the finishing room, where it is given its final smoothing over, inspection and polish, and is packed for shipment to the jobber.

In olden times the shoe manufacturer made his shoes and held them until sold. Now the energetic manufacturer gets his orders before he makes a single shoe.

Many Ways of Money-Making

Unusual Methods of Livelihood

IN THE COAST LIGHT SERVICESUNNY SOUTH

With the beginning of November there begins a hard fight all along the coast of the United States—a fight rarely chronicled, yet incessant and fierce. It is the fight of the coast lights and signals against storm and fog.

From March to November the men caged in the slender steel and stone cylinders that stand on hidden ledges with the nearest land lying along the horizon like a dim cloud need not fear even if storm beset; for the summer storm does not last long and they are sure that the relief and supply vessels will make their way to them within a few days. But when the gales of the late autumn and of the winter begin, there may be a month and even more when no ship can dare to approach those foam-bordered ocean perches.

Then the keepers are as besieged men. They must save every drop of oil, that their lights may be kept burning, even should a new supply fail to arrive when due. They must watch their machinery every minute, for no help could reach them to repair it should it break down.

On such lighthouses as famous Minot's Ledge, off Boston harbor, rising sheer out of the sea, they are imprisoned, unable to move an inch out of their narrow tower.

Minot's Ledge light stands eighty-five feet high from the level of the sea. The reef on which it is set is far below the surface in any except low tides, even in ordinary weather. When the ocean roars around it in a winter storm the mariner, looking at it from the sea, often can discern only its brave lantern above the spray. The entrance to this lighthouse is half way up the tower and an iron ladder reaches from it to sea level. In the winter there are days after days, and sometimes weeks, when no man could venture into that doorway. He would be carried away by the rollers that break against the base and sweep the little balcony.

But this merely physical fight is only one part of the battle that goes on in the lighthouses during the winter. There is another battle as great. It is worry and anxiety.

The lightkeepers of the United States have been trained to look on their lights as the

American soldier and sailor look on their flag. So well have they been disciplined and so well do they guard the trust, that there rarely is a case of a light having failed when human energy and pluck could keep it burning.

When sleet and snow drive over the towers these men are stricken with the fear that, despite all their care, the light, burn it ever so brightly, may not be able to pierce the thick air. Only one who has been in a lighthouse through a great winter night's storm can realize how keen and wearing an anxiety this is to them. Like all men who have to do with the powers of nature, they know that, though they do their best, that best is not good enough if it is not successful.

So blow the gales as they may, the keepers climb out on the narrow platform around the outside of the big windows that protect the precious lens, and with the weather beating them and the wind threatening to blow them into the black sea below, with waves reaching up to them, they scrape the drifted snow and the frozen sleet from the panes throughout the night that the light may shine out freely.

HE TRAINS PARROTSCHICAGO TRIBUNE

In an obscure back street lives a man who pursues a curious but not un lucrative calling. He is a language teacher to parrots, his specialty being that of teaching parrots to speak sentences, etc., in various languages, according to the particular foreign market to which they are to be sold. The whole of the parrot tutor's house, except two rooms, is given up to the birds, the rooms in which are their cages being divided up by sound-proof partitions into several smaller compartments, each containing a cage, that the birds may not hear each other.

"I believe I am the only language tutor to parrots," said the man. "I've lived in several foreign cities and I know seven foreign languages. At one time I was a waiter and at another an interpreter, but lost my work, and for a long time I subsisted in a garret, doing translations and giving French and German lessons at fourpence an hour. One day I thought of this. I was talking to a big parrot dealer, and chanced to ask if he sold many

parrots abroad. He replied: "Hardly ever, because of the different languages spoken abroad, English-speaking parrots naturally not being in much demand in foreign towns." This gave me an idea, and I suggested that I should experiment with one of his parrots. I took home a quite uneducated bird, and after a few weeks had taught it to repeat several short French sentences. After this I started teaching his parrots to speak French, German and Italian regularly. I work now entirely for the dealers, not for private people. I've got quite a good connection of my own among the large parrot dealers.

"The best bird for teaching foreign languages is the African gray parrot, from the west coast of Africa and Prince's Island. My methods? Well, diet and warmth are important. I keep my parrots in an artificially warmed temperature of about 80 degrees, acclimatizing them to cooler temperatures before selling, and give them some proportion of their native food—palm nuts, bananas, etc. I instruct my parrot pupils in the mornings and evenings, first pronouncing one word for days together, later two or three words. I make sentences of words that join easily together. A bird will learn a short sentence in less than a fortnight.

"An important secret is that of so teaching a bird that it will seem to speak intelligently and as if it understood what was happening at the moment. Thus, by pulling out my watch and then saying, 'What's the time?' the parrot soon learns to say, 'What's the time?' whenever it sees a watch produced. To teach a bird to greet a visitor with 'How d'you do?' on the proper occasions, I repeat these words as I enter the room where the parrot is. To make him say, 'Must you go? Good-by,' I rise from a chair, pick up my hat and stick, and go out of the room repeating the words.

"One especial feature I've tried recently is an idea of my own—that of teaching what I call my advertising parrots. They are taught so that whenever they see any one enter a shop they say, 'Have you tried So and So's milk porridge?' or 'Hair Restorer?' or whatever the commodity is. The parrot's cage, bearing a label advertising the patent commodity, stands on the shop counter, and the bird puffs the article all day long, for he has been purposely taught nothing else."

STRANGE ST. LOUIS PROFESSIONS ST. LOUIS POST DISPATCH

By strange works do some of the 600,000 people in this fourth city of the New World

enable themselves to have food and clothing and where to lay their heads at night.

The other day a man in the alley back of my house was walking off with a long piece of copper wire. I called to him just in sport, and the man dropped the wire.

"Take it for all I care," I said, laughingly. "It is lying in the alley and I suppose it is common property." Since then I have learned that there are men who make a regular business of following up the line wagons of the telegraph, telephone and electric companies and picking up the clippings of copper wires that are dropped. I hear they make as much as \$2.50 to \$3 a day.

The other day a man came to me and offered to trade me one pair of new shoes for every three pairs of fairly preserved old shoes I might happen to have.

Fellows follow up coal wagons for miles to get the job of putting the coal into the cellar. And men take contracts of cleaning all the front steps in a neighborhood, and of keeping a dozen or more lawns clipped. And I have heard of very valuable articles being picked up where the big trunk sewers flow into the river by persons who wade around in the water in rubber boots.

There is always an army of persons raking over the dumpings at the North St. Louis quarries, and I understand it is not an unusual thing for some of the garbage contractors' employees to find a ring or some other valuable trinket of jewelry among the dried garbage.

The professional window cleaners do a dangerous work. There are not many of them. They are distinct from porters and persons who clean the windows in a building where they are employed. The professional window cleaner does nothing but clean windows.

A professional window cleaner climbs around where angels fear to tread. He does not sit down in the window and hold on with one hand while he works with the other; no more does he hook his toes upon a steam heater inside the room to secure him while he works his arms outside. He is more daring than this. He walks out on the window ledge. He stands up to his work. He cares nothing at all about walking around on the ledges of fourteenth story windows where the windows are two hundred feet above the street.

A window cleaner is necessarily a young man. Like the chimney sweep he cannot choose the day upon which he must climb in perilous places. His work is every day. He may work in a forenoon upon a dwelling house,

where the hazard is not great, and in the afternoon be assigned to a skyscraper, where an ordinary mortal is timid about leaning on the window sill. The professional window cleaner is very expert at walking upon narrow ledges. He wears ordinary shoes and works rapidly, but he always keeps his mind upon the matter of self-preservation. A misstep would precipitate him to the street, perhaps two hundred feet below.

The manager of the window cleaning company only employs men with nerve. He says there is less likelihood of danger when the window cleaner has courage than there is when he is a coward. The man of courage never thinks of the danger. The coward thinks of nothing else. If the ledge were two feet above ground neither of the men would fall off. But because it is up in the air it is very much different, except in the case of the man of courage. He walks along on it without a thought of its height. He does not permit his eye to rove down to the street and his heart to jump into his mouth. He is not that sort of man. The coward thinks continually of his danger. He sees opportunities to fall every minute he is working, and the chances are he will fall, for if the least thing goes wrong he loses his head and does the wrong thing.

THE WINDOW POSER

Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Weisard make their livelihood in a singular way.

They are window posers. It is an avocation which Mr. Weisard devised for himself, and his success in it was such that he was subsequently joined by his wife. They pose in the display windows of business houses which handle wearing apparel. They go into the window at 10 o'clock in the forenoon and remain there until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. In this period of time they will strike a number of attitudes, holding some of them an hour and forty minutes. For instance, Mr. Weisard assists his wife in putting on her cloak. When the garment is half on he stops, and they hold this position for an hour and forty minutes. Weisard says that in this time he does not even wink an eye.

Weisard began his work as a window poser six years ago. He says the idea came to him in a dream after he had been looking over a tailoring journal, in which there were pictures of a salesman showing garments to a customer. He dreamed he saw himself striking these positions before a crowd. The dream impressed him, and he began practising the attitudes.

He found he could hold some of them a long time, and the more he practised the more expert he became. Finally he went to a clothing house and offered to pose in the window for a certain wage. He drew a crowd. People were perplexed to know whether he was a real man or an inanimate model. They tried to make him laugh. They tapped on the window. The boys particularly delighted in experiments to ascertain what the man in the window was like. Weisard says they did not disconcert him in the least. He explains his motionless periods by saying that he concentrates his mind upon what he is doing and does not permit it to rove to anything else. He says he has done this sort of thing until his wife, and even his little seven-year-old girl, can imitate him and do the trick as well as he can.

THE STORE DETECTIVE N. Y. TIMES

A visit to the shopping district would show to one experienced in the "ways that are dark" of the average shoplifter how carefully the proprietors of the large establishments guard against theft. At the door of every large department store a man is stationed who, to the unobservant, would be readily taken for a customer in waiting or a husband who did not want to get into a bargain rush. This man is always a detective who knows all the professional shoplifters. Moreover, he soon detects any one who in dress, manner, or bearing could be classed as "suspicious." The experts are known, and are spotted at once. If one whose picture is in the big cabinets down in the Rogues' Gallery appears at a large department store, he or she is watched. Then comes the work which makes the detectives of value. It is necessary in the rush not to create any noise or disturbance. Frequently a store detective will walk through a large part of the establishment, keeping his eyes on one woman. Even if she commits a theft, the matter is very simply adjusted. If the article is of small value the usual way is for the detective to quietly walk alongside of the shoplifter to find if she is "loaded down" with goods. If the shoplifter has been very active it is at once known. Bulging skirts, which no one else but an experienced person would notice, are usually the telltale of activity.

If it becomes apparent that large quantities of goods have been stolen and are adroitly concealed about her person, the shoplifter is usually ordered to accompany the detective to the office of the superintendent or some official having charge of such matters for examination.

During the holidays it is frequently found that, by the means of false skirts, pockets, and cloaks, the experts will have a large quantity of goods of value concealed about them.

Arrests are so seldom openly made in the large department stores that the prevalence of shoplifters is hardly known to the shoppers in general. If an expert shoplifter is detected at work the chance is usually given the culprit to leave the store, so as not to make out a complete charge to warrant a sentence for crime. Many of the expert shoplifters when touched on the shoulder in a store quickly get rid of their booty by dropping it on the floor or on the counter and then setting up the plea that the articles caught in hooks in their dresses or that they were just carrying the goods from counter to counter at the request of a shop lady.

One of the large department store detectives said last week that many counters have to be watched closely from high stations, in cash counters, or parcel places, so that the experts will not ply their trade in the open.

THE FOREST RANGER HELEN LUKENS JONES OVERLAND

Among all occupations requiring energy, alertness and skill none are more predominant with the poetry of picturesque life than that of our forest rangers, who, throughout the entire year, guard our noble forests from devastation by fire, as well as from myriads of other destructive elements, which, with covetous confusion, constantly haunt the rich, singing shadows of the woods.

When on patrol duty these woodland guardians are uniformed in dark blue, with gold buttons and straps bearing the insignia of their calling. Stout leggings and spiked boots terminate the outfit, while a broad hat adds picturesqueness. This costume gives the rangers a military appearance that people are bound to respect. When building trails and performing other rough tasks, unpretentious clothes that suit the work are substituted.

Forest rangers usually receive \$2 a day for their services, and out of this they are expected to furnish their own horse, tent, provisions and culinary outfit. They are expected to have with them at all times, when away from their camp, their horse, shovels, axes and canteens, so that if a fire is discovered, they can get to it without delay, and have tools to work with and water to quench their thirst. It is the distinct understanding of the department that the forest rangers must remain permanently in the respective districts assigned to them by the supervisor, and faithfully patrol and guard their dis-

trict during the summer season, when the danger of fire is great. The forest supervisor is not permitted to give forest rangers permission to leave their respective divisions, except in extreme cases of sickness.

When stationed at the mouths of ingress, rangers are obliged to take the name and address of all who enter the mountain life gates, to caution them to extinguish their camp fires before breaking camp, and explain to them the penalty of fine and imprisonment that will be imposed in case of carelessness. A new system is being inaugurated that will require all parties entering the mountains to obtain a permit, telling just where they will camp each night, so that the rangers in their rounds may visit their camp and see that all is right.

The supervisor of each district gives every ranger in his employ a card containing printed instructions, which are supposed to be followed implicitly. The rangers' most important duty is to keep vigilant outlook for fire, and in case a smoke is discovered they must hurry to the spot and extinguish the fire if possible. If they find it beyond their control they must exert every effort to procure help in sufficient force to stop the spread. They will ascertain, if possible, the cause of the fire, whether by some careless pleasure seeker or whether it has been wilfully set. They are expected to use diligence in ascertaining who are the responsible parties, and to keep an account of the place, date and approximate damage done, and report all these facts to their supervisor. Eventually telephone lines will be run into all the reserves, and through this means our forests will be more effectually guarded. Heretofore, when fire was discovered, it sometimes required two days to obtain help.

During the winter, when mountain travelers are usually snuggled away in their valley offices and homes, attending to business and social affairs, the rangers' energies are transferred from tourist espionage to more arduous tasks. They have to cut the brush away from old trails and, where necessary, improve them. They are also required to make new trails as indicated by the supervisor, and cut fire-breaks where necessary. These fire-breaks run down from the tops of the ridges like broad brown ribbons, and are made by clearing a space thirty or forty feet wide of all growth, so that when fire rushes furiously and expectantly from the cañon below, it will meet with such sturdy opposition that it will settle back in weary disgust. Eventually these fire-breaks will be conspicuous on every ridge in the reserves.

Conditions of Success

By Dr. Max Nordau*

It has become a commonplace that the great impulse to all human effort is hunger and love. This statement is true only regarding a certain phase of civilization. The daily bread and the woman are the aim of the toil and struggle of a man so long as he has not raised himself much over the level of animality. On a higher degree of development a third stimulus comes into play, in many men the strongest of all—Ambition. People desire to shine, to become famous; they desire to be admired, envied, imitated. Everybody strives to rise above the others, to overtake all competitors in the race of life, to win the first prize.

Nowhere is ambition so general and so boundless as in America. This is natural, for nowhere is the individual so highly differentiated as in America, nowhere is he so full of inborn energy, so rich in initiative, resource, optimism and self-confidence; nowhere is he so little tethered by pedantry, and nowhere are people so willing to recognize the value of a brilliant personality, however this may find expression. To this it must be added, that in America the instances in which men have risen from the most humble beginnings to the most fabulous destinies are more numerous and striking than anywhere else.

The Horatian *Aurea mediocritas* has nowhere so few partisans as in America. "Everybody ahead" is the national motto. I suppress intentionally the second half of the smart sentence. The universal idea of the American people seems to be success. The dream of success feeds the fancy of the child, hypnotizes the youth, gives the man temerity, tenacity, and perseverance, and only begins to become a matter of indifference under the sobering influence of advanced age.

If one were to ask a number of Americans what they imagine by success, one would evidently receive very different answers. Many would reply: Success means money. To be successful is synonymous with owning a palace, a yacht, a private Pullman car, with eating off gold plate, having the most expensive box in the Opera House, buying one's wife the largest diamonds in the market and

one's daughter an English duke, or astonishing the world by the price of one's pictures, the number of one's pairs of trousers and the amount of one's stakes at poker.

This is, of course, the coarsest view of wealth. It does not go beyond the most brutal selfishness and the mental horizon of an illiterate publican. Men of higher intellectual and moral attainment who hunt after wealth dream of making a nobler use of their gold. For others, success means the esteem of their fellow-countrymen. They do not desire to present them with money, they desire to give them the work of their brains. Yet another category understand success in one shape only, as fame. To be known to the whole world—to find that one's name is a household word with all people of education—what "consummation devoutly to be wish'd!" a goal which seems higher and more comprehensive than that of the millionaire or the public man. For with fame, so at least those believe who strive for it, goes also pecuniary reward, and the respect and admiration of one's fellow-men.

To weigh the moral and material value of these material forms of success one against the other is clearly not easy.

There exists no common measure for them. Their proportional estimation depends upon the conception of the world and life, the temperament, the coarser or finer soul-fiber of the person estimating them. It will probably be most difficult to come to an agreement regarding the value of the ideal of those for whom success takes the form of a mountain of gold, because not many people have the moral courage to deal with the problem sincerely; in their hearts they probably all value wealth, but it is considered low-minded and vulgar to admit this, while it seems noble and superior to make a show of despising money.

Now, to despise money is very foolish, as it means to despise force, and force is the essence of the universe. Money in itself is nothing and means nothing. It is a mere symbol. It is a conventional representation of the whole of civilization. It virtually includes everything that up to this hour man has created with his many-sided mental and

*Fortnightly Review.

bodily efforts; what he has wrested from Nature in a struggle of giants of thousands of years, and has brought to a form suitable for human needs. At bottom one cannot blame the young man who, when he starts out on the race of life makes as his goal the millions of a Carnegie or a Rockefeller. He can think out for himself a good or bad, a wise or foolish, a useful or harmful employ of them, and according to his choice will his ambition be attractive or repulsive.

Providence has happily arranged that trees do not reach the heavens. Great wealth can only be gained from man. It is never the prize of solitary contemplation or secluded work at the desk in the cosy study. One must go to seek it in the market-place, among the crowd. One must handle, outdo, overcome or crush innumerable people. One must be more clever, have more will power or be more artful than other men. This presupposes qualities which are not possessed by one man in a million. The young apprentice millionaire, when he is not a fool, soon sees that he is not cut in the material from which millionaires are made. He calculates that on the whole there is no business which pays so little as the chase after the milliard, he abandons the race in time, before he breaks down, and devotes his energies to aims which are closer at hand, and reaches, not the fabulous millions, but probably an honest competence.

The ambition to conquer a prominent situation in public life can be better encouraged. It is from its nature more moral than that for the mere possession of money. It is by definition social. The efforts it necessitates are compatible with health and happiness. It is true that here also we have the broad road and the narrow path. One can, in order to gain popularity, appeal to the bad instincts of the crowd as well as to the good. One may be the cad, parasite, and corrupter of the people, or its stern educator, warner, and critic. One can arrive at the Capitol through Tammany Hall or by heroism on Cuban battle-fields. Whoever is not an incurable pessimist will at least admit the possibility that honesty, firmness of character, sound common sense, public spirit, sympathy with one's fellow-man, a little geniality, and a little gift of the gab will sufficiently designate the possessor of these qualities, which are not over rare, even in their happy assemblage, to the esteem and confidence of his neighbors, to assure him a reasonable, if perhaps not phenomenal, success in public life. The greater

the number of citizens who have this kind of ambition, the better for the community; for their fruitful emulation, when it is controlled by a well-developed public sense of morality, strengthens the national solidarity, and recruits constantly precious forces for the work of the commonweal. In the struggle for success of this order, disappointment is not probable, for if the competitors are many, so also are the prizes. Cæsar preferred to be the first in the village rather than the second in Rome. Now to be first in Rome is difficult enough, but the alternative leaves Cæsar the choice of 50,000 situations.

The thirst for fame seems to be the most ideal ambition. It is the most foolish of all. In no case is the appearance so different from the reality as in the case of celebrity. To him who does not possess it it seems the sum total of all that is splendid. He who, according to the general opinion of his contemporaries, possesses it, sees that it contains much more bitterness than satisfaction, and that it is not worth either a night's sleep or a day's effort. All that Falstaff said of honor, which replaces no lost limb and brings no dead to life, holds good of fame. What real use, what tangible advantage does it bring the celebrated man? His name is familiar to the world, but often enough the people who know it have no precise idea of the reason why they know it, and of the signification of the name.

It is exactly for this imaginary value, for fame, which neither offers the individual the tangible satisfactions of excessive wealth nor the community the advantage of the ambitious struggle for civic honors, that the most passionate greed exists.

This is easy to understand. The law of the least resistance explains the phenomenon.

The young man on the threshold of active life, who desires to become famous, naturally strikes upon the idea to try it by writing a book. He will become an author and win laurels with his pen. This requires the minimum of working capital and allows him to cling longest to subjective illusions.

Should the ambitious young man try for fame in a public career, he will soon be convinced that success cannot be attained by him if he has not the necessary qualities. He will fail at the polls; people will refuse to listen to his public speeches; he will return empty-handed from the hunt for office. That will, if he is at all capable of forming a judgment, open his eyes, and he will cease an effort which he is forced to see has no prospect of success.

Should he desire to become a millionaire, every-day life will rapidly make it clear to him whether or not he has anything to hope for in this field. He will know at any minute the exact amount of his cash box. He will know what he is worth. Figures speak loudly and clearly and they will tell him if his efforts are bearing fruit or not. The man, on the contrary, who hopes to win fame with the pen can for a very long time, perhaps forever, waste his strength and his time without being forced to the admission that he has failed to find the proper way. In order to create an immortal masterpiece, all that is required is some paper, ink, and a pen. This represents a starting capital of say ten cents. So much even the poor street arab can find. It is true that to the writing material something must be added—Genius. But this the ambitious youth believes he possesses. He therefore sits down and writes. Let us assume the book is not so very bad, only mediocre; it is printed and comes on the market. The critics silence it to death—"Naturally, the conspiracy of silence!" The critic gives it a notice and says frankly that it would have been better left unwritten, without any loss to anybody and with distinct advantage to the author and publisher—"The critics are asses." The public refuses to buy the book—"They are fools; they are not ripe for my art or my wisdom." Thus can an author go for a whole lifetime, from failure to failure, without comprehending that the cause lies in himself. His self-consciousness resists every attack like an adamant rock.

The number of these unhappy people is counted in the world by the hundreds of thousands. Their useless life-work represents a waste of energy of the worst kind. Had they no ambition, they would probably be of economic and moral value for themselves and the community. Had they not this passion for fame, they would probably in every walk of life meet with that moderate success that spells happiness. Whoever should find a means to convince this army of deluded dreamers that in the struggle in which they have engaged victory is a rare exception, and when it is really achieved has only an imaginary value, would be one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

Literary ambition has one side to which I would like to draw special attention. It not only requires but the smallest capital, it seems also to impose the smallest measure of discipline. Any other work seems more jealous

and tyrannical than literary work. I have already said that for a masterpiece of literature a sheet of paper, a pen and some ink suffices. This paper one can write upon at any time and in any place, in the garret or on the bench in the public promenade, by day or by night. The temptation is great to regard literary occupation as something that one can carry on as a by-occupation, in the pauses of work, in the night hours, on Sundays and holidays. It is a tempting thought for an impecunious but energetic youth that want of means is not a hindrance to the achieving of literary fame. He proudly proclaims, "I work by day to earn my bread, and by night to win fame."

The formula is, however, a delusion. The sooner he gives it up, the better it will be for him who has selected it as his rule of life. The most ordinary common sense should teach everybody that it is quite hopeless with half one's strength and during the hours of fatigue after a long day's work to try to win prizes in a career that is open to every one, which for that reason is the most crowded, and where the competition is the keenest and most pitiless that can be imagined. In a horse-race a difference of a half pound may be decisive for the victory. A sleepless night would deprive a Derby favorite of all chance. In every sporting competition the greatest care is taken that the competitors are in the very best form and not handicapped by any fatigue, any preoccupation, any indisposition. But the same young man who would never dream of competing for a championship in some athletic sport after a day's work for his daily bread, because he knows that it would be ridiculous to measure himself against a trained, fresh, professional competitor, if he is not himself in equally good condition, will not hesitate under the same predisposition to take up the struggle for a literary prize.

This affirmation needs being qualified in one point only. Short, lyrical poems could, under such circumstances, as a matter of exception, be successfully composed, because in this case the inspiration is everything, and the elaboration demands less material work than a novel, a drama, or a great essay.

Good literary work suffers no other occupation beside it. Whoever is so poor that he must earn his bread by subaltern labor, will seek in vain to pursue fame in the night hours. He will not achieve celebrity, but will certainly endanger his health and shorten his life.

The Moral Influence of the Theater

By Mme. Sarah Bernhardt*

I have often heard people deny the moral influence of the theater, but I find it undeniable. This influence has existed from all time, and never in my opinion has it been anything but beneficial. Beneficial it must always be to see the evolution of the human soul, and the more intelligently this evolution of the human soul is shown, the more effectual is the lesson drawn by those privileged to witness it. We all know that a single illustration is worth more than a hundred axioms, and if only from this point of view the theater is a potent school of morality, and the awakening of sympathy by seeing the drama of the lives of others prevents the stultification arising from a self-centered life.

In spite of the tendency of certain *littérateurs* to lower this sublime art, it remains erect, alive, poetic, enchanting, evoking, and instructing. Yes, I maintain it is, above all, instructing; for the theater is not only a delightful pleasure—it is vivid and conclusive—vivid by force of the *mises en scène*, which intensify the emotions, and conclusive with the action, which marks a fact so much more than merely reading of it.

The theater is the temple of all the arts which beautify life, and it is in this that its power lies. For whereas a library, a picture gallery, or a concert hall, each enthroning its respective art, has each its particular admirers, the theater by the service of literature, the fine arts, and music, has a stronger claim upon human sympathy, and thus obtains a wider hearing.

To me the theater seems like a kaleidoscope whose moving facets show an attentive public the baseness, the crimes, the vices, the weaknesses of humanity, the faults of civilization, and the absurdities of society. And it is this same movement which, whilst showing the evil shows the cause of the evil, is such a fascinating feature of the theater. Thus the spectator, being brought face to face with his conscience, profits by the lesson given, and such spectators can be numbered by thousands.

It is quite certain that all spectators do not profit by the teaching of the theater to the same degree. The public is composed of

heterogeneous elements; there are the intellectual, the skeptics, the simple, the material, and the impersonal. Well, I maintain that all find some instruction. The intellectual experience from the beginning a real pleasure in unraveling the idea of the author, in studying the philosophical side of the work. They seek to understand the state of mind of the characters presented to them, and they precede the course of the piece and arrive at the *dénouement* with the author. However, the work sometimes takes a different turn, and then the intellectual is taken aback at finding himself faced by a solution for which his logic had not prepared him. It is then quite an effort to follow the author's conclusions. But as the intellectual man is honest, independent, and not one-sided, he sees that the author has extended his subject beyond what he had thought possible, and he feels that it is only a case of a march having been stolen upon him. Then he gives all the force of his intelligence to the comprehension of the new view, he diligently weighs all the circumstances of the case, and after deep study of this other side of the question, he acknowledges the justice of the author's conclusion, and has thereby learnt a lesson. The skeptics are perhaps those who interest themselves most in fresh ideas for the pure joy of first utterly refuting them, and then contesting them. But the skeptics do their part in the progress of art, for the very heat of their opposition forwards the fruit of success, and the zest with which they oppose an original idea proves propagating to the doctrine.

Nothing is so chilling to art as neglect, and at least the skeptics do not sin in this respect—their interest is very sincere albeit unsympathetic. In spite of what skeptics may think, I believe that they learn a lesson even in the struggle against ideas which they cannot accept, and useful as they may believe themselves to be in combatting unfamiliar ideas, their very objections from the old points of view often serve but to throw fresh light upon the new. They illustrate the truth of the old German proverb, "One man's opinion is no opinion, we must hear that of two."

*Cornhill.

The *naïfs* are a more simple class. They take all for Gospel truth; they see nothing of the philosophy of the work, but they reflect the same emotions; and they vow to avoid the circumstances which would put them in a similar situation—they have learnt their lesson, and it is a refreshing one.

The uncultured only see the brutal fact, they ignore the *why*, they are oblivious of the *because*, they do not reason about the conclusion, they have simply been struck by the fact. And as a blow leaves its mark, the fact leaves a recollection, and the lesson is in proportion to the power of the mind. Everything is relative, is it not?

Then there is the public, so impersonal and impulsive when it is a question of art that it never errs. Pliable and easily led in matters of politics or religion, it is incapable of discovering truth for itself, it has no capacity for search, but it has a true instinct for the recognition of what is presented as true, and this recognition, I repeat, is unerring with respect to art. Hence it is the public which profits the most by the benefits and the evocative instruction of the theater. It harnesses itself to the chariots of the elect and transports them through the winds and storms of opposition to the peaceful plains of approbation. The public represents the mind in its natural condition—generous, ingenuous, susceptible, and open to every noble and idealistic appeal. Free of all *arrière-pensées* of jealousy or malice, it responds at once to the appeal of a fine sentiment. The public is always the first to recognize a great actor, and the way in which it enters into a piece is so pure, so amusing, so perfect. The evidence of its acceptance of the lesson of the drama is seen in the simple way it hisses vice, applauds virtue, and bewails misfortune.

Then what intense pleasure we have in seeing an historical piece well played! Not only do the characters act, walk and talk before our eyes in the costumes they wore at the time, but we see them surrounded by the objects which were dear to them, and moving about amid furniture familiar to their age. Seeing an historical character represented thus in his own atmosphere is naturally of tenfold more interest than merely reading in a history a bald account of the life of the person in question. The mere mention of the deed which made him celebrated makes but little impression on us, and it would require much research to form a correct idea of his habits, character, and tastes, whereas the

immediate insight given thereto on the stage makes us at once feel in sympathy with him.

The theater is a temple in which the adepts cherish the sacred fire of art—Art under all its forms, Art in all its manifestations. Art, and her younger sister Science, seem to me the two mighty creations of the human race—the sublimest manifestations of the goodness of the Creator. Art and science seem to me as necessary to life as air, water, and sun. Science prolongs life, and art intensifies and charms it! What pleasure would there be in living a few more years if these years were not enriched a hundredfold by our faculties of admiration? Art gives the joy of life. Science withdraws the fear of death. Joy gives health, and health gives good-will. Science and art are the beneficial sources of human existence. Let me now enlarge a little upon these axioms, which may not commend themselves to all.

Not long ago I heard that a man well known in political life, and not without fame as an author, wrote to a friend saying:

When I see how perfectly you are in accord with my sense of duty to my country, and with my ideal of life, I am happy, in spite of all that the materialists may say. But I sometimes fear that we may be but two fanatics for the ideal. However, is not our ideal the life eternal, sweet, enriched, and full of joy?

All art, I say, which echoes sentiments as exalted as that of this writer is fine, for is it not in the representation of such sentiments upon the stage that the faith is strengthened, and one no longer feels alone? Is it not, as this man evidently means, enough to make one think oneself mad if one's ideas are never echoed and one speaks a language that is not understood? Then it is that art plays her part, when she proves that, even if misunderstood in this world, patriotism and self-sacrifice still belong to the things everlasting.

The theater has been instructive from all time, and it is ever the scene of progress, revolutionary, artistic, and poetic. The theater is the most direct and simple medium of fresh ideas on philosophy, morality, religion, and society. I believe that this century, which seems to be the era of liberty, has many surprises in store for us, and the theater will be the medium of such surprises. When the time is ready for the fruition of an idea which has been slowly and silently circulating in the hearts of reformers, it is the stage which is the scene of its exhibition to the world. *C'est le ridicule qui tue*, and this power of presenting the ridiculous as well as the baneful

side of a system is a sure means of gaining the support of the public for its reform.

The theater is a need of all nations, of all races, of all beings. One must love the theater. All young and vigorous races love it. Look at young America—she adores the theater and the theater loves her. All celebrated artists, all *littérateurs* and interpreters of art drift to that land of liberty, beauty, and life. I know many people say that when there we pick up more dollars than laurels, but they are mistaken, it is quite a false idea. The Americans are good judges and reckoners, and they do not cast away their money recklessly upon *littérateurs*, musicians, and dramatists without an adequate return for their money; and they are devoted to the theater. They are the ever-rejuvenating public. They form endless audiences. The great cities are countless, the small towns are larger than our great towns—and they represent the youth, the enthusiasm, and the force of fresh blood. They never hesitate to rush at a new emotion—they never weigh the “for” and the “against.” The fact is everything—they see first and judge afterwards; and they return constantly, or never come back again, according to whether they have been pleased or not. The English people, this race of strength and reserve, they also love the theater, and they take it very much *au sérieux*. They give themselves some trouble to go and see a piece of particular interest, they discuss it, they think about it, and they really consider it an important matter.

No country has been more sympathetic to me than England, and in spite of the coldness of which the English are accused, I have had no cause to complain of any want of warmth in my receptions. The English, too, are faithful in their attachments, and once they discover power in an artist, they are true to their admiration for this power, and speaking from my own experience England always seems with regard to me to exhibit the perfect *entente cordiale* between the French and English which the Society of that name strives to express, at whose *soirée* I assisted in London. Nothing is more touching than the proud and ardent affection of the English for Shakespeare. This fine race never hesitates to class their poet with all the great men of all nations, and doubtless they are right, and I myself am one of his greatest admirers for was he not the great initiator of the present power of the stage? “Shakespeare is often felt to be the invisible and latent link between us

and other lands,” said a well-known Englishman to me one day, and I think that this superior man was right. It is sad, very sad to have to say that the Latin races are those who have the least love for the theater, and it may be due to the indisputable fact that these same races are struggling against decadence.

The French seem to like going to the theater merely to amuse themselves, if it is not a question of going elsewhere. They go to see each other, to admire the actors, to see the dresses, to chat with their friends, but as to a real passion for the theater, they are destitute of it. They do not concern themselves seriously with the quality of a drama or a piece, at least, unless they have some purely personal interest in it. Nevertheless, France retains the place of honor for literary works, albeit the sowers of fresh ideas have often to seek the fruit of their seed in other lands.

Ah! the beautiful theater! it is there that our educators should be sent, for it is there that they would see the mistakes into which they too often fall. What a lesson might they not learn from the evolution of the character of *La Fille Sauvage*! And to go from France to Scandinavia, could not a useful lesson be drawn from *The Doll's House*, by Ibsen? How powerfully does the great master portray the evolution, or rather the want of evolution, in a young girl always treated as a child, and brought up with mere doll's-house ideas! Ignorant of the dignity of morality, is it a wonder that the forgery of a signature suggests no question of moment? Her ideas have been so dwarfed that she can see nothing beyond the superficial facts of life—their consequences are unexplored, so the logical consequence of such an unevolutionary education is the laxity of the moral sense which leads to criminality. And it is this power of showing the rational outcome of environment which gives such force to dramatic art. It has a thousand facets, each one more interesting than the other. Then is it not to dramatic art that we owe the revelation to the public of characters who would otherwise have remained hidden in the musty archives of history?

Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas *père* have all resuscitated heroes whose past existence would only have been made known to us by a few hasty lines. What should we have known of Macbeth had not Shakespeare made him a living being for us? And to come to the great dramatist and poet of our own time

and my own land, what did we know of the Duc de Reichstadt before Edmond Rostand vivified him for us in *l'Aiglon*? This son of the great Napoleon was a mere name, a cipher, and it was with almost a sigh of contempt that we thought that the King of Rome had given no sign of inheriting his great parent's character. But as we see Rostand's piece all is changed. We see a delicate lad pining like an eagle with clipped wings in his enforced inactivity; our hearts beat with sympathy

as he kindles at his first hearing of his father's brave deeds; we understand his keen desire to escape from Austria and be with his own dear French; we tremble with eagerness as he tries to effect his escape to his own country, and we feel he is a worthy son of his father when, implored to save himself at the expense of another, he exclaims, "*Partir c'est abdiquer mon âme.*" Is not a debt of gratitude due to the theater for making us realize Napoleon II.?

O u t l i n e s

By H. Giffard Ruffe*

Veiled in the mists of dim past ages, remote as stars whose beams still wait on Time to reach our planet, we see faint outlines of the mighty workings of that "Infinite and Eternal energy from which all things proceed." We see the patient weaver at his loom, whose shuttle has woven on with woof and warp out of the eternal past to weave on forever into all eternity. Time is limitless as space, and nature, serving herself with lavish hand, has moved majestically from æon to æon, leaving a thousand evidences to bear witness to her stately march of progress.

A little powdered chalk reveals to us myriads of minute shells once inhabited by living organisms (Foraminifera) who crowded the upper waters of primeval oceans; through countless centuries they lived and died, leaving their shells to fall one by one to the ocean floor and there build up colossal masses of white rock; a fragment of weather-beaten limestone from yonder high crag shows a surface thick with shells and corals; long hidden forms of strange fantastic creatures all remain to bear witness to those past, distant cycles, when nature's guiding hand led the young earth slowly onward. Step by step she mounted, order and harmony following in her train, until, at last, out of the mingling of blind forces there awoke something almost divine, hitherto unknown, that which we call consciousness, a child of yesterday as compared with the eternal laws which gave it birth.

Man's place on the planet touches man's insignificance in point of time, but endowed with celestial flame, he has been urged upward

and onward, slowly at first, but with ever-growing swiftmess, in his course performing feats of magic, until to-day he sees himself "the apex and the crown of all." From his lofty pinnacle he proclaims his greatness and his worth, proudly he boasts his progress, subjugates the elements to his imperious needs, encroaches upon the silent majesties of time and space, while, like some graceless usurper, he binds the hands and stifles the voice of the great benefactress who lifted him to power.

Along the quiet by-ways, far from the rush and clamor of modern life, silent dwellers stand watching. In solitude they "see visions and hear voices," which are lost amid the rush and bustle of the crowd. They see nature, the great beneficent Earth-Mother, slighted and scorned; they see her, too, pitiless as death itself, calmly seeking vengeance. Already the sweets are in her mouth to be followed by a feast to satiety.

Urged on by his insentient vanity, man has grown calmly to disregard the great immutable laws of nature, unheedingly he sweeps aside those silent forces which have ministered to his greatness, he, the offspring of harmony and order, out of the fathomless ages. We who look out fearlessly on truth see him in the toils, struggling vainly in the meshes of a network of his own making; out of harmony with his environment, helpless in the face of the demands and exigencies of modern life altogether beyond his poor human strength, and well might he despair were he not blinded to his pitiful plight by his own fatuous folly.

Fear, chill as the mists of early dawn, strikes to our hearts when we contemplate the awful

*Westminster Review

misery and suffering which is meted out to human millions by those who gladly sacrifice on the altar of the modern monster, proudly named "Civilization." Here we see a man equipped with sensibilities acute as sharpened steel, delicate as nature's finest web, set in a reluctant body, which serves but grudgingly a mind kindled to flaming point. Whirled hither and thither, amid a rush and turmoil past bearing, he cries despairingly: "Who sees the wider but to sigh the more. Most progress is most failure," and drops heavily to oblivion. There a young girl of soft, fair beauty comes into being only to wage grim warfare against poverty and starvation. Out of a hovel, loathsome and hideous, she creeps forth into the house of toil. There the white slaves gather, there hunger, misery and despair serve the great wheels, driven to satisfy the implacable demands for wanton luxury. Out of the shrouded glooms of driving rain a pitiful figure emerges, a woman wearied and stained. To her breast she clasps a tiny burden, her pinched wan face, eyes sunken and lusterless, blurred to dimness by heavy tears, poor strained lips, all tell a woeful tale. Her skirts, heavy with wet, swish sullenly as she moves away. Presently she climbs the parapet and sinks quietly into a watery embrace, which swiftly calms all her needs.

The plight of a little child wakes pity to fierceness, so small and helpless a thing it seems to have been, so cruelly used of fortune. The tiny body, the shrunken and wizened limbs, show a mere framework. A delicate tracery of blue veins alone marks its waxen whiteness, the thin fluttering breath sobs hesitatingly from between parched baby lips. Big glazed eyes, starting from deep sunken sockets, look out upon what has been a world of woe to its poor, dim consciousness. It came to being, only to know starvation. Such things and worse are common as falling leaves in autumn. And yet men boast.

Medical science prates of its achievements, assures us death is painless, promises us immunity from physical suffering. But we recall, perhaps, long torturing years, spent in the valley of the dark shadow, along with horror and agony unspeakable, as we watched over a dear one fallen victim to the modern curse of cancer. And then what availed our prayers, our entreaties, for a little mercy from God or man. Silence and impotence alone answered us.

And what has man to say in face of these hideous assailants to our people. It should be

common knowledge that cancer, insanity, suicide, and chronic alcoholism have seized us in an iron grip. Year by year, silently, remorselessly, they steal a march on science, embracing an ever-increasing number of victims, and baffling all efforts to stem their ravages.

The patient seeker after truth learns, too, that in poverty, cruelty, hardship, in these increasing figures lie the outward and visible signs of man's violation of the great laws of nature. Along with humanity in the so-called march of progress and civilization these grim specters stalk. As the struggle grows fiercer and more increasing, so man, wearying of perpetual toil and strife, falls an easy prey to these fell foes, always and ever on the alert.

And yet the pulse of life beats high toward hope. The shattering of bright dreams has left the ardent youth eager still for goodness; fearlessly he has let fall the garments of delusion and superstition which bound him in the past, "heavy as frost and deep almost as life." Untrammelled by convention and prejudice, he may face life boldly, seek for himself "the mystic vision pure from all delusion free," and realizing the truth through sacrifice and renunciation, may yet bring humanity into harmony with its environment, into harmony with the great eternal laws of nature. It is to the young, to the enthusiastic, the parents of the future, that we must turn to cure a sick world, if remedy there be. Knowledge is power, and in education, based on the lines of truth and righteousness, must lie the salvation of the human race.

It may be that a period of "sturm und drang" is ahead of the human race, that a conflict unparalleled in its fierceness may arise between man and man, and, according to the outcome, so will humanity move forward to well-being and contentment, or rush blindly on to destruction and despair. Let all those who elect to become the champions of truth remember that no reward is offered except the reward of their own consciences. And let them, whatever may befall them, take comfort by the following passage gathered from the noblest of English thinkers:*

"Not as adventitious therefore will the wise man regard the faith that is in him. The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter, knowing that let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world—knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at—well—if not—well also; though not so well."

*Herbert Spencer

From Reykjavik to Gloucester

By James B. Connolly

The following story is taken from Mr. James B. Connolly's book *Out of Gloucester*.^{*} Justice to the author demands that it be stated that omissions have necessarily been made in places.

Elevated above the head of a deep wharfslip, low flanked by a ship-chandler's shop to one side and a sail-maker's loft to another, commanding a fine view of the docks and harbor beneath, and of the bay beyond, perched up where nothing coming or going past Eastern Point will fail to be noticed—this is the lookout tower of the Great Eastern Fish Company of the port of Gloucester, which, be it known, is the first fish mart of our country. In the official bulletins of the company this place is known as the "Observatory," but in the every-day speech of the fisherman it is better and more fittingly described as the "Crow's Nest."

It is the business of the lookout on duty to take his station in front of the window and watch for incoming vessels. If it is a fine day like this, one, he will hoist the window-sashes back to the pulleys, push forward his chair, and rest his feet on the rail. When he sights an inbound fisherman, he will identify her at the earliest possible moment, and make immediate report of same to the office.

Their business, as has been said, is to make early report of incoming vessels. They do that very well, and it is for that they are paid; but their pleasure and their most arduous occupation lies in the absorbing art of conversation. In the skillful development of this faculty they are aided by a volunteer staff of regular callers, who much prefer to put in time at this congenial observatory than to attend to any fatiguing business that might arise to meet them were they to stroll incautiously along the wharves.

"I say, Peter," inserted a subtle one, who measured exactly the temper of the sage in the chair, and was eager to forward the psychological moment, "was Wesley Marrs such a devil for driving, after all?"

"Devil? He was all the devils, when it came to carryin' sail. Now, I was with him three years. My last trip, when I fell from the mast-head in among the gurry kids and broke my knee-cap, I was with Wesley Marrs in the



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"THE CROW'S NEST"

Lucy Foster. I'm telling you this man'd spread a whole mains'l to a gale as quick as your wife or mine'd hang out a bed-sheet to the sun. When a sail went into the air—busted—Wesley used to follow it with his eyes and then say, surprised-like: 'Don't it beat h——l the rotten canvas they puts on vessels these days.'

"You must have been with him, Peter, when that record run was made from Iceland—when the Lucy and the English yacht had their big race."

"Was I? Twenty-eight hundred miles, they call it, from Rikievik to Gloucester, and the Lucy came down in nine days and ten hours. That's going, people, for any vessel; but this one that time had her hold full of fletched halibut."

"What was it brought him along so fast?"

"Well—I guess wind had as much to do with it as anything. Just plain wind, out of the bosom of the North Atlantic, and p'raps a little, just a little of Wesley Marr's drivin' her."

"Who beat?" interjected a voice that should never have been allowed to disturb the silence of this generally well-posted company.

"Who beat?" echoed Peter in scorn. "And when'd you get in and where'd you get your fish?"

^{*}*Out of Gloucester* James B. Connolly. N. Y.: Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1902, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"I say, Peter," put in the subtle questioner on whom devolved the duty of holding the story to its course "were you there when the match was made?"

"Was I? You know how he'd be likely to carry on talkin' 'bout his vessel. The swell-dressed Englishman was takin' it all in. We didn't know who he was, though we suspicioned he was English every time we looked at him. At last he mixes in. He says:

"Excuse me, but I gather you are fishermen up here for halibut?"

"You're right," says Wesley.

"From the States?"

"From America? Yes—from Gloucester," says Wesley.

"Ah, from Gloucester. Fine, able fishermen from there, I hear"—he kind of drawled his words out—"hardy, courageous, fine, able seamen—"

"And fine, able vessels," says Wesley, warmin' up right away. We guessed easy enough what was in Wesley's mind. Somebody or other'd been writing stories 'bout Gloucester fishermen 'bout that time and putting them in the old-style pinkies and square-ended tubs that was the fashion when some of your fathers and mine went to sea. I never yet went among strangers in any of the new vessels that they didn't seem to be surprised at the build of our vessels, and, of course, the Lucy Foster and a few others of that model struck 'em dumb. Anyway, to get along with the story, the Englishman was surprised to hear that the Lucy was a fisherman—he'd an eye for fine vessels, y'see—and had noticed her in the harbor. But he didn't know much about our kind of people.

"Then the Englishman told his story. He owned the big schooner yacht, the all-white fellow with the varnished top-rails and yellow stripe along the run. We'd had an eye on her, by the way, and a handsome craft she was. That was his cruiser. He'd come in the day before from some queer place on the coast of Norway, and he didn't see anything in Rikievik to hold him. He was bound for America next.

"Well, he was a pretty hot sport, this one, and you all know the kind of a boy Wesley used to be when anybody spoke against his Lucy. They had an argument, back to the days of the old America and all that. Finally, they 'greed to race to Gloucester. The Englishman said he'd just as leave run into Gloucester, so long as it was so handy to Boston.

"This Englishman was all right. He says about the money: 'Your word is sufficient for

me, Captain. Men that look like you will pay up. If you lose, you pay over a thousand dollars. If I lose, I pay over to you a thousand, to settle as soon as both boats get into Gloucester. And in the matter of time allowance—the Bounding Billow, you must have noticed, is half as big again as you are. She isn't loaded down like you, and I can afford to give it. She has never been beaten at ocean racing, by the way, and I am willing to give you time allowance for our larger measurement.'

"To hell with time allowance!" says Wesley. "When fishermen race, they all start together. And first vessel home wins. You're a little longer and more beam and draft—let it go. And's for being loaded down—the Lucy could stow away half as many more halibut, and I wish she had it, the way halibut's been this summer. Don't worry about the Lucy. Those couple of hundred thousand of fletched halibut down below'll just give her a grip on things—sort o' stiffen her up and keep her from layin' over too much when it comes to blow—and it's coming to blow, or I don't know. There'll be wind stirrin' before you or me see Eastern Point, and the vessel that'll carry the sail'll be the lad for the trip. I tell you, man, with all of these September gales coming our way, you won't think you're yachting off Cowes. I hope your gear's been overhauled lately," says Wesley, and with that they left to get things ready.

"There was a gentle gale stirrin' from the no'th'ard when we sailed out of Rikievik next day—Friday. Wesley liked the look o' things pretty well. We put out behind the Englishman, him under two-reefed mains'l and the Lucy under a single reef—two jibs and whole fores'l, both of us. That was along 'bout dark. Wesley didn't make any attempt to push by the yacht—just laid to wind'ard of her. He did love to get to wind'ard of a vessel—lay off her quarter and watch her. And for most of the rest of that night we stayed there so.

"When the sun ought to have been pretty near to showin' up again, Wesley says: 'Boys, I can't see but what Lucy's holdin' her own, and I guess we'll wear off to the east'ard just a little. We might's well get out of sight of this fellow quick's we can now. I've a notion, too, this breeze'll be coming from the quarter before a great while, and there's nothing the Lucy likes quite so well as to take it just a trifle slanting when it blows.'

"I don't know whether the Bounding Billow people saw us get away or not—p'r'aps they didn't care. Anyway, they didn't come after us. We sunk their port light down after day-

light, and by good sun-up there wasn't a sail of her in sight.

"Well, it didn't come to blow same's Wesley thought it would and, nacherally, he was roarin' 'round fine. We shook out the reef in the mains'l before noon-time of that first day, and later we set both tops'ls and that whoppin' gauze balloon of the Lucy's. And she carried 'em easy, too. We warn't loafing altogether; we was makin' nine knots right straight along. But that wasn't pleasing Wesley.

"Next day and the next it was the same story and part of the next day it was lighter yet.

We hove the log, and got only eight knots for twenty-four hours hand-runnin'. Then, almost all at once, from a nice summer breeze it jumped to a gale. And it was a gale—one of those healthy, able zephyrs that makes up North there and gets a good runnin' start afore it tears things loose in the forties.

"Whoo-o-ish it whistled! A regular old buster of a no'theaster—whoo-o-ish!—and Wesley dancin' on and off the break while he watched it comin' on.

"I'm thinkin'," he says, 'we can stow some of those summer kites for a while. Might put the tops'ls in gaskets, boys, and that balloon in stops. We won't be likely to need them any more this trip. This is the breeze I've been waiting for—struck in a little late, but it'll make up for lost time soon.'

"And it sure was making up for lost time. The mains'l pretty soon had to be tucked up, and the next day tucked again. And before another day we had to take it in altogether, get the trys'l out the hold and fit that on. Now, you know it was blowing some when Wesley Marrs

had the Lucy under a trys'l and a yachtin' fellow somewhere 'round racing him for a thousand dollars a side; and, what was more, the name of the thing after they got into Gloucester.

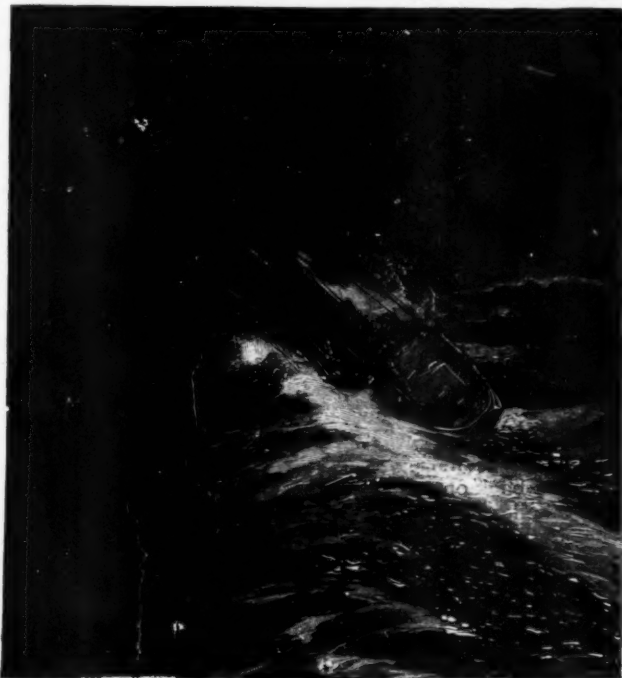
"We went that way for thirty-odd hours, and Wesley was almost satisfied. 'Maybe,' says he, 'if this fine breeze holds, we'll make up for those yachtin' days in the fifties. What kind of weather, fellows, do you s'pose the Bounding Billow's making of it? Think now she's handling it like the Lucy, hay? I'd give something to know if she's carryin' a whole fores'l and both jibs right now. Boys,' he says, 'but this

is fine weather! In forty-eight hours, and this fine breeze holds, we'll be raisin' Thatcher's twin lights!' Wesley was mighty well satisfied with the way things was lookin' just then.

"That was Friday night, late. After midnight it was, for I went on watch at twelve o'clock. I remember well Wesley and Murdie Greenlaw at the wheel when I came out of the cabin door to go for'ard. We was driving through it and she layin' over. Man, but she

was layin' over! I'll tell you how she was layin' over. That very afternoon it was that Billie Henderson had walked along her weather run from her stern to her fore-rigging. You've heard of that trick, some of you. Yes, sir—we had a line on him in case he slipped—that's the truth.

"Well, it must have been getting on toward one o'clock, for I was figuring on being called aft to take the wheel for my second hour, and then in one more hour a fellow could go below and dry off and have a good sleep. We were driving through it—two jibs, fores'l and trys'l.



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LEAPIN' FROM THE TOP OF ONE SEA TO THE TOP OF ANOTHER

We hadn't seen the top of her port rail for more than two days; and this was one of those nights when the water gets full of phosphorus. It'd been a new moon gone down, and rain that morning, and you all know how the water fires after rain and a new moon. It was fair afire now. And the Lucy! She was leapin' from the top of one sea to the top of another. We made a lane you could see for a cable length behind, and there was blue smoke, I swear, coming from each side.

"Her nose would poke under and we would get it all over. I had my elbow crooked in the fore-rigging, so I wouldn't wash off. When she'd rise, she'd throw the water over her shoulder, and it'd run the whole length of her deck and race over the taffrail. That was only the spray, mind you. She was taking it over the rail all the time, besides, as if she had no rail at all. The skipper and Murdie at the wheel must've been pulp. Three or four others were in the waist—five or six men besides the skipper had to be on deck all the time. We was all in oilskins and red-jacks, of course, and we was all properly soaked.

"Well, we was whoopin' along; we'd just shot by some lumberin' old tramp steamer that was making awful bad weather of it, and somebody in the waist'd just called out, 'We're this far, anyway, thank the Lord.' The cook had his head out the fo'c's'le gangway—just a narrow slit to sing out to us on deck—when we saw the skipper jump into the main riggin' and look ahead, and then jump back on deck again as if he saw a ghost. He hollers:

"'If there ain't the Englishman ahead, and carryin' a two-reefed mains'l! A two-reefed mains'l, and goin' like a liner! I'll be damned if I'll stand on the deck of the Lucy Foster and see the Bounding Billow beat her home. I'll bust the Lucy's spars, but I'll beat him. Bend on the stays'l. I guess the Lucy can carry as much sail as that window-frame boat. Bend on that stays'l.'

"You can bet that shook the boys up. A stays'l! And her planks rattlin' then! Dan Ross—most of you know Dan—big Dan, that was lost on the Fredonia afterward—Dan was nearest me under the weather rail. He says, 'I'll fix that stays'l.' And he did fix her, as he thought. He yanks the halyards loose and they goes flyin' aloft. We could just make them out slinging between the fore and main rigging, like long devils, with the block on the end.

"Dan hollers out: 'Stays'l halyard-ends loose and can't get hold of 'em—they're aloft.'

"The skipper says: 'Go after them.'

"Dan roars back: 'What do you take me for?'

"'For a man,' hollers the skipper; 'but I guess I was mistaken.'

"'Show me a man crazy enough to go after them,' says Dan.

"'Here's one,' roars the skipper, and so help me, if he didn't start aloft. Blowing? My blessed soul, we needed cotton hooks to hang on by! The boys was curled up under the wind'ard rail with their fingers into the ring-bolts. And up went Wesley Marrs—to looard, mind you. And, however he managed it—we couldn't half make out what he was doing up there—but he got hold of them.

"Down he comes with the ends fast around his waist. 'Here,' he says to Dan, 'take hold of that.' He unwound about two fathom of it. 'That's one end of the stays'l halyards you run aloft a little while back. That snaps into the after upper corner of the stays'l, so long as we got to make things plain to you. And this—he gave him the other end—'this is what you haul on. Is that plain enough? Then see if you can hang on to it, so's better men than yourself won't have to go aloft in a gale to get them down again. Now, then, up with that stays'l. Call all hands for'ard there, cook—and call all hands aft there, Murdie—and up with that stays'l! Up with it.'

"And up she went. Such a slattin' afore we got her up! But she got there—and then! If she was leapin' before, she was high-diving now. The water was firing like I was telling you, firing like an ocean of big diamonds and white sulphur mixed, and there was that blue smoke you could almost smell coming out from both sides of her wake. I misdoubted if we'd ever get home. If I'd had a knife handy, you'd have seen the stays'l go into the sky. But I didn't have a knife, nor nobody else on deck, and all we could do was to hope we'd get in to walk down Main street just once again, and swearin' we'd never ship another trip with that crazy Wesley Marrs, so long's we lived again. Yes, sir; that was an awful run home. We carried our stays'l past the Point. And that's the same Lucy and the same Wesley Marrs coming in the dock there now."

"And what happened to the Bounding Billow? Did you pass her?"

"The Bounding Billow? Hell, no. We got in Monday morning at five o'clock. There warn't any Bounding Billow in sight that night—just one of them ghost dreams of Wesley's. The Englishman didn't get along till about the middle of the week."

The Origin of the English Theater

By Sidney Lanier

The following little romance is taken from Sidney Lanier's lectures on Shakespeare and His Forerunners.* Mr. Lanier never showed himself more a poet than in these very papers in which he has clothed the facts of the Elizabethan stage with rare poetic fancy. In order to show the beginning of the theater, Mr. Lanier's method was to make a "romance in which, taking Shakespeare for a hero, he proposed to weave a picture of his contemporary." The episodes which follow treat of the youth Shakespeare, who has just been to Kenilworth to see Leicester's entertainment to the queen.

Let us now fancy that after having beheld this scene, Shakespeare returned to his home, to give an account of his adventures to his parents. But on his way back he could not forbear going by Warwick, the county town, only four miles from Kenilworth, where a great crowd of the country people, anxious to get a sight of Queen Bess, had collected, to remain during the nineteen days throughout which the Kenilworth festivities lasted. Of course Shakespeare knew that in such a crowd all manner of jugglers and players would be found driving their trades. He is mad to see one of the plays. So, as soon as he canters into Warwick, he makes for the inn. Here he finds that at three o'clock in the afternoon some strolling players are to perform an interlude of John Heywood's, called *The Four P's*. The hour which is to pass before they begin seems like an eternity to the boy; but it finally expires, and at the first sounding of the horn he pays his penny and passes into the yard of the inn. As you walk with him into this yard you see the original model upon which our modern theaters are built. The inn-yard of the time was a sort of in-

ner court, inclosed by the rooms of the inn, which looked down upon it, with balconies running along each side.

Shakespeare stands on the ground of the yard, along with most of the audience. Here you see the original of two terms afterward in very common use: when Shakespeare speaks of a passage which tickles the ears of the groundlings, he means by "groundlings" those who stood on the ground in what was long called the yard, even in the theaters, but afterward came to be known as the pit. The players are on the balcony at the rear; more pretentious visitors among the audience are seated in the rooms, here on the sides and at the back of the yard, looking through the windows at the performance; hence in Shakespeare's time the "boxes," as we call them, and loges of the theaters built in London were called "rooms." At the time when young Shakespeare is going into this inn-yard, *i. e.*, in 1575, you should remember, no theaters are built. It was not until the following year, 1576, that James Burbage erected the first theater in London. But, as I said, while the common sort are here standing in the yard of the inn, and more pretentious ones are in the rooms, the gallants and high-fliers are seated on stools on the balcony or stage, right in the midst of the play-

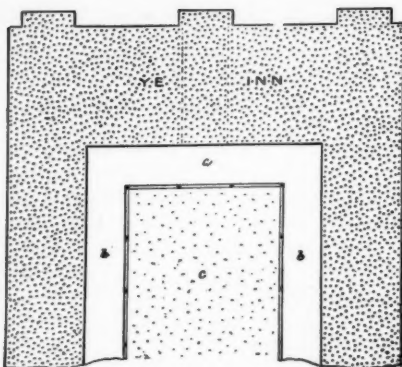
ers. Presently the horn sounds for the third time, and this is the signal for the performance to begin.

This interlude, *The Four P's*, by the way, represents the spirit of the first formal English comedy. It was written probably as early as 1530, and when Shakespeare was beginning to write



INN COURTYARD IN WHICH PLAYS WERE PERFORMED

*Shakespeare and His Forerunners. Sidney Lanier. N.Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. 2 vols.



A, END BALCONY USED AS STAGE; B, SIDE BALCONY USED BY GENTRY; C, COURTYARD USED BY THE COMMON PEOPLE

in 1598, decidedly better plays in form were being produced here and there; but it fairly represents the plays we may regard as formative in Shakespeare's plastic time, the kind of play he would have been likely to see in the inn-yards of Coventry and Warwick and Stratford when he was a boy.

* * * * *

It was just about this time that a furious debate broke out in England upon the matter of playgoing and plays generally. The quarrel had been smoldering for some years. As early as 1572 Parliament had passed an act which declared that "All Fencers Bearewardes Common Players in Enterludes and Minstrels" were "Roges Vacabounds and Sturdye Beggars" unless they belonged to some "Baron of this Realme or to any other honourable Personage of greater Degree." Upon conviction of anyone as a "Roge" or "Vacabound," within the meaning of this act, he or she—for the act applied to male or female alike—was for the first offense "to be greuously whipped, and burnte through the gristle of the righte Eare with an hot Yron of the compasse of an Ynche aboute, manifestyng his or her rogysh kinde of Lyef." A third offense was punished with death without benefit of clergy or sanctuary.

Three years later—that is, in the same year of the Kenilworth reception—the Corporation of London expelled all players from the city. This severe measure, however, as often happens, had an effect precisely opposite to its intent. It increased the evil which it sought to diminish. The players, as I showed, had been accustomed to performing in the yards of the inns about London. But, being now banished from the city, they defiantly

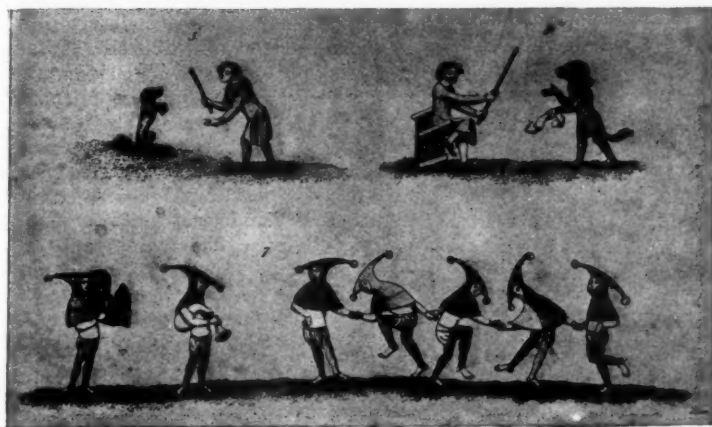
determined to go on playing as near the city as possible; and so the players proceeded to erect special buildings for their purpose just outside the city limits. Thus the banishing edict of the London Corporation, instead of suppressing the drama, really developed it, and gave us the first theater building in England. In the following year three theaters were erected, all within a short distance of the boundaries of London; one was called "The Theater," one "The Curtain," and a third "The Blackfriars." The latter was built by John Burbage, father to that Richard Burbage who was the friend and fellow-actor of Shakespeare.

This bold act of the players in setting up gorgeous theaters under the very noses of their worships, the London burghers, loosed a prodigious flood of debate over the drama which can scarcely be said to have ended even at the present day. The clergy began a furious attack on the stage. In the very next year, 1577, we find Wilcocks preaching a sermon at Paul's Cross in which he ascribed the awful calamity of the plague which had been devastating London to this fearful sin of the theaters about the city. "Looke," he cries, "but upon the common playes in London, and see the multitude that flocketh to them; . . . beholde the sumptuous theater houses, a continual monument of London's prodigality and folly. But I understande they are now forbidden by cause of the plague. . .

The cause of plagues is sinne, if you look to it well; and the cause of sinne are playes; therefore the cause of plagues are playes."

This debate produced many celebrated works. But the most powerful and in many respects the most interesting work against the theater was Stephen Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, entered at Stationers' Hall in 1579. Gosson, a Kent man, had gone up to London and had taken to acting and to writing plays when he was still a mere boy. His prematurity can be inferred from the fact that he had acted, had produced at least three plays, had seen the error of his course, had resolved to quit playing and expose the abuses of the stage, and had written the *Schoole of Abuse* for that purpose, all by the time he was twenty-four years of age.

The dedication begins with a quaint story of an anti-climax, and soon acquaints one with one of Gosson's characteristic assemblages of old saws and proverbs mixed with metaphoric inventions of his own. He now goes on to describe behavior at the theaters in those



MUMMERS AND STROLLING PLAYERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES IN ENGLAND

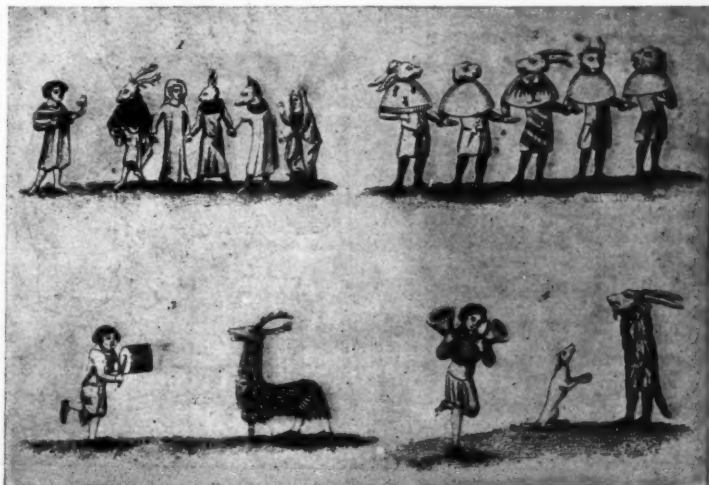
days: "In Rome when Plaies or Pageants are showne: Ovid chargeth his Pilgrims, to crepe close to the Saintes, whom they serve, and shew their double diligence to lifte the Gentle-womens robes from the ground . . . to sweepe Moates from their Kirtles, . . . to lay their handes at their backs for an easie staye . . . too prayse that, whiche they commende; too lyke everything that pleaseth them; to presente them Pomegranates to picke as they syt; and when all is done to waite on them mannerly too their houses."

Here follows a lively picture of theater manners in Shakespeare's time. "In our assemblies at playes in London, you shal see suche heaving and shooving, suche ytching and shouldering, too sitte by women; suche care for their garments that they bee not trode on. Such eyes to their lappes, that no chippes light in them; such pillowes to their backs that they take no hurt; such masking in their ears, I knowe not what; such giving them Pippins to passe the time; . . . such smiling, such winking, and such manning them home when the sportes are ended, that it is a right Comedie to marke their behavior. I looke still when Players should cast me their Gauntlets, and challenge a combate . . .

as though I made them Lords of this misrule. . . . There are more houses than Parishe churches, more maydes then Maulkin, more wayes to the woode then one, and more causes in nature than Efficientes. The carpenter rayseth not his frame without tooles, nor the Devil his woork without instruments; were not Players the meane, to make these assemblies, such multitudes would hardly be drawne in so narrowe roome. . . .

The abuses of plaies cannot be shown because they passe the degrees of the instrument, reach of the Plummet, sight of the minds, and for trial never brought to the touch-stone. . . . The very hyerlings of some of our Players, which stand at reversion of VI. S. by the weeke, get under Gentlemen's noses in sutes of silke," (and) "look askance over the shoulder at every man of whom the sunday before they begged an almes.

"This have I set downe of the abuses of Poets, Pypers and Players which bringe us too pleasure, slouth, sleepe, sinne, and without repentance to death and the Devil: which I have not confirmed by authorities of the Scriptures, because they are not able to stand uppe



MUMMERS AND STROLLING PLAYERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES IN ENGLAND

in the sight of God: and sithens they dare not abide the field, where the word of God dooth bidde them battayle, but runne to Antiquities.

I have given them a volley of prophane writers to beginne the skirmishe, and doone my indeavour to beate them from their holdes with their owne weapons."

Now I find no difficulty in fancying that this tirade against the theaters had much the same effect on young Will Shakespeare as banishment had upon the London players. At eighteen, to be told that a thing is dangerous is to resolve to do it. Very likely young Will Shakespeare lay awake much of the night after he had heard Gosson's eloquence.

The result of his meditations was told, possibly, to Anne Hathaway next day. It may be that he went over to her house, and after they two got a quiet moment together he startled the girl by informing her that he had determined to see London. Of course Anne wept, and entreated him not to go; but the fire burnt in him, and go he must. Then suddenly Anne Hathaway's demeanor changes: she consents, and with a certain air of mysterious resolution helps him to get away.

So imagine him arriving late on a Saturday night in the great city of London, a lonesome boy of eighteen, with no definite aim, no palpable money, wondering, now that he is here, why he is here, desolate over the utter unconcern with which people pass him by, yet not without a sense that he has that in him which might work changes in these matters. He goes to the Belle Savage Inn on Ludgate Hill. The yard of this inn had been a famous place for plays before the theaters were put up; but the landlord now descants mournfully to his young guest on the loss of custom he has suffered since those driving days when the performances kept his tapsters busy.

On the next morn-

ing—being Sunday—Shakespeare determines to hear a London sermon in the forenoon, before going to the Blackfriars Theater in the afternoon. For this purpose he walks over to Paul's Cross. This famous spot, from which so many great sermons were preached in those days, was an open space near the cathedral where great crowds assembled on Sunday to hear the popular preachers of the time. The audience stood, or sat on their horses or mules, in the open air during the sermon. In bad weather they would adjourn to what was called the "Shrouds," which seems to have been a sort of covered place adjoining the walls of the cathedral.

I am sorry to say that the young man did not stay as long as reverence demands after the last amen of the services. The sermon had been lengthy; it was now growing afternoon and there was barely time to reach the inn and snatch a hasty dinner before the play would begin. It was the custom at this period for a theatrical performance to commence at three o'clock in the afternoon; evening performances were not permitted, for the reason that they brought crowds on the streets at night, and in these days a crowd on the street in London meant brawls and troubles.

Shakespeare's dinner was matter of small moment under these circumstances. He disposed of it in a few minutes, and hastily made his way to the Blackfriars Theater. Here, as he mingled with the crowd at the doors, a grave discussion went on within his mind. The price of admission to the "yard" or pit of the theater, where he would have to stand throughout the performance in the midst of a motley throng of people, was sixpence (it varied from one penny to sixpence), while the better places were from a shilling to two shillings, the best, half a crown. Shakespeare had but a half-crown in all the



RICHARD TARLETON, AN ACTOR IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

world; yet an imperious desire to see the play uninterrupted and to the best advantage possessed him; he felt a dim prophecy of new plays smoldering in his heart; what was a mere trifle and amusement to other people was matter of life and death to him. It was therefore with a sort of sublime reliance upon the God who takes care of genius—a reliance all the more sublime since it was purely instinctive, and not explicit or formulated in any way—that the young man advanced, handed forth his whole earthly fortune, and asked for a place in one of the boxes, or "rooms," as they were then called.

As he entered the room, he observed that a handsome young cavalier, of charming form but slight in stature, passed lightly in behind him and seated himself modestly somewhat in the background. Beyond these circumstances, however, Shakespeare noticed nothing; the crowd, the novelty of the playhouse, all that wild fascination of the theater which is plain enough to those who have felt it and wholly unintelligible to those who have not—these wrapped him away into an ecstasy of content. He was not anxious for the play to begin; he could have sat for hours so; an indescribable glory and sweetness of potential fame filled the air about him; it was as if he caught a breath from that perfect altar of love and reverence which all the ages were to distil for him.

Sitting so, in a great calm, large-eyed, observant, Shakespeare heard the trumpet sound for the third time and recognized it as the customary signal for the play to begin.

The large platform at the other end of the theater, which now appeared before Shakespeare's eyes, was a very much simpler affair than a modern stage. There were no tall scenes, no complex arrangements of grooves



THE STAGE IN THE RED BULL PLAYHOUSE

and pulleys and "flies" and painted scenery, as constitute the accessories of the most modest theater in our time. As the curtain parted in the middle and drew back to each side, the actors appeared upon a platform which was hung with arras, while, above, a hanging of some blue stuff represented the heavens. Projecting over the stage in the background was a sort of porch or balcony, which had uses as various as the plays which were enacted before it, ranging from Mount Olympus to the battlements of a castle. There were at this time no painted scenes, such as ours; when the place of the action changed the new locality was conveyed to the audience by hanging out a board with the name of the city or

land painted on it; thus in one act a board would be hung out with Milan on it, in large letters; in the next act another board might appear with Verona inscribed. If the scenes were interiors, then some little simple stage property might indicate Dame Custance's apartment; a throne on some part of the stage might convert it into a king's chamber of audience; and so on. A little later, however, I fancy that somewhat more elaborate stage properties were used. In the prologue to Ben Johnson's *Every Man in His Humour* I find some comical allusions to certain stage devices which were in use at the time that play was written, and which appear to have excited great disgust in the soul of the irascible Ben by their transparent absurdity.

To make a child now swaddled to proceed
Man, and then shoot up in one beard and weed
Past threescore years; or, with three rusty swords
And help of some few foot and half-foot words
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars

And in the tying house bring wounds to scars.
 He rather prays you will be pleased to see
 One such to-day as other plays should be;
 Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
 Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please;
 Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard
 The gentlewomen; nor tempestuous drum
 Rumbles to tell you when the storm doth come;
 But deeds and language such as men do use,
 And persons such as comedy would choose
 When she would shew an image of the times,
 And sport with human follies, not with crimes.

When the play ended, Shakespeare moved out as well as he could through the struggling throng. Just as he gained the street, he observed that the handsome young cavalier who had shared his box was apparently in haste to get ahead of him. At the same moment Shakespeare noticed that the stranger, while quite elegantly appointed, wore his sword awry and seemed to manage it awkwardly as if unaccustomed to bear arms. In the next moment stronger proof of this fact

appeared; for, as the small cavalier quickened his pace forward, his sword dangled between his legs and tripped him, so that he fell flat on the ground. As Shakespeare ran forward and lifted the prostrate young gallant from the earth, the latter, as if to thank him turned upon him a charming face which was now itself a very pretty comedy of blushes and smiles; and in the same instant Shakespeare recognized that the stranger was no other than Anne Hathaway, disguised in male costume.

For the moment he was quite stupefied with astonishment, while Anne Hathaway's eyes shone and sparkled with unbounded merriment at his serious face. As they walked back to the Bell Savage Inn—for Anne Hath-

away also lodged there—Shakespeare recovered himself, and presently the whole delicious romance of the adventure took possession of him, and he entered into it with the maddest abandonment. What could be more delightful? Two young lovers on their first visit to London, one a poet with all the world in his soul, the other an adoring, spirited, adventurous girl. It seems that Anne Hathaway, when a child, had a great passion for climbing trees, as I have known more modern girls sometimes to have; and her mother, like a wise farmer's wife, had indulged her in a costume suitable for this purpose, and had allowed her often to roam about the woods dressed in her brother's clothes. Thus she had in early life acquired that familiarity with her present

costume of which she had now availed herself to accompany Shakespeare to London.

Perhaps this adventure, or some one like it, is the original of all those employments of this device which Shakespeare so often makes.



THE GLOBE THEATER AND THE BEAR GARDEN

In *As You Like It*, you all remember, Rosalind dresses herself in boys' clothes and finds her lover in the Forest of Arden; in *All's Well That Ends Well*, the sweet, womanly Helena dresses herself in boys' clothes and follows her lover like a protecting angel to France; in *Cymbeline*, Imogen dresses herself in boys' clothes and fares off towards her Leonatus; in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Julia arrays herself in boys' clothes and seeks her absent Proteus; while in *The Merchant of Venice*, Portia pranks it as a doctor of laws, Nerissa as a lawyer's clerk, and Jessica as a boy.

And so after a week of glory in London, Sunday came round again, and Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway went again to the theater.

AD ASTRA*



And the same Love that first
descended there,
"Ave Maria, gratia plena,"
singing,
In front of her his wings ex-
panded wide.
"Who is the Angel that with so
much joy
Into the eyes is looking of our
Queen,
Enamoured so that he seems
made of fire?"
And he to me, "Such gallantry and
grace
As there can be in Angel and in
soul,
All is in him; and thus we fain
would have it;
Because he is the one who bore the
palm
Down unto Mary when the Son
of God
To take our burden on Himself
decreed."

Selections from the Divine Comedy of Dante.
With illustrations by Margaret and Helen Maitland Armstrong

* From Ad Astra. Being Selections from the Divine Comedy of Dante. With Illustrations by Margaret and Helen Maitland Armstrong, N. Y. R. H. Russell. Copyright 1902, by R. H. Russell.



"THE city draweth near whose name
is Dis,

With the grave citizens, with the
great throng."

And I: "Its mosques already, Master,
clearly

Within there in the valley I discern
Vermilion, as if issuing from the fire
They were." And he to me: "The
fire eternal

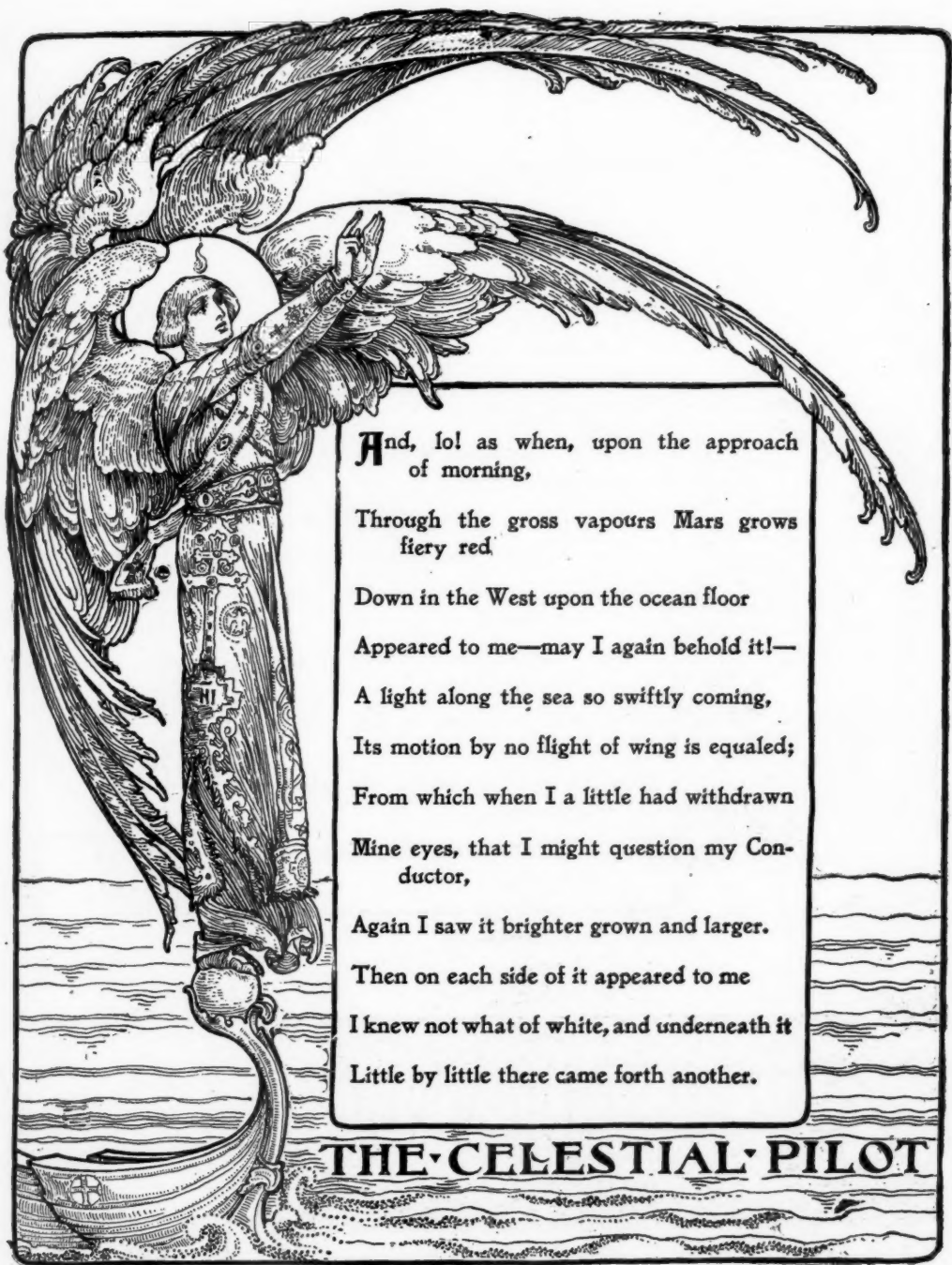
That kindles them within makes
them look red

As thou beholdest in this nether
Hell."

Then we arrived within the moats
profound

That circumvallate that disconsolate
city.

THE CITY OF UNBELIEF



And, lo! as when, upon the approach
of morning,

Through the gross vapours Mars grows
fiery red

Down in the West upon the ocean floor

Appeared to me—may I again behold it!—

A light along the sea so swiftly coming,

Its motion by no flight of wing is equaled;

From which when I a little had withdrawn

Mine eyes, that I might question my Con-
ductor,

Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.

Then on each side of it appeared to me

I knew not what of white, and underneath it

Little by little there came forth another.

THE CELESTIAL PILOT



The Poems of Edward Sanford Martin



The poems of Edward Sanford Martin are marked by an easy and flowing style which at times almost amounts to disregard of technique. They are light and airy, and in all except his few verses of serious turn, enlivened by a genial humor that gives a human interest to every subject upon which he touches. In this regard they remind one of the verse of Oliver Wendell Holmes, sung in a minor key. He has produced two volumes, from the last of which the following selections are taken:*

LABUNTUR ANNI.

Lost man! Lost man!
People, have you met him?
Idle fellow; loath to delve,
Indisposed to scheme.
Liked too well to shirk his task
When circumstances let him;
Loved to sit about and loaf,
And strum the strings and dream.

What he dreamt of, Heaven knows!
Love and faith and beauty—
Towers that glittered in the sun—
Vales of sheltered peace.
Gone is he this twenty years;
Baffling all pursuit, he
Loiters—where? While fast on me
The sober years increase.

Lost man! Lost man!
People, have you met him?
Meditative-seeming chap of—
Maybe—twenty-three?
Good riddance, very probably,
And yet I can't forget him.
I wish I had him back to dream
My Christmas dream for me.

BLANDINA.

Blandina's nice; Blandina's fat;
Joyous, and sane and sound and sweet,
And handsome, too, and all else that
In persons of her years is meet.
Behold Blandina!
She's alive, and testifies
With all the emphasis that lies
In busy hands and dancing eyes
That life's a prize—
That all the mischief that provokes
Doubt in the matter lies in folks,
And that, provided folks are fit,
Life's not a failure—not a bit.

Blandina loves a picture-book,
Blandina dearly loves a boy;
She loves her dinner, loves the cook,
Her nurse, her doll, her brother's toy;
And, best of all, she loves a joke,
And laughs at it.
And, laughing at it, testifies
With all the emphasis that lies
In joyous tones and beaming eyes,
That life's a prize—
That all the mischief that provokes
Doubt in the matter lies in folks,
And that, provided folks are fit,
Life's not a failure—not a bit.

A GIRL OF POMPEII.

A public haunt they found her in:
She lay asleep, a lovely child;
The only thing left undefiled
Where all things else bore taint of sin.
Her supple outlines fixed in clay
The universal law suspend,
And turn Time's chariot back, and blend
A thousand years with yesterday.
A sinless touch, austere yet warm,
Around her girlish figure pressed,
Caught the sweet imprint of her breast
And held her, surely clasped, from harm.
Truer than work of sculptor's art
Comes this dear maid of long ago,
Sheltered from woful chance, to show
A spirit's lovely counterpart.
And bid mistrustful men be sure
That form shall fate of flesh escape,
And, quit of earth's corruptions, shape
Itself, imperishably pure.

BROTHERHOOD.

That plenty but reproaches me
Which leaves my brother bare.
Not wholly glad my heart can be
While his is bowed with care.
If I go free, and sound and stout,
While his poor fetters clank,
Unsated still, I'll still cry out,
And plead with Whom I thank.

Almighty! Thou who Father be
Of him, of me, of all,
Draw us together, him and me,
That whichever fall,
The other's hand may fail him not—
The other's strength decline
No task of succor that his lot
May claim from son of Thine.
I would be fed. I would be clad.
I would be housed and dry.
But if so be my heart is sad—
What benefit have I?
Best he whose shoulders best endure
The load that brings relief,
And best shall he his joys secure
Who shares that joy with grief.

*Poems and Verses: Edward Sanford Martin. Copyright, 1902, by Harper & Bros., N. Y., the publishers.

Arts and Crafts

BOOKBINDING AS AN ART W. G. BOWDOIN OUTLOOK

Notwithstanding the great progress that we have made in the arts and crafts in America, it was not until the New York World's Fair in 1853 that a copy of Owen Jones's *Alhambra*, bound by William Matthews in extra binding, was exhibited to show that something had been accomplished by American binders to entitle them to recognition. In 1884 Otto Zahn was encouraged to come to this country and take up binding as one of the earliest practitioners in the infant school of American bookbinding. Upon his arrival here, fresh from the shops of Germany, France, England, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, Brazil, the West Indies, and Mexico, he found commercial bindings supreme, and few patrons who were willing to pay what seemed to be large prices for special bindings, when the edition bindings were so prismatic in tint and withal so slightly, compared with the monotony that had characterized native binding since the close of the Revolutionary War. First in New York City and subsequently in Memphis, Tenn., he it was who greatly advanced the art of fine American bookbinding. The beauty of design-forms originated by him, and in which he still excels, was soon noticed, and there sprang up an appreciation of the dressing of books in a style that was in a measure commensurate with the book's worth. Bookbindings began to be admired. It was seen that levant morocco had possibilities of inlay and of tooling that could not be approximated in paper or in cloth. The new school of American bookbinding made a place for itself. Men quickly came to realize that the binding of a book was a serious business, and that it could not be done by a man who knew nothing of the art and its traditions, and who had not the most delicate skill. Step by step the art of bookbinding advanced in America. The time came, within the last ten years, when annual exhibitions of achievements in bookbinding directions were held in several of the larger cities, in which the foreign and domestic products were grouped and contrasted, to the upbuilding and encouragement of the binders who had grown up here.

The art of bookbinding is a very old one. Long before printing took the place of manu-

script writing, the early binders toiled with patience to produce bindings, admirably reflecting the art of the period of production. In certain cases these early bindings have come down to us, and in survival they have remained to serve as models from which the binders of our day have derived both inspiration and motif. The time came, however, when the bindings antedating 1800 no longer met modern requirements. The old bindings were in most cases not without a crudeness that was unsuited to the discriminating taste of the book collectors of our day. Collectors have grown to appreciate the most careful finish and perfection of detail, which is now demanded of the binder who would be pre-eminent.

The old masters of binding did pioneer work of the greatest value. Grolier, Nicolas and Clovis Eve, Le Gascon, Padeloup, Derome, Roger Payne, and their successors demonstrated something of the possibilities of bookbinding, and it has remained for our contemporary binders to take up the work where they left it, and to carry it to the perfection that a master binding must now have to attract attention.

The best books are now usually bound in what is known as levant morocco. This is the skin of a hardy mountain goat which comes from the Mediterranean ports of the Levant. A favorite method of treatment is called "crushed" levant. In this the irregularities of surface are beaten down to uniformity, and the surface of the leather is then given a mirror polish that is greatly admired. Red is a favorite dye for morocco, because it keeps its color better without fading than any other tint. Calf bindings are exceedingly slightly, but the objection to them lies in their tendency, in time, to break at the hinges of the cover. In certain cases pigskin makes a very desirable special binding.

The importance of what bookbinders term forwarding cannot be overestimated. No amount of tooling or finishing can possibly correct poor forwarding, and the forwarder, as an artisan, must do his part quite as carefully as the finisher, who is honored with the name of artist, if the binding is to be a perfect one. A "Jan seniste" binding is one which leaves the

outside of the book, except for its title, perfectly plain, but lavishes a wealth of decoration upon the book's inside cover, or double. The beauties of such a book remain concealed until the volume is opened and the intricate tooling is thus revealed.

The number of tool impressions in the process of tooling an elaborate book is very great, and requires the most accurate register, as the tool is frequently placed in the same spot several times, and if the slightest variation takes place, the evidence of it remains as a permanent disfigurement. An ordinary decoration of a book calls for as many as two thousand tool-marks, and if the decoration be ornate, the number is greatly increased. Tooling is generally in gold, but when gold or some substitute is not used, the book is said to be blind-tooled.

The standard of bookbinding has been greatly raised during the past few years in this country, and the school of American bookbinding has made considerable progress. In this connection, the comparison of some recent examples with those executed in the days when laws were passed prohibiting ordinary citizens from using more than four diamonds to the decoration of one book, and the nobility to not more than five, would be full of interest.

A PASSING ART . . . CHARLES H. CAFFIN . . . INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

The practice of the art of wood engraving has been almost entirely discontinued through the introduction of cheaper methods of reproduction, sufficiently good, perhaps, for the great mass of uncultivated patrons of the magazines, but representing a falling off from the high standards of a not distant past. The half-tone print, even with manual finish supplied to the mechanically manufactured plate, is woefully lacking in finer qualities; the interposition of the screen resulting in a general shrinkage of values, with consequent loss of vibrancy, and, as the case may be, of depth or delicacy. Even the more expensive and relatively truer reproduction by photogravure produces a result that is mechanical alongside the intimate personal feeling of the wood-engravings.

It may be said that, in the copying of an old master, we do not want the interposition of another man's feeling; and the objection might be well founded if the mechanical process copied with literal exactness the original, or if the interposition of the engraver's personality were consciously or unconsciously an obtrusion

of himself. But neither is true; a photogravure cannot reproduce with absolute fidelity the quality even of a really fine photograph, and approximates only to that of a painting, while lacking entirely in the personal intimacy of feeling which would give it independent value. On the other hand, the wood-engraving of those American masters approximated at least as closely to the original and had just this additional charm of being a new and distinct creation. Such difference, however, is doubtless concealed from proper appreciation, and justifies, perhaps, besides explaining, the necessity of resorting to the cheaper method of reproduction.

Yet it is not inconceivable that if a publisher could be found with sufficient courage to issue regularly a series of engravings, the impressions on fine paper and limited to a certain number, there would be forthcoming connoisseurs enough to make the enterprise a success. The work is, after all, too good for the needs and tastes of a general public, but the number of those who appreciate such matter is continually increasing.

LAC AND THE ART OF LACQUERING SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

The industrial use of lac in the extreme Orient dates from a far-distant age, and appears to have originated in China. Surpassing in skill those who had imitated them in the art, the Japanese have attained decided superiority. This has been attributed at times to the quality of the material, the trees that nourish the lac-producing insects finding in Japan an exceptionally favorable soil for their development, and, again, to the ability of the operatives. But, according to M. Dumontier, it appears, above all, due to the more delicate esthetic taste of the Japanese.

The art of lacquering includes various steps, which are divulged as little as possible; without them nothing but a varnish of good quality would be realized. Thus, in Tonkin, where the abundant production is the object of an important trade with the Chinese, it is so used only for varnishing, while in China the same product from the same sources contributes to most artistic applications.

When the Annamites propose to lacquer an object, a box, for example, they first stop up the holes and crevices, covering all the imperfections with a coating of diluted lac, by means of a flat, close, short brush. Then they cover the whole with a thick coating of lac and white

clay. This clay, oily to the touch, is found at the bottom of certain lakes in Tonkin; it is dried, pulverized, and sifted with a piece of fine silk before being embodied with the lac. This operation is designed to conceal the inequalities of the wood and produce a uniform surface, which, when completely dry, is rendered smooth with pumice stone.

If the object has portions cut or sunk the clayey mixture is not applied, for it would make the details clammy, but in its place a single, uniform layer of pure lac. In any case, after the pumicing, a third coating, now pure lac, is passed over the piece, which at this time has a mouse-gray color. This layer, known under the name of *sou lot*, colors the piece a brilliant black. As the lac possesses the remarkable property of not drying in dry air, the object is left in a damp place. When perfectly dried the piece is varnished, and the desired color imparted by a single operation. If the metallic applications are excepted, the lac is colored only black, brown or red.

The operation of lacquering is then ended, but there are parts to be gilded. These are again covered with a mixture of lac and oil of *trau*. When this layer is dry the metallic leaves are applied, which are themselves protected by a coating, composed also of lac and oil of *trau*. All these lac and oil of *trau* mixtures are carefully filtered, which the natives effect by pressing the liquid on a double filtering surface formed of wadding and of a tissue on which it rests. It can only be applied after several months when the metallic leaf is of gold. In the case of silver or tin the protecting coat can be laid on in a few days. It favorably modifies the white tints of these two metals by communicating a golden color. The hue, at first reddish, gradually improves, and acquires its full brilliancy in a few months.

Little information is procurable concerning the processes employed by the Chinese and Japanese. The wood to be lacquered should be absolutely dry. It receives successive applications, of which the number is not less than thirty-three for perfect work. When the lac coating attains the thickness of a half centimeter it is ready for the engravers. The Chinese, like the inhabitants of Tonkin, make use of oil of *trau* to mix with the lac, or oil of *aleurites*, and the greatest care is exercised in the drying of the different layers. The operation is conducted in dim-lighted rooms specially fitted up for the purpose; the moisture is maintained to a suitable extent by systemat-

ically watering the earth, which covers the walls of this "cold stove."

In Japan, when the wood is well prepared and the faults have been corrected with pure lac, it is dried, pumiced and covered with a coat composed of crushed flax mixed with glue. Then a layer of lac is applied and covered with a fine linen fabric, which should perfectly adhere in all its parts. This first preparation, suitably dried, serves as a foundation for the successive applications of thirty-three layers. Each coating is rubbed with a fine-grained stone before drying in the moist chamber. This is done with the greatest precaution, so as to avoid impurities and dust. The last polish is obtained by rubbing with the powder of calcined deer horn. The piece is then ready to receive the application of gold or of silver, which is effected as follows:

The design to be reproduced is drawn on very fine paper prepared with a mixture of glue and alum, and on the back of the paper the outlines are traced with a brush of fine rats' hair, dipped in lac, previously boiled over a brisk charcoal fire. This paper is then applied to the object to be decorated, and it is made to adhere by rubbing with a spatula, either of minoki wood or of whalebone. When the paper is removed, the design is found transferred damp, and is rendered more distinct by the application of a white powder by means of a piece of wadding. With one of these transfer papers twenty reproductions can be secured, and the lines can be retraced with the boiled lac, it is said, so as to procure copies almost indefinitely. The outlines remain damp in consequence of the use of the boiled lac, and imperfections can be corrected. In this case the outlines are retraced with a pencil of hare's hair lightly charged with a preparation of lac not boiled. This operation is delicate and requires great care not to displace the lac from the original outlines. When ended the whole is covered with fine gold, silver or tin powder, as desired; the powder is applied by means of a piece of wadding.

Independently of its use in the arts, lac is susceptible of various industrial applications. It serves notably in mixture with oils for the production of the most esteemed varnishes.

For some years the attention of the scientific and industrial classes of Europe has been particularly attracted by this remarkable product, which can be furnished readily and abundantly by our own colonies. Perhaps the day is not distant when it will become to us a profitable source of income.

Unusual Phases of Animal Life

"CRIME" AMONG ANIMALS LONDON LEISURE HOUR

Facts show beyond question that in the animal kingdom there are many curious equivalents of crime among men. Cannibalism is not unknown in the animal world. Wolf eats wolf, and in certain circumstances, and despite proverbs to the contrary, dog will eat dog. Well-nourished dogs are not often guilty of this savage custom, though it has been observed where necessity did not impel; but Arctic travelers have frequently fed their famished Esquimo team on the carcasses of brethren that died from effects of cold or hunger, and under such conditions mothers have devoured their puppies with no hesitation or lack of appetite. Domestic cats have killed and eaten their young, and rabbits have been known to feed on one another even when plentifully supplied with food to their liking. The rat is nearly always a cannibal under stress of circumstances. The cannibalistic propensities of the pike need very little stimulus. Young crocodiles are occasionally gobbled by their parents, or at least by their mothers. Warrior ants devour in a fury the ants they have killed in battle.

A certain famous case in the reptile house at the Zoological Gardens was evidently not one of genuine cannibalism, but serpents have been guilty of the act. Infanticide, patricide, matricide and fratricide are aggravating circumstances of cannibalism in the animal world. There are crimes known to our calendar of which the only or the chief motive appears to be the inveterate dislike of one individual (the assailant), for another (the assaulted), and these strange antipathies exist in the animal world, and are the cause of assault and battery, and often of the death of both parties. Horses, dogs and monkeys furnish many examples of violence proceeding from antipathy. The sudden gusts of uncontrollable rage which impel the Malay to run amuck through his native High Street seize at times upon the gentlest of animals, and the results are much the same as in the Malay Peninsula, unless the subject of his brief terrible madness can be caught or slain. Different are the cases of animals proverbial for their patience which may be goaded into a fury.

The dromedary, ordinarily a model of good

behavior, is sometimes teased by his drivers until they are compelled to fly before his rage or to strip off and throw him their garments that he may tear and trample them to pieces. Everyone knows to what a pass the docile elephant will carry his desire for revenge, when his dignity has been badly insulted or his good nature abused. More curious it is to note that, among animals as among men, some of the worst offenses that can be committed have their origin in the passion of love. Jealousy burns fiercely in many a brute's bosom, and when affected with the "universal distemper of love," the whole animal creation, from the tiger to the dove, is capable of any excesses against its disturbers, whether of its own or the human kind. Association for deliberate purposes of wrong-doing is not rare among animals, both of the higher and the lesser order of intelligence. Other animals steal in bands. Baboons go out in troops to rob orchards difficult of access. Conditions of climate and change of atmosphere have their influence upon the temperaments of animals. Speaking generally, wild creatures inhabiting very hot countries are more savage than those inhabiting cold or temperate climes.

ODD ANIMAL FRIENDSHIPS LONDON SPECTATOR

Odd friendships between animals of different kinds are often seen, but an adventure recorded in Nature by Mr. L. C. Hurst is rather out of the common. It often happens that among all the domestic animals of a farm the donkey is the cleverest, and takes the lead when anything interesting is going on. One of these sharp-witted donkeys, kept in Derbyshire, had learned how to open gates, a not uncommon accomplishment of his tribe. Being shut up in a field with two ponies, he soon wanted a change of scene and company, and so opened the gate of his own meadow and walked out with the ponies. He appears to have wished to find another set of companions, for he opened three other gates in order to reach another field where a mare, a foal, and a yearling, all old friends of his, were placed. They, no doubt, were very pleased to see him, and the whole party went out for a walk. They were then joined by a mastiff, and they went on their way together

exactly as animals are supposed to do in story-books—dog, donkey, ponies, mare, yearling, and foal—"until they met a man," to adopt the style consecrated to adventures of this kind. Unfortunately the man knew the horses and foal. (There are men in the country who will even recognize particular pigs when straying, and the eye for identifying horses seems part of the inheritance of most rustics). He unkindly interfered with the walking tour, and rounded up the equine members of it. The donkey, deprived of his friends, then returned home but the mastiff accompanied him in an entirely detached manner, so far as its original owners went, so great was this donkey's power of making friends, and also of keeping them.

As a rule, domestic animals which are much with people prefer their company to that of other animals of any kind. They think them more interesting and distinguished. But if they are not much regarded by those about the house, they are particularly likely to strike up some curious friendship with what would apparently be a very unsuitable kind of companion. There was, and is, a dog at Clifton Hampden, living at the Bridge House, which is not in the least interested either in people or in boating. Instead of barking and being important when parties arrived at the boating-raft, or helping to take the tolls at the bridge, or generally taking the active and fussy interest in the business of his master which most dogs show, he preferred to associate entirely with a horse and a donkey kept in a meadow next to the bridge. The three friends used to spend all day out in the field, the dog lying quietly curled up asleep in the grass if it were fine, or watching the others graze. If it rained he would go and lie against the back of a shed, where he could see the horse, and to which the latter sometimes also came for shelter. He only appeared at the house when the horse was fetched to be harnessed, when he would trot with the cart, and as soon as the horse returned, and was unharnessed, would return with it to the field. In time this dog became so extremely "horsy" in his tastes that he took to eating oats when his friend was fed. It was the custom to put the horse's feed of oats in a tin pan and set this on the floating landing-stage or raft used by boating parties, in order to get the old horse to stand in the water for the benefit of his legs; while at the same time the donkey, which hated water, could not steal the oats. The dog always went down to the raft, and sat on it close to the tin pan while the horse was eating. He would then pick up the

spilled-out corns, and carefully crack and swallow them. Both picking up and cracking an oat-corn are rather difficult feats for a dog's mouth and teeth to manage. But he was very expert at this, and used to sit and eat oats till the horse had finished. The latter is now dead, and this scene by the bridge, which used to take place regularly every summer evening, has ceased. The thoroughness and routine with which this dog-and-horse friendship continued could probably be paralleled in many other cases.

Perhaps the most incongruous pair of animal friends at present in England belong to the late Lord Lilford's collection of cranes and wild-fowl, still maintained at Lilford Hall, near Oundle. A large crane was selected as the object of an intense and jealous affection by a female goose. The goose, which was of a curious Australian species with a very short bill and speckled body, practically annexed the crane altogether. When the writer last saw it, it was feeding close by the tall crane, and never went more than a few yards from it, or allowed it to be out of its sight for a minute. If any other crane came near, or any visitor, the goose rushed at it and made as if it would bite. The cranes it did bite, seizing their legs. A mate was found for the crane, and for six months it was kept elsewhere, unseen by the goose. The fresh bird died, and the goose, to whose enclosure the crane returned, at once renewed the friendship. It was quite a personal liking, for there was an unrivalled selection of other cranes to choose from. When a cat and dog become chums one or the other is generally a young one. Their chief object in associating seems to be play or boisterous romps, in which the cat submits to very rough treatment as the dog grows more excited, and always seems to enjoy the sport the rougher it is. We have seen a small cat almost swallowed by a full-grown young bloodhound, picked up and flung into the air, and swung almost from one side of the room to the other, still renewing the mimic fight, until, when quite exhausted, she would slip under a bureau to get breath. It seemed as if her bones must get broken, yet she was not damaged. An Australian opossum and a setter became most excellent comrades, the opossum lying asleep by the setter on the hearthrug by day, and playing with him in the evening. The dog even submitted, though he did not like it, to the opossum washing his face, which it did by licking it all over while it solicitously held the dog's muzzle in its sharp-clawed little paws. The first advances in this case came from the

opossum; but the setter was not a normally-minded dog, being rather given to seek friends among the cats, with which it would play at any hour.

HOW ANIMALS FIGHT SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

There are no wild beasts in Europe suitable for the combats which Orientals love, or they would certainly have been utilized. Wolves look very promising, and it might be thought that such an ill-tempered animal as the Russian bear could easily be roused to fight a comrade; but we may be sure that the experiment was tried often enough to prove that in neither case was it worth while to make a match. So our forefathers had to be content with the hideous sport of "baiting"—which is not our theme. Had they possessed more ingenuity, however, some diversion might have been obtained from stags. Even antelopes are used in India, though they need training. It is their nature to fight only at the rutting season; to make them eager for the fray at any time they must receive special treatment, and, above all, they must be kept in practice. But that means a great "consumption" of antelopes, for they battle to the death, and this variety of entertainment, therefore, is not common. Elephants and tigers are the favorite victims, of course; but nothing profitable can be said about their duels, and certainly nothing amusing.

A camel fight is rather curious. The brutes have a pair of teeth far back in the jaw, which rival those of a tiger, and an old male is extremely ferocious. Knowing, however, that these, their most terrible weapons, are useless in a front attack—for, vast as the camel's gape is, it cannot be stretched wide enough to bring them into action—they never try to grip the head or neck or any vital part of an antagonist. All their strategy is directed to the object of seizing one of his legs below the knee, and thus overthrowing him by pressure; then the huge back teeth can be brought to bear upon his throat, and he is no better than a corpse.

The camel's way of fighting is mean and awkward—the *coup de Jarnac* of quadrupeds. But it is the one best suited to its anatomy. A very strong stomach, however, and a nose which has lost the sense of smell are required to enjoy this spectacle.

Of all combats between beasts, perhaps, that between a horse and a tiger is the most thrilling. We have read several descriptions, and always, if we remember right, the horse

was the victor. But it must be a stallion, as cunning as brave. To avoid the tiger's spring, in a walled area of limited extent, is impossible. The horse does not try; it is only careful to face the enemy, turning on the same spot as he circles round. At length the spring is made; it sinks its forequarters till the knees almost touch the ground, and the tiger lights, unsteadily, upon its haunches. Instantly the hind legs lash out, with such force that the brute is thrown headlong, and if it does not recover its feet in a second, the battle is over, so rapid and so heavy are the kicks bestowed. In general, however, there is another "round" exactly similar, and the tiger confesses itself beaten.

Such a match, like a fight of camels, has some interest; but the "hammer and tongs" struggle between two elephants, or an elephant and a rhinoceros, must be always as dull in reality as in description. Lions and tigers are not much more scientific in their methods. Oriental ingenuity, however, has devised some eccentricities in this line. The old Greeks loved a quail fight, and the sport is to be witnessed occasionally in southern Europe. Partridges are used in India. That curious book, *The Private Life of an Eastern King*, which made a stir in our grandfathers' time, gives a lively account of the diversion as practised at the Court of Oude.

The horse-fights of the Northmen must not be overlooked. It was a sport not unworthy of them, for they took part in it themselves, and risked their lives. The owner or a friend attended his stallion to the fray, carrying a short stick, with which he hit it at the psychological moment—that is, at the crisis of the battle. One who has seen well-bred horses fighting will understand that this would be a service of great danger, the stick being short. But also it was the duty of the champion to "assist" his horse when it rose on its hind legs to attack.

How he assisted it we cannot tell, but evidently he must have been quite close—sometimes, no doubt, between the furious brutes. Besides these obvious risks, there was a strong probability that he might strike his antagonist's horse, or even the antagonist himself, and, whether this were done by accident or by an impulse of passion, signified little. In either case the blow must be avenged, unless the rivals were personal friends. A certain Eygulf hit his own stallion, and the stick, rebounding, touched Bjarni's shoulder—showing, by the way, how very close they must have been, horses and men, in the heat of the fray.

He instantly apologized, offering sixty sheep if Bjarni would overlook the accident, and the latter replied that it was his own fault; for there was no ill-feeling between them. But, of course, he expected the sheep. In due time Eygulf looked them out, and Bjarni came to receive them. Thermod, Eygulf's father, was present, and remarked, quite mildly, as we should think, that sixty sheep were a "lot." Actually no more than that—but Bjarni struck him dead. A blood feud followed. But if a charge of foul play were made, and the parties concerned were men of influence, all the people of each district would take sides. Odd, "an overbearing fellow," struck Gretti, who, diving under his horse, which was on its hind legs, delivered such a thrust that he knocked Odd into the river, breaking three of his ribs. The result was a small civil war. Thus horse-fights often ended in man-fights. But that possibly gave further attraction to the sport.

DO ANIMALS TALK? . . . W. T. L. . . . NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS

Do animals talk intelligently to one another? Have they a definite vocabulary all sufficient to their limited needs and desires? Professor Garner has been trying to answer this question, so far as it relates to our "nearest of kin"—our cousins several cycles removed; to wit, the apes. His sensational conversation with the sympathetic simians of Philadelphia's Zoo has been duly recorded, as attested by astonished witnesses; and, while scientists may hold aloof and shrug their shoulders as only savants can, Professor Garner holds the ear of an attentive public.

It is no discredit to Professor Garner that he is not breaking virgin soil. For others long ago preceded him in the fascinating attempt to interpret the utterances of our animal friends. Anyone in the least familiar with the curiosities of coincidence will doubtless see in a certain Frenchman's report, made a generation ago, merely one of those interesting analogies in which life and letters abound.

The report, or rather story, is on the authority of M. Jules Richard, a distinguished French publicist, who died in 1868. It appears that while visiting a patient in a military hospital he became acquainted with a government official who was a bit of a Gascon, but brave and a lover of animals. When rations were distributed all the cats in the hospital would come running to his marvelous "mi-aou-ing" to share his porridge. M. Richard naturally

supposed that the cats were deceived by the perfect mimicry of their mew or that they had come to respond mechanically at the accustomed hour.

"By no means," protested the official. "They understand me. I know the language of cats and dogs, and the speech of monkeys I know better than the apes themselves."

Rodolphe Radau, who has put us all in debt for his interesting excursion into this subject in his work on acoustics, quotes Pere (Marin) Mersenne, a French theologian and mathematician (died 1648). Peré Mersenne held that the voices of animals, though differing in times of sickness and health, pain and joy, proceed from necessity, or are involuntary. But M. Radau himself finds this theory somewhat arbitrary, and believes it is indubitable that many animals manage really to converse among themselves.

Mr. Radau cites a remarkable book, published in Vienna, in 1800, by S. E. Wetzel, entitled *A New Discovery of the Language of Animals, Founded upon Reason and Experience*. The author tries to show that animals make themselves understood by combinations of sounds, which constitute a simple language full of repetitions; that they endeavor to make man understand them, and for their part understand his language; in brief, that it is possible to study the idiom of different animals and thereby determine the forms and variations of their speech.

There is actually in Wetzel's book a primer of animal language, filling twenty pages. He has attempted to translate into German several dialogues of dogs, cats, chickens and birds, to illustrate his principles.

There is not a little contributory testimony to this effect from various sources. The language of chickens, particularly, has long occupied the attention of amateur observers, and controversies have arisen in unscientific circles respecting the exact meaning of various outcries made by the hen. The most superficial summer boarder, pitifully ignorant of nature and nature's children, cannot fail to note how obvious are some of their utterances—how, for example, the self-applause of a hen which has laid an egg is differentiated from her gratification over the discovery of a tit-bit, and how this in turn is modified into the altruistic ejaculation with which she summons other bipeds to share the morsel. It may be objected that the hen's so-called altruism is purely maternal; but that is outside the question.

Old Poems New Written:

The Gentle Art of Travesty

KING COAL GROWING THINNER ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

Old King Coal
Was a merry old soul
As he sat in the summer sun.
He was fat and full,
And could readily pull
The scales to a solid ton.

But now, I am told,
That the wintry cold
Has pinched him past all bounds;
When he steps on the scales,
It is said that he fails
By several hundred pounds.

THEY ARE SEVEN LONDON OUTLOOK

I met a little villa girl,
She was eight years old, she said,
Her hair was lank and never a curl
Was seen upon her head.

She wore a pair of spectacles,
Her eyesight being bad;
Her cheeks were pale, so very pale,
Their paleness made me sad.

A hundred books bestrewed the floor,
In red and green and blue.
(Her pa, a well-known editor,
Had got them for review.)

"Oh, why so sad, and why so pale,
And why so glum your looks?
My second boy would dance for joy
Had he those hundred books!"

"I have no hundred books," she said,
"Nor fifty, nor eleven."
"How many, then," I asked, "sweet maid?"
She answered, "They are seven!"

"But stay! in blue and gold alone
I've counted twenty-three."
Stern was the little maiden's tone:
"There are but seven," said she.

"A hundred books of tales and rhymes
May seem assembled here;
But they write each book a dozen times—
A dozen times each year.

"First comes the book that never ends,
The book that's written most,
About a schoolgirl who pretends
To be a sheeted ghost.

"And next the book about young Bob
Who ran away to sea,
And in his hammock choked a sob,
While mates cursed dreadfully.

"The tale about the latest war,
With real names and maps;
The tale of a fool at a public school,
And the bully and other chaps.

"The story of the western main,
Of gold and an Indian maid,
Of grim Inquisitors in Spain
And 'our hero' unafraid.

"The tale of Ralph, the Cavalier,
And Roundhead Ruth, his bride,
And last, the book of Emmy dear,
Who was too good and died."

"But what of Beauty and the Beast,
The Babies in the Wood,
Of Cinderella, or, at least,
Little Red Riding-Hood?"

"Their names I rather think I've heard,"
The little maid replied,
"But have not found a single word
Of how they lived and died."

"When little girls tell fibs," said I,
"They do not go to heaven."
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "They are but seven."

FROM GHENT TO AIX M. W. P. NEW YORK SUN

I sprang to the front seat; and Boris and D—,
Jerked wide the controller—as did all of us three.
"Hi," yelled the gens d'armes, as they fell back
aghast;
"Hi," echoed the walls back to us whirling past:
For speed regulations we cared not a sou—
'Twas the prize of the Auto Club we had in view.

Not a word to each other; we kept the swift pace,
Wheel to wheel, hub to hub, never changing our
place.

Ere I settled myself I first tested the brake;
Next the tiller ('tis well such precautions to take);
Yet the while, tho' they strenuous strove to
defeat her,
My gamesome Green Ghoul never yielded a meter.

'Twas six as we started (six A.M., of course—
Too soon for the betting to start on the Bourse)
And it was twelve minutes past, or rather 12.10,
As we shot thro' the first town, I think Lakeren.
(Its street is as crooked as a B-flat cornet
So that twenty per hour's the best one can get.)

Boom, Duffel and Aerschot were all passed on time,
When just as we heard in the distance the chime
Of Mechlin Cathedral strike quarter of seven,
I heard D— exclaim in a vexed tone, "Good
Heaven!"
(His language, in fact, was much stronger than that)
And there was his right-hand front tire quite flat!

And now there were two of us, Boris and I,
Eyes burning, heads throbbing, and throats parched
and dry,
Each jolt of the car like a snickersnee's thrust,
Each breath that we drew filled our lungs full of
dust.
But little we recked of details of that sort,
We would suffer a thousand times more for the
Sport!

We had run down some ten, and still Boris sat tight.
But just as the smokestacks of Aix rose to sight,
His tiller got jammed and he shot off the course.
And so I rode on with the record, perforce.
And I couldn't but think as they gave me the prize,
How the world since that chap Browning wrote
had grown wise.

AN OMAR FOR LADIES . . . JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM . HARPER'S

One for her Club and her own Latch-key fights,
Another wastes in Study her good Nights,
Ah, take the Clothes and let the Culture go,
Nor heed the grumble of the Women's Rights!

Look at the Shopgirl all about us—"Lo,
The Wages of a month," she says, "I blow
In to a hat, and when my hair is waved,
Doubtless my Friend will take me to the Show."

And she who saved her coin for Flannels red,
And she who caught Pneumonia instead,
Will both be Underground in Fifty Years,
And Prudence pays no Premium to the dead.

Th' exclusive Style you set your heart upon
Gets to the Bargain counters—and anon
Like monograms on a Saleslady's tie
Cheers but a moment—soon for you 'tis gone.

Think, in the sad Four Hundred's gilded halls,
Whose endless Leisure ev'n themselves appalls,
How Ping-pong raged so high—then faded out
To those far Suburbs that still chase its Balls.

They say Sixth Avenue and the Bowery keep
The *dernier cri* that once was far from cheap;
Green Veils, one season *chic*—Department stores
Mark down in vain—no profit shall they reap.

THE BURNING ISSUE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Break, break, break,
Firewood on my poor, sore knee,
And no tongue on earth can utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Ah, well for the far-sighted man
Who filled up his bin in the spring;
Ah, well for the prophet and seer
Who stored ere old prices took wing.

And the winter's frost steals on
From its haven in northern hills,
But, oh, for the warmth of a glowing stove
And a respite from ague pills.

Mine! mine! quick!
The coal that is good to see;
For all the gas stoves in all this world
Cannot take this chill from me.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE NEW YORK WORLD

Full stalwart rose Horatius Smith; the hour was
growing late.
"Now, who," said he "will strive with me to pass
the western gate
Home to our waiting wives and weans by far Go-
wanus shore?
Aye, who will stand at either hand and try the
Bridge once more?"

Then out spake Hans, the copying clerk, a Pome-
ranian wight:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand, nor falter in
the fight."
And Larry Hughes, of Antrim, cried from the
cashier's cage:
"Upon thy left thou'lt need my heft; thus let the
battle rage!"

The three drew near the turmoil and looked upon
their foes;
And a frightening din of conflict from the mighty
throng arose.
Yet not a moment stayed they—now heaven defend
the brave!—
But butted in resolved to win a victory or the grave.

A great array from Bensonhurst withstood their
coming stout,
Till a short-arm jolt of Larry's laid the foremost
champion out.
And men that clung like bees about a Putnam-
Halsey car
Hans in his might biffed left and right, a fair-haired
god of war.

But most did brave Horatius approve his valor
true.
Full many a staid typewriter maid he buffeted and
slew.
And men from Cork and East New York fell by
his puissant fist;
He trod upon their cracking ribs. Who, who could
long resist?

Not long the brunt of battle could stay their fierce
attack;
Those behind yelled "Forward!" and those ahead
shrieked "Back!"
They faltered not nor stayed them; like thunder-
bolts of war
With mighty thews strove Hans and Hughes to
gain a Court Street car.

One moment stood Horatius, but constant still in
mind;
His dinner was before him, a host of foes behind.
And fain to reach the moving car as slowly out
it swung
He strangle-gripped a man who slipped, and in
his stead he clung.

And on that night in winter, the while the north
wind blew,
There was joy in old Gowanus, 'cause Horatius got
through.
Though rent with many gaping wounds, battered,
hurt and sore,
He 'lowed with pride he'd almost died, but he'd
bucked that Bridge once more.

Among the Plants: Garden, Field and Forest

Edited by Robert Blight

Every civilized nation appears to have a style of gardening peculiarly its own. This is very evident to visitors to the European continent, who note the difference between the gardens of the several countries they may visit. The French, the Italian and the Dutch stand pre-eminently at the head of the European styles, and each differs markedly from that Old English fashion which still rules in England and which was introduced into this country by the colonists from that land. Landscape gardening, with its utilization of natural scenery, is largely an English development, while the continental styles are much more formal and artificial. Some of the most famous gardens in Great Britain possess specimens of each of the characteristic styles of Europe, and thus it is possible to make a comparison of the charms of each. There is little doubt that the palm must be given to the Old English garden with its vast variety, its freedom from formality, its quaint nooks and sunny borders, and its close imitation of nature. Still, other styles have their own attractions, and the following passage well describes some of those met with in the Italian:

SOME ITALIAN GARDENS. RICHARD DAVEY. THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

There is no more restful sort of existence than that which can be passed in one of the great Roman, Florentine or Genoese villas. Everybody rises with the sun; and after a light collation, and mass in the chapel which so picturesquely replaces the temple to the household gods of the classical villa, comes a stroll in the enchanted gardens, where you find in May and June a wealth of flowers such as the wildest northern imagination cannot conceive—walls concealed for hundreds of yards by a veritable Niagara of Banksia roses intermingled with the trumpet vine, the delicate purple bougainvillea, the dainty lilac wistaria, and the star jasmine. Then come the great flower-beds, somewhat neglected and weed-grown, but nevertheless overflowing with every sort and variety of rose and lily, and the long, stately avenues of ilex, with their rather forlorn population of Olympian deities, whose nudity is quaintly draped in lichens, or veiled in tender green maiden-hair fern.

In most of these old villa gardens there are mighty tanks of the purest water, covered with weeds, it is true, but also with water-lilies, and generally presided over by some

moss-grown water-god or other, who in more flourishing times had sufficient strength to send high up into the air a stately crystal column, but now, being decrepit, he only lets it drip lazily from one great conch shell to another, just to ruffle the surface of the pool. Sometimes, by a chance, these fountains are in excellent repair, and can still send up a lofty spout of foaming water, or tumble it in natural cascades down a flight of artificial steps. In the open glades stand old altars, upon which centuries ago the sacrificial smoke rose to gods whose very names are forgotten. Here is a semi-circle of terminal figures, forming a stately amphitheater, backed by an impenetrable laurel hedge. There is a long vista of woodpath, crossed here and there by broad bands of sunshine. Huge vases, full of geraniums and roses, stand at intervals along the terraces, and orange trees, heavy with their golden lamps, flourish luxuriantly in the colossal terra-cotta pots that alternate with busts of gods and heroes at intervals up the broad grass-grown steps. A real Italian garden is, in short, a quaint combination of art and nature, in which nature, after a time, is allowed to have sway and run riot at her wildest. Hence the inevitable failure of the Italian garden when transplanted to the north. In England it is kept altogether too tidy; the terminal figures must be spick and span, no fern draperies may cover the marble nudity of the statues, and the sight of a weed or a blade of grass on a stairway or terrace would disturb the gardeners.

LIFE IN THE HOUSE

When the sun gets too hot in Italy and one has to hurry indoors, the blinds are drawn and the shutters closed, but the windows are kept open, so that the air from the sea or mountain filters in, keeping the lofty frescoed chambers deliciously cool. Dinner is served at twelve o'clock, an abundant and succulent meal, generally of fish, eggs and fowl, very little or no meat, washed down by native wines, and ending by a feast of peaches and icy-cold figs.

Then comes the siesta, when the silence in the house is only broken by the cheerful chirrup of the cicada, or wood-cricket, in the trees outside. Sometimes a huge tiger butterfly sails into the room from the outer world, or a big metallic beetle flops against the wall and tumbles onto the marble pavement, where it lies glittering like a big emerald in a ray of sunshine, and none so energetic as to pick it up. A novel and a doze in this dreary atmosphere is more enjoyable and restful than words can tell. At five we are all up again and doing. If we are English we have tea, whilst the Italians eat fruit and sweetmeats and sip Rosolio. When the heat has gone we can play in the tennis-court, or catch fish in the pools, or climb rather wearily through the hot olive woods up to the top of the mountain at the back of the house, and watch the sun set over one of the landscapes which Turner alone has been able to reproduce. Supper we have on the terrace, whence we can watch myriads of fireflies glittering like a terrestrial firmament in the flower-beds below. Alas! there are drawbacks, and very serious ones. The glorious old tanks and fountains are the birth-places of the wicked mosquito, who, as night advances, makes his presence only too irritatingly felt. Then the nightingales, all enchanting as they are, can sometimes form an orchestra that, in addition to the frogs, is sufficiently loud to awaken the proverbial seven sleepers. Somehow one gets accustomed in time to anything, and, after all, the net curtains may keep the mosquitos out, and ultimately one ends by missing the croak of the frogs and the shrill silvery cadence of "Venus's simple birds."

MOONLIGHT IN THE GARDEN

No words can describe the marvelous beauty of a moonlight in a Roman villa garden. It is no "pale moonlight," such as Sir Walter Scott has immortalized, and which converted Melrose's fair ruins to ebony and silver, but a golden mellow glow that gilds rather than silvers all objects upon which it falls, and obliterates from them every trace of age and decay, so that the forlorn statues in the long ilex avenues gleam again in all their pristine whiteness. The steps leading up to the villa itself seem as clear cut as they were on the day they were laid, and you can count the huge terra-cotta vases, brim full of roses and geraniums, which outline the terraces, and, if your eyes are good enough, read the smallest printed edition of your Petrarch or Tasso.

All this is very beautiful, but the lover of flowers does not simply luxuriate in the *dolce far niente*. He longs for close communion with the objects of his affection, and for this nothing can serve his purpose so well as the old-fashioned garden with its borders and beds full of the old-fashioned flowers. Every garden should have such a spot. Did you ever sit down with pencil in hand during the winter months and, making a plan of your garden, dream of what the effect would be if you had certain plants in certain places? Such dreams are pleasant by the fireside, but great is the joy when the planting brings the fruition. You can prepare a scheme which will evolve into a picture of surpassing beauty if you consider habit, color, height and season. And in such a plan the hardy plants must assuredly have a conspicuous place—plants than will not only afford pleasure for a single season only, but become old friends to be welcomed each year. The growth of such in favor is a wholesome indication of a real love for gardening, and the following plea for them will be read by many with sincere delight:

A PLEA FOR HARDY PLANTS.....J. WILKINSON ELLIOTT*

The great advantages of gardening with hardy plants and shrubs are so apparent, as compared with tender bedding plants, that it seems a waste of time and words to make any argument in favor of one and against the other; but the argument is needed as much as ever, for it is an undeniable fact that nine-tenths of the ornamental gardening in America is still done with a few commonplace and uninteresting bedding plants. Think of the pity of it, that all this enormous annual expenditure should be wasted—an expenditure that leaves our gardens in the fall exactly as it found them in the spring—bare earth, and nothing in it. Is it because the people prefer bedding plants to hardy ones? You who know hardy plants know that this is not so. Who would prefer, let us say, a bed of coleuses or geraniums to a fine group of rhododendrons, or azaleas, or *Lilium auratum*, or Japanese anemones, or to the hundreds of fine things to be had in hardy shrubs and plants? Any one of these has a beauty incomparably greater than can be produced with the most lavish use of bedding plants. Then the bedding plants are a yearly expense, while an investment in hardy plants and shrubs returns the investor an annual dividend in increased size and loveliness. Every dollar spent for them secures a permanent addition to the garden, and the time soon comes when the annual outlay can be devoted entirely to care and culture.

I know a gentleman who carried a fine stalk of *Lilium auratum* flowers into the office of one of the largest business houses in our city.

*From A Plea for Hardy Plants. J. Wilkinson Elliott. N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.60

Not a man in the office knew what it was, and all were unwilling to believe that it grew in his garden. They supposed it to be some rare and costly flower grown in a conservatory. Yet these lilies, and dozens of other things as fine, can now be bought as cheaply as bedding plants.

The people do not prefer bedding plants to hardy ones. They have no choice in the matter. They buy what the local florist offers and what they see in their neighbors' gardens. They are not sufficiently interested to make inquiries. They do not read the gardening papers; and, with few exceptions, the managers of the city parks, who should be educators of the people in gardening, are content with what might be called an annual pyrotechnical display of bedding plants, as it is of such short duration and little artistic value.

The popularity of bedding plants is happily on the wane. It occurs to almost everybody after a time that they do not get much for their money when they buy this sort of material; but I cannot say that hardy plants are gaining much. There is no considerable effort made to attract the public attention to their merits; and when some man, more enterprising than his neighbors, does take the trouble to hunt them up and do his gardening with them, the result is not always happy. He is very apt to use them as he would bedding plants—that is, in formal beds cut out of the grass of the lawn. Of course, hardy plants do not lend themselves to this treatment, and it is one of their greatest merits that they do not. Better no flowers at all than that the lawn should be cut up in formal beds for their accommodation.

THE MERITS OF HARDY PLANTS

An objection often urged against hardy plants is their short duration of bloom, but this is really one of their greatest merits. Let us consider the garden that depends exclusively upon bedding plants for its decoration. It is usually the first of June before they can be planted, and it is well into July before they are effective; often by the end of September they are killed by frost, and every day during their short season of three months they are as unchanging in appearance as the carpets in our houses, and about as interesting. On the contrary, the well-planned and well-planted gardens of hardy plants begins its season with earliest spring and terminates it not with the first light frosts of fall, but when

November brings some real winter weather, and then goes to rest only to delight us afresh with the coming of another spring. Almost every day throughout its long season the hardy garden is changing with the changes of the season, something new is coming into bloom, and before it becomes monotonous its season is over and its place taken by some other flower equally beautiful and interesting but entirely different. Our garden is never tiresome; its past is a pleasant memory, its future a delightful anticipation, and its bloom an accurate calendar of the seasons. Is this true, or only fanciful writing? It is true, every word of it—hard but pleasant facts.

SPRING FLOWERS

Snowdrops are in bloom with the first pleasant weather in spring; some springs they are in bloom during the first week in March. They are quickly followed by scillas and crocuses, and then comes the season of tulips and narcissi, with their countless varieties. What a variety of form in the narcissi! What a wealth of color in the tulips! Their season is fully a month, and before it is done the early flowering herbaceous plants are showing bloom and the flowering shrubs have begun a display that will end only with fall. By May scores of hardy shrubs and plants are in bloom—creeping phloxes, columbines, doronicums, Oriental poppies, German and Siberian irises, and in shrubs, lilacs, early spiræas, Japan quinces, magnolias, and Mollis and Ghent azaleas. We must not forget the hardy climbers, of which the clematis, in its numerous splendid varieties, covers a season of fully six months, and with which alone a most charming and interesting garden could be made.

SUMMER FLOWERS

June brings such a wealth of bloom that we are at a loss as to what to use and what to reject. Rhododendrons in many varieties and colors, kalmias, *Lilium candidum* and *elegans*, and hardy roses are the flowers, perhaps, that hold the greatest share of our admiration at this season, and if June gave us hardy roses alone, our garden should be satisfactory. The memory of a fine collection of hardy roses in full bloom is worth more than all the ribbon- and carpet-beds ever devised; and in saying this it is with full knowledge of the much advertised rolls of carpet, vases, worlds of flowers, etc., which some parks exhibit to a wondering world. After the glorious beauty of June we might be content to have our

garden tame for a month or two. But there is no need for tameness. At the beginning of July the magnificent Japanese irises are in bloom, than which there is nothing finer. Wealthy men build and maintain glass-houses at great expense to shelter things not half so fine. After the irises come the Japanese lilies, and with a little management these will give a brave show of bloom throughout the summer and fall until frost comes. To carry us through the summer we have also tall phloxes yuccas, rudbeckias, gaillardias, tiger lilies, lollyhocks—single and double—campanulas *Rosa rugosa*, day lilies, altheas, hydrangeas, tamarix, hardy sunflowers, bocconias, boltonias, the splendid tall delphiniums, and the curious and beautiful *Liatris pycnostachya*, which attracts all the butterflies in the neighborhood. These and many other lovely things give a succession of beauty throughout the summer days.

AUTUMN FLOWERS

And when fall comes we have still some of the best flowers in reserve, notably the Japanese anemone and the old-fashioned and really hardy chrysanthemums. The flower of both these good things will endure the early frosts and early snow-storms and delight us with a show of bloom on such sunshiny days as we may be favored with in late fall.

It may be thought that to win my admiration a flower must be hardy. Nothing of the sort. Certainly the basis of all good outdoor gardening must be hardy material; but the skillful gardener or amateur will find a place for milder plants, and especially for the so-called blooming bulbs, such as gladioli, dahlias, and tuberous begonias, all of which are easily wintered in any dwelling house. He will even find a place for the new large-flowered cannas, but that place is not in isolated beds on the lawn. I have seen them used to the best advantage in small groups in the margin of shrubbery, where the full benefit of their really fine coloring was attained, but their stiness and ungracefulness concealed. And than any fine annuals that are so cheaply and easily raised from seeds are not to be overlooked—*Phlox Drummondii*, Shirley poppies, sweet peas, asters, calliopsis, are all fine, and I am bound to confess that there are but few things among hardy plants that I admire more than a mass of tall nasturtiums. The garden's hardy plants are within the reach of the ablest gardener, yet it will satisfy the dream of the most ambitious; and the

finest show places of America and Europe are devoted almost exclusively to hardy material.

These are weighty words and indicate a movement that has been going on for some time, and not without success. The supremacy of the old bedding system is passing away, and, judging from catalogues of florists who make a specialty of hardy plants, the demand for these is increasing rapidly. One advantage of a garden of hardy plants, not alluded to in the above passage, appeals to one very strongly. It is the inducement which a large and constant succession of flowers offers for the study of botany and folk-lore of plants. No one who wanders among such blooms can resist the desire to know something about them beyond their adaptability to the decoration of our gardens. The following is an instance of the interesting information which such a study involves:

THE STORY OF THE DAHLIA HOME AND FLOWERS

The dahlia, as we know it, is a work of art, like its near relative, the chrysanthemum, and many other "florists' flowers." In 1784, Vincent Cervantes, director of the botanical garden of the city of Mexico, sent to Cavanilles, the director of the Madrid botanical garden, a plant unknown to botanists. It was a tall, spindly affair, with nodding little flowers, each of which had a yellow central disk surrounded by five or six red or orange petals. Cavanilles called it *Dahlia*, in honor of the recently deceased Swedish botanist, Dahl. But when the plant came to Germany, where the name dahlia had already been given to another plant, the botanist Willdenow conferred upon the newcomer the name *Georgina*, by which name it has been universally known in Germany until within recent years. This name was given in honor, not of George III. of England, as has been commonly assumed, but of a Russian explorer named Georgi. Dahlias were great rarities in Europe until Humboldt and Bonpland brought back a quantity of seed on their return from Mexico.

Botanists and gardeners soon noticed the extraordinary facility with which the color of the flowers could be varied, and their interest increased when the first double dahlia was produced in 1808. Then arose a keen rivalry in the production of new varieties of form and color among the English and German florists. Prizes amounting to hundreds of dollars were offered for the finest new sorts. In Germany, as recently as the '70's, three or four dollars were sometimes paid for one flower. The English florists took the lead in the development of the dahlia until about 1835, after which they were hard pressed by the Germans. In 1836 one of the latter exhibited 200 varieties, mostly of his own production.

Scientific Progress and Endeavor

POPP-BRANLY AERIAL TELEGRAPH SYSTEMS SCIENTIFIC AM.

An aerial telegraphy project of unusual interest is now being organized in Paris. It is the intention to establish a subscriber system which will cover the whole city, and the subscribers will be kept posted as to all the important news of the day. A company has been formed for the purpose, which company is headed by Victor Popp, a prominent engineer and director of compressed air and electric lighting systems in Paris; with him is associated Dr. Edouard Branly, whose work in aerial telegraphy is too well known to be dwelt upon. This company has already installed a station at its headquarters, Place de la Madeleine, and two others at the newspaper offices of the Figaro and Journal, besides a third at the Agence Havas, near the Bourse. For some months past messages have been regularly sent between these posts, and there seems to be no question as to the practical operation of the system. Dr. Branly's new improved instruments are used and the masts are mounted on the roofs of the buildings.

The execution of the subscriber system will no doubt be carried out shortly. For this purpose a main transmitting station will be established in a central locality, perhaps near the Bourse. This post will have ample telegraph and telephone facilities for receiving the news of all the important events of the day. As the news is received, the central post will transmit it in turn by aerial telegraphy to a series of receiving stations distributed throughout the city and suburbs. From these cyclist messengers will carry the news to the subscribers' houses say every half hour. Thus the subscribers will be kept posted on all the leading events both of home and foreign news, stock quotations, markets, etc. The relatively small cost will place the system within the means of many persons. The system will be especially valuable for hotels, clubs, cafés, etc., which are to have bulletin boards for posting the news. The utility of such a system will be at once apparent, for it will greatly further the business interests of the city.

Besides the Paris system, the company has a number of other projects under way. It is expected to establish a system of maritime

posts all around the coast of France in order to communicate with vessels. At present two such posts are being erected on the north coast, one at Cape Gris Nez and a second at Cap de la Hague. Others will follow, and finally it is expected to cover the whole north and west coasts, as well as those of the Mediterranean. Later on the system will be extended to the French possessions in Africa, along the north coast from Algiers to Tunis, and also on the west coast. It is proposed also to connect Madagascar with the mainland and from thence by telegraph with the north. M. Popp and Lieutenant Monteil have a project for connecting Tunis with Lake Tchad across the Sahara by a succession of aerial telegraphy stations. The Lake Tchad station will connect to the projected telegraph lines extending to the existing Niger and the Congo systems.

THE NATURE OF HALLUCINATIONS . . F. LEGGE . LONDON ACADEMY

Subject to the caution that all psychologists do not agree as to the nature of hallucinations, it may be said that they are best defined as deceptions of the senses. The only difference that has yet been discovered between true sense-perception or the normal exercise of the senses and hallucinations is that in the first case the object seen, heard, or felt actually exists; while, in the other, it does not. So, to put a fairly familiar case, the sufferer from alcoholic delirium sees rats, dogs, and snakes all around him, although there is nothing there. Yet we know that in this case there can be no effect immediately produced on the retina, and that the brain must therefore be influenced in some other way than in the normal manner through the optic nerve. It should be noted also that exactly the same thing takes place in dreams. How this can be is really the problem that we have to solve.

In order to do so, we may look first at some statistics lately collected by the Society for Psychical Research. According to the report presented by them to their subscribers, they issued a "questionnaire" (no English word so exactly expresses the meaning) to a great many people asking whether the questioned had ever, when completely awake, had a "vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object or of hearing

a voice, which impression was not due to any external physical cause." To this inquiry they received some twenty-four thousand answers saying that the questioned never had such a vivid impression and only three thousand from people who admitted that they had. Of the three thousand cases thus reported—I am taking as round figures as possible—by far the greater number were visual or deceptions of the sense of seeing, these being more than twice as numerous as the auditory hallucinations which came next, while these last again were more than double the number of the tactile hallucinations or deceptions of the sense of touch. It follows, therefore, that while only about eleven per cent. of the questioned confessed to hallucinations of any kind, more than one-half of the hallucinated saw, or thought that they saw, things which were not actually there. Of these visual hallucinations about one-third concerned themselves with apparitions of living persons known to the hallucinated, about half that number with visions of dead acquaintances, and only a very small proportion—something like twelve in a thousand—with apparitions of a religious kind. After making every allowance for the unwillingness of persons to speak of the illusory visions they have experienced, it seems that the subject of an hallucination is more often than not the apparition of a person well known to the observer.

This seems to me an extremely significant fact, when we consider what it is that takes place in our consciousness when we, as we say, recognize any one. The act is, in the great majority of cases, not an act of perception, but of memory. The first time that we meet again a person whom we have met but once before, but who has made no very deep impression upon us, most of us go through a more or less prolonged period of hesitation until some hitherto unnoticed feature or some trick of gesture give us the clue to the identification we are seeking. But the process is in any ordinary case unconscious, because we have not on the first occasion of meeting the stranger expected to come across him again, and have therefore not closely noted his peculiarities of form or manner. On the other hand, when it is in the daily practise of the observer to note the way by which the observed may be recognized in the second interview, it is astonishing how quickly and unerringly the act of recognition is made. There are hall-porters in London clubs who are said to have never made a mistake in the identity of a member, and

the same gift is generally acquired by the sergeant-major of a regiment, to the great disgust of re-enlisting recruits. And, although the comparison may seem to fall below the exuberant loyalty of the hour, the same faculty is said to be generally possessed by kings. That unconscious memory plays the greatest part in the production of hallucinations seems, therefore, antecedently probable, and this coincides well enough with what we otherwise know about the nature of memory itself. As I have before said in these columns, memory is an attribute which the cells which make up the body of man share with inanimate nature, and the nerves and brain retain for a greater or less length of time the impress of all objects with which they have been brought into connection. When anything happens to arouse the memory thus stored up within the apparatus of thought, the machinery is again set going as a tuning fork vibrates to a particular note. But of all the organs of the body, the eye is that which receives most incessantly the greatest number of varying impressions and transmits them to the brain, and it is not perhaps unnatural to conclude that it is the visual apparatus which is most likely under abnormal circumstances to give forth the impressions which it has received irregularly or in the wrong order. We may even suppose, without any great violation of probability, that it is the neurons especially concerned with sight which are at once the recipients and storehouses of the impressions received by the retina, and that under the influence of some abnormal activity or derangement, they themselves reproduce these impressions as if in response to an external stimulus. Without making any dogmatic assertion on a subject which is hardly likely to be for some time submitted to the test of direct experiment, it may be thought that in like manner can be explained the cause of all hallucinations or deceptions of the senses of hearing and touch.

Those who thus think will certainly find many confirmations of this proposition in the history of the hallucinations of the hysterical and neurotic. During the Middle Ages, when stories of heaven and hell, of miracles, witchcraft, and devils formed the mental stimulus of all but a fraction of the population, the hallucinations recorded all fall into line with a regularity which is simply astonishing. In the witch-trials that form the records of what was perhaps the most terrible superstition which has ever darkened the earth, confession follows confession with such monotony as to

lead to the theory—for which there is otherwise no evidence—that they must have always been dictated by the judges. At the present day it is, as most people unfortunate enough to be thrown into contact with the insane know well, the telephone and the electric machine which have replaced in the visions of diseased minds the place once occupied by the Sabbath and the grimoire. In all these cases, it is plain that the hallucination is the reproduction of some pictorial or verbal description stored up within the brain and brought out again without any conscious effort. Never, perhaps, does the mind of man show more thoroughly its material nature and dependence than when it fancies it has emancipated itself from the thralldom of matter.

GERMAN BRIQUETTES THE AGE OF STEEL

Prepared fuel is becoming an important factor, not only in the abatement of the smoke nuisance in some German cities, but in the economics of heat production. According to a recent Consular Report, there were in operation in Germany, at the close of 1900, eighty-nine manufactories of fuel briquettes, some of which have a yearly output of more than 100,000 tons. These briquette works are divided in respect to the material employed into two general classes, those which make briquettes from brown coal or carbonized peat, with or without the addition of a bituminous matrix or binder, and those which use as a basic material coal dust or slack—the waste of soft coal mines. In the manufacture of briquettes from brown coal, the lignite is crushed, moistened with water to the consistency of mortar, then passed through the machine, which, by compression under heat, develops the bitumen in the material and renders the mass so plastic and adhesive that it molds rapidly into smooth, glistening briquettes of a black or dark-brown color, which are practically smokeless, and leave after combustion a reddish-brown ash. All processes of this kind are based upon the fact that lignite is a vegetable coal of more recent formation and, therefore, of less perfectly carbonized structure than anthracite or bituminous coal. The process employed in France and Germany has long passed the experimental stage and become a standard industry. What is known as peat-coal requires more artificial preparation to produce a high-class fuel; hence the several more or less successful patented processes for carbonizing peat into so-called peat-coal, an artificial product which can be either

used in irregular lumps or molded into briquettes.

What is known as the Stauber process for drying moist substances was first brought to notice in connection with peat-coal manufacture in 1901, when the Imperial Testing Station announced, as a result of experiments made with peat briquettes, made by the Stauber system, that they contained 45.14 per cent. of fixed carbon, 4.54 per cent. hydrogen, 29.34 per cent. oxygen, and 9.09 per cent. ash, and had a thermal value of 3.806 calorics. This system includes a process for rapidly drying the moist peat by means of heated and compressed air within a closed chamber or channel communicating with conduit pipes in such a manner that heated air can be forced through the drying channel and cold air through the outlet pipe, the effect being that the cold air quickly absorbs the hot, saturated air out of the drying chamber, and condenses it in the conduit pipes, thus greatly stimulating the process of evaporation by which the peat is dried. The drying machine is in cylindrical boiler form and of a size to conveniently produce five tons of dried peat per day. In a large plant this unit would be simply repeated, as a number of machines can be worked with air currents generated by the same engine. The peat-coal produced can be used for locomotive or other fuel raw, or it can be coked, and produces a coke wholly free from sulphur and as valuable as charcoal for certain industrial purposes. The cost of such a plant, with a capacity of fifty tons of peat briquettes per day, would be \$39,270, including buildings, machinery, steam engine and fixtures, and means of transporting material and product.

The Schoening-Fritz process for making artificial coal and briquettes by carbonizing dried peat is an elaboration by a German engineer of a system used with more or less success in Norway. The process consists in compressing dried peat between hot rollers, by which it is simultaneously carbonized and transformed into coal. These briquettes are coal black in color, firm in structure, glazed on the surface, clean as wood to handle, easily kindled, and practically smokeless when burned in an ordinary grate or stove.

Another process, the value of which has been fully established by experience, is in practical operation at Munich and other places. The peculiar feature of this system is that by it black, dense briquettes of high caloric value are made from peat without the application of heat—simply through the action of kneading

and drying. This peat-coal can be sawed, planed, and even polished like cannel coal. If Americans are really interested in the subject, says Consul-General Mason, there is no need of risking any large sums of money in uncertain experiments. They can start at the point of technical knowledge which Europeans have reached after many years of experience.

"TELEGRAPHING" PHOTOGRAPHS..... NEW YORK PRESS

A few years ago a suggestion that pictures—not mere outline indications, but half-tone drawings, as perfect almost in their details as photographs themselves—could be transmitted by wire as easily as messages in words, would have been ranked with the mythical imaginings of an Arabian Nights' dreamer. Yet this can be done, and, while the results at present attainable will undoubtedly be vastly improved upon, they are even now astonishing and revolutionary.

The electrograph is the invention of two young men, H. R. Palmer, a graduate of Cornell University, now a mechanical engineer of Cleveland, Ohio, and Thomas Mills, a practical engineer of the same city. In its present stage it represents five years of patient study and experiment by the young inventors.

By its means half-tone photographs were, during the past week, transmitted by wire a distance of a thousand miles—further than between New York and Chicago. The time occupied in sending the drawings varied between six and fifteen minutes, according to the nature and size of the drawing. Pictures of the interiors of buildings, of street and water scenes, etc., where the details of the object are more drawn out, require a longer time, just as a long-word message takes more minutes than a short one.

The method by which the transmission is accomplished is extremely simple. The photograph which is to be sent by wire is first reproduced on half-tone plates through a coarse meshed screen, and the zinc plate then bent around the electrograph's cylinder. The action of this cylinder, by the way, is reversible; that is, it becomes, with a change in the character of the recording point, a receiver as well as a sender. The plate which is bent around the sending cylinder is flooded (after having the photograph reproduced upon it) with melted wax, and then rubbed to a smooth surface. The wax insulates the depressions, leaving the other parts of the plate exposed. The operator then closes his key.

So much for the sending part of the electrograph. The receiving instrument has white paper wrapped around its cylinder. The closed circuit at the sending end starts the machine working automatically, and a fine, steel stylus proceeds to trace a spiral upon the zinc plate, the wax dots on the plate from which the drawing is being sent rapidly breaking the circuit and causing electrical pulsations upon the connecting wire. These pulsations are recorded upon the receivers by special electro magnets actuating steel pens, which trace corresponding spirals on the recording paper.

These spirals, broken into dots similar to the waxed depressions in the plates, build themselves up automatically, and the picture rapidly unfolds itself, composed of thousands of dots. The result is thus an exact copy of the zinc plate hundreds of miles away, which is itself a perfect half-tone of the original picture. There is said to be no limit to the number of pictures which can thus be made from the same plate.

Speaking of the discovery, Allen S. Williams, who conducted the experiments, said that the hardest task which the inventors had to solve was the synchronizing, or equalizing, the motions of the two distant cylinders. This difficulty had, however, been successfully surmounted, and except for greater smoothness of execution, which would naturally come from further use of the machines, the apparatus was now practically perfect.

Where and whenever a telegraph or a telephone message can be sent, Mr. Williams declared, the electrograph will transmit pictures, and the operator may instantly, if he wishes, cut out the picture service and send a word message, resuming "electrographing" at will. The expense of operating the instrument is the same as an ordinary telegraphic service. An immediate requisition for a picture, map or design of any kind which exists can be supplied as quickly as the object can be procured and put on the wire.

As an indication of the importance which is attached to the new method as a means for the detection of criminals, it is stated that Chief Wilkie, of the United States Secret Service at Washington, is arranging for an immediate installation of the instruments in all the principal cities for the use of the Detective Bureau. This, it is believed, will be followed soon by similar action on the part of the cities themselves.

Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

HEARING OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.....MEDICAL TIMES

At a special meeting of the Otological Society of the United Kingdom, held on April 14, of this year, the report of Mr. Arthur Cheate on the examination of the ears of a thousand school children was read. Out of this number the ears were normal in only 432—or under 50 per cent. Middle-ear disease was that with which the majority were affected, the numbers being—external ear, 49; middle ear, 518, and internal ear, 1. The test used by Mr. Cheate was the whispered voice at eighteen feet, and the hearing was found to be more or less deficient in 520. Eighty-seven children were found to be suffering from chronic middle-ear suppuration. Of these children 71 had adenoids. The number of cases of deafness from post-suppurative conditions was 247, and of these 171 had adenoids. There were 166 cases of non-suppurative middle-ear deafness; of these 141 had adenoids. Adenoids were present in 434 children, and of these aural trouble was present in 394. Only 40 had normal ears.

THE STERILIZATION OF UNDERCLOTHINGLONDON HOSPITAL

In a recent number of Lyons Medical attention is drawn to the frequency of cutaneous eruptions among the children at certain crèches. These eruptions took the form of boils, pustules, and erythematous rashes, and for several years had been very prevalent at the Crèche de la Charité. The use of antiseptics in the form of lotions and ointments had failed to stay the outbreak. The plan was then tried of using sterilized cloth for dressing the children, and at once an improvement in their condition manifested itself. The infection ceased to spread to new cases except on portions of the scalp, and the use of the sterilized caps soon put a stop to this, while, so far as the children already affected were concerned, they began to improve from the day on which the treatment was commenced. The matter is of some interest, and one can hardly avoid asking what is meant by the sterilization of under-linen? Surely it must mean that it is boiled. It used to be, and perhaps still is, the custom in France to wash clothes in cold running water, a plan by which, however thoroughly they may be lathered and rubbed and beaten, they certainly are not sterilized.

Years ago a virulent outbreak of puerperal fever in one of the London lying-in hospitals was traced to the manner in which the linen of the establishment was dealt with. It was washed, undoubtedly, but it was not boiled, and on its return, in a more or less damp condition, it was stored in a warm closet wherein it was imagined to be "aired." The result was that the cupboard acted as an incubator in which the infection remaining in this damp linen flourished exceedingly, with results which were disastrous. In this case, as probably in the case reported from Lyons, we had an instance of the evil consequences of not thoroughly sterilizing the underclothing. The moral is sufficiently obvious. How then about woolen materials which, lest they should shrink, are merely washed in tepid water? If this were done at home there might not, perhaps, be much to say on the subject, but how about mixing woolen underclothes, fresh from the skins of scores of unknown people, in one common tub, and then, without any pretense at sterilization, returning them to their respective owners? That woolen underwear is comfortable, and that in certain cases it affords a degree of protection from chill which cannot be obtained from any other form of clothing we fully admit. We must not, however, shut our eyes to the risks involved in the co-operative washing of clothes, the texture of which does not admit of their being sterilized by exposure to a high temperature.

NEED OF AN AMERICAN "D. P. H.".....MEDICAL NEWS

The progressive application of the ever-widening principles of sanitary science demands training which our medical schools do not now provide. In England the candidate for "D. P. H." is instructed in the statute laws relating to public health, and he becomes familiar with the adulterations and contaminations of food, as well as with the means for their detection. He studies water supplies and their regulation; the principles of hospital, dwelling, and factory construction, ventilation, drainage, and sewerage; the problems of school hygiene, trade nuisances, the diseases of animals in relation to the health of man, methods of dealing with epidemic contagious diseases, meteorology, and vital statistics. The mere

enumeration of these branches of instruction suffices to make evident our own need.

The functions of the modern board of health are legislative, judicial, and executive. Not all branches of sanitary work demand medical training, but for many such training is indispensable. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the control of departments of sanitation will remain generally in the hands of physicians without any effort on the part of the profession to retain such control. The education of the physician furnishes the best foundation for such work, but it must not be forgotten that the engineer, the chemist, the bacteriologist, are also in the field. In large centers of population the co-operation of these experts is necessary. They, no less than physicians, are men of general education and broad ideas, and their claims to leadership will command increasing respect if superior technical training is not made available for their medical rivals.

A recent work on municipal sanitation, from the pen of an engineer, declares that "the bacteriologist, the chemist, the engineer, the intelligent school principal, and a growing body of laymen, understand the need of health protection and the methods necessary to that end, quite as fully as the physician, while their grasp of the subject is often more comprehensive and more in accord with modern ideas." There is an element of truth in this statement. The training of non-physicians in state medicine is not superior to that of physicians, but it is not greatly inferior. While our opponents have not much to boast of, they gain in strength because of our weakness. Medical schools must bestir themselves. If an American medical "D. P. H." is not soon provided the profession will find an important class of public positions slipping from its grasp.

SELECTING AN ANESTHETIC. .H. O. COLLINS. PHILA. MED. JOUR.

In selecting the anesthetic best suited to a given case, three things are to be taken into consideration: First, the condition of the patient; second, the nature of the operation to be performed; and, third, the surroundings under which it is to be given. From a theoretical standpoint, at least, the various mixtures in common use are to be deprecated, owing to the uncertainty as to the exact proportions in which the separate ingredients are being absorbed, and therefore the lack of definite knowledge as to what the patient is getting. The differing specific gravities and

evaporation-points and, consequently, the different rapidity with which the ingredients of mixtures enter the circulation, render their administration uncertain and unscientific and are likely to cause unexpected results during their inhalation. For this reason pure ether or chloroform seem destined to retain the confidence of the most experienced anesthetists, in spite of the claims which from time to time are made for mixtures of various kinds.

In considering the comparative safety of ether and chloroform, statistics are of value only when taken in connection with knowledge from other sources. All recent statistics point very decidedly to ether as the safer anesthetic. Those of Foy, based upon 877,507 administrations of chloroform, show a mortality of 1 in 4,301 inhalations, while the statistics of Julliard, based upon 314,738 administrations of ether, indicate a mortality of only 1 in 14,987. Other figures, quoted by various observers, give results nearly the same, the average being about one death in two thousand for chloroform and one in ten thousand for ether. Upon the face of these figures, ether is about five times as safe a general anesthetic as chloroform. But this is admittedly not true, as there are other factors which must be considered, and which make the comparison more equal. It is well known that chloroform kills its victims suddenly, while there are after effects of ether, especially upon the lungs and kidneys, which cause death not included in statistics, thus increasing the mortality. But, as compared to the total number of etherizations, these cases are relatively few and do not compensate for the great difference in the death-rate of the two anesthetics. Ether, then, judging from the data now before us, must be conceded to be the safer anesthetic. Each year sees it grow in popularity, even in Europe, where chloroform long held the first place. During the year 1897, ether was given in the London hospitals 2,910 times, nitrous oxide 1,362, chloroform 677, and A. C. E. 510.

The greater safety of ether, as compared with chloroform, is partly due to the manner in which each causes the death of the patient. Deaths from chloroform come quickly, without any previous warning, and the patient is almost immediately beyond the possibility of relief. Patients who die from chloroform are frequently strong and robust, without a single unhealthy organ to put the anesthetist on his guard. The deaths from ether, on the other hand, occur slowly and are first

heralded by warning signs which need not be overlooked and resuscitation is possible long after the danger-signals have been given. However, surgeons have published reports of 10,000 administrations of chloroform without an accident.

POISONING BY PTOMAINES SANITARY REVIEW

Ptomaines are allied closely to a number of substances known as the vegetable alkaloids which include a great variety of most powerful vegetable poisons such as morphine, strychnine, digitalis, and nicotine. There are many of these ptomaine products which act as poisons and they were originally known as cadaveric alkaloids because they were first discovered to be produced by the decomposition of animal substances. Afterwards they were found to be the resultants of animal activity during life, and the two classes of ptomaines would be better termed the animal alkaloids in order to include both those which arise from putrifying processes and those which are the result of physiological action. Many of the more ordinary distresses of life such as headaches, and the feelings of fatigue, as well as more serious nervous troubles, are often due to the failure of the ordinary excretory processes to eliminate these toxic products of vitality. The relation of the bacteria to the animal alkaloids or ptomaines is that they act on the complex albumen molecule, which is the common ancestor of alkaloids whether animal or vegetable, and split it up into several less complex molecules, among which are the ptomaines. This is the process of putrefaction; and the kind of ptomaine formed depends on the particular kind of bacterium, the nature of the material acted on, and the conditions, such as temperature and so on, under which the putrefaction proceeds.

As regards the nature of the material acted on, out of thirteen instances, pig's meat of one sort or another was the material acted on in nine cases, butcher's meat (kind not stated) in two, veal in one and beef in one; and this is stated by Dr. Luff in Quain's Dictionary of Medicine to be probably a fair representation of the relative frequency with which swine's flesh gives rise to diseases from poisonous meat. But fish and cheese may also be attacked. Crabs, lobsters and mussels are the most exposed, the source of infection being the bacteria introduced through the medium of sewage-polluted water, a few months in the open sea removing the poisonous properties. Other poisons than ptomaines are of course

produced in food of all kinds by the agency of bacteria. Why some kinds of food are more readily attacked than others that may be eaten with apparent impunity at a quite advanced stage of decomposition, as game, for instance, while pork may be a possible poison though it is so slightly decomposed as not to be detected, is not at all clear. It is possible that, as decomposition proceeds, the earlier and more poisonous compounds may disappear and be succeeded by less noxious products. This is, however, a theoretic uncertainty which does not affect the practical side of the question, which is to prevent all foods in which decomposition is known to be dangerous being prepared under unsanitary conditions for sale.

But there is another and a curious danger from the production of ptomaines in the human body. There have been cases where death has been pronounced to be caused by wilful administration of vegetable alkaloids which toxicologists would now put down as ptomaine-poisoning cases; and innocent people have possibly already suffered and may in the future, though medical witnesses are much more alive to the danger of mistake than they were before the study of bacteriology had advanced to the point it has now reached. The difficulty consists in the fact that there are no chemical reactions by which the ptomaines as a class may be distinguished from the vegetable alkaloids. As ptomaines are present to a greater or less extent, probably, in every organ which is submitted to the toxicologist for examination, it is clear that the most serious mistakes might be made if chemists were not on their guard against too great confidence in declaring ptomaine compounds to be of the poisonous vegetable alkaloids. The latter must have been deliberately administered with food or drink as a vehicle, the former might have been administered either as food taken in the ordinary course, the food itself being the poison and not merely the vehicle, or they might be found in the body after death as the result of the body's own poison-producing capacity during life, or they might have arisen in the process of putrefaction after death. Chemistry alone cannot say which is the solution, and further proof would have to be sought in specific symptoms which could only be produced by some particular known poison, and in the general circumstances in which the death took place. More innocent persons have been killed from undoubted ptomaine poisoning than are likely to hang because ptomaines have been mistaken for vegetable alkaloids.

Educational Questions of the Day

PRESIDENT ELIOT ON POPULAR EDUCATION...HARPER'S WEEKLY

President Eliot says that the results of popular education in this country are profoundly disappointing. That sounds startling and somewhat heretical, but Dr. Eliot expects a great deal of education, and is disappointed if he does not get it. He expects it to make people wise, but he does not find that the Americans as a people have yet attained to wisdom. We have been struggling for two generations with drunkenness, but have not yet found a successful way to deal with it; we still like to gamble, which is very unintelligent in us; universal suffrage has not insured good government to us; crimes of violence are committed in great number all over the country, both by mobs and by individuals; we don't show good taste in our choice of reading matter, nor in the plays we go to see; we are enormous consumers of patent medicines, and credulous patrons of all sorts of novel cures; labor strikes abound among us, and we still tolerate the spoil system in politics. Finally, the development of our minds is arrested too early. Dr. Eliot thinks that if our system of popular education was what it should be these disconcerting phenomena would not be observed. He does not argue that education does not make men good and wise. He thinks the trouble with us Americans is that we don't get education enough. He points out that the average expenditure in the common schools of the country last year was \$21.14 per pupil, or 14.7 cents a day of the average school year. The highest expenditure is \$41.68 per pupil in New York; the lowest \$4.56 in North Carolina. With this he contrasts the expenditure for teaching and school maintenance in the private schools where well-to-do people send their children and shows it to be four or five times as great. This increased expenditure is for better teachers and more of them. The public schools, too, says Dr. Eliot, would have a teacher for every ten or fifteen pupils, instead of one for every forty or fifty pupils, if they could afford it, and there would be a playground around every school-house, and the school-house would be kept in as perfect sanitary condition as a hospital. His deduction is that "we ought to spend more public money on schools, because the present expenditures

do not produce all the good results which were expected and may be reasonably aimed at."

WHY CHILDREN LIE...EARL BARNES...KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE*

Do children lie? Yes; constantly, persistently, and universally. A child does not tell the truth because he could not. He does not know the truth, and his approximation to the truth is very much vaguer than ours. And there are certain qualities of his mind which make it inevitable that he should pervert the truth. In the first place, truth is synonymous with knowledge. He does not know what truth is. He has not yet come to a plane where he can think truly, not even to our plane. His movement of thought is fragmentary; he deals with little bits.

In the second place (and it is the same with us) children gradually approximate the truth. They have their ideas of truth. When I was a boy, if I said, "Hope to die if I don't tell the truth," or something of that sort, I felt more sure of getting a better article than if I didn't take such a precaution. It is something medieval and primitive. The child has a feeling that it is worse to lie to his mother than to a stranger. It is the same thing which makes difficulty in the police courts, where the authorities have to watch the ignorant witness to prevent him from kissing his thumb instead of kissing the book with the idea of escaping the penalties that would follow if he kissed the Bible.

In the third place, the child's imagination drives him often to tell what is not true. The child has an imaginary companion. She knocks on the bars of the gate and leads the imaginary companion into the house. They have a party. When the cakes come around the child takes a cake through the little girl. The child, of course, must do everything for the little girl, and so she eats her cake for her. The next morning her mother finds her tooth-brush out in the garden. When the child is questioned about it she says the little girl took it out there to brush her doll's curls.

The first difficulty—that which comes through lack of knowledge—must be met by education. Nothing else will help us out. The child must be brought constantly in contact with palpable truth and made to feel its exist-

*From a lecture in a Course on Moral Development of Children.

ence! This other disorder must be met by the most subtle education. Stamp out the imagination and you have a being unfit for the relations of social life. Somewhere in the process there should be the child's imaginative vision.

In the fourth place, you have egotism as a source of untruthfulness. One lies because he wants to show off, or because he wants to get into the background. In the one case he lies because he is a bravo; in the other case, because he is a coward. A boy in school was made to stand on the floor because he had written a love letter to one of the little girls. He got some Paris green, carried it to school, and took it there. Doubtless everyone of us with any imagination has lingered over the thought of some dramatic ending of our life which would bring us for once conspicuously before the community.

Contagion is the fifth cause. In the sixteenth century one hundred thousand people were put to death for witchcraft. I have looked over with some care the records in regard to witchcraft, both in Germany and in America. The singular thing is that a great mass of these people were children, and nearly all the witnesses were children, generally girls from twelve to fourteen years old. The children's crusades are another illustration of the same thing.

The sixth cause of children's lies is selfishness—they want something.

If I am right in my treatment of lies, if it is true that we are growing up from deceit to a franker transparency, then we must expect to find people all along the line. If a child misrepresents the truth it is a secondary symptom; it is because he is timid and afraid, perhaps; you whip him, and he is more timid than before. It is because he is a bravo and wants to show off; you stand him on the floor; he has exactly what he wants. He misrepresents the facts of life; you punish him and thereby introduce more difficulty into the understanding of facts of life than before. In every case of lying you have an indirect symptom, and what you want is to get back to the right thing.

ENGLISH SCHOOLS... JOHN E. CORST... NINETEENTH CENTURY

It is no exaggeration to call the state of public instruction in England an emergency. The danger is imminent. There is no time to lose. Teachers and schools cannot be created in a moment by Act of Parliament. If all the authorities in England, the people, the parents, the churches, the county and muni-

cipal councils, the central government, set to work this day in earnest to improve public instruction, it would be years before the improved machinery could be got into working order, and our public instruction brought up to the level of that which has for many years already been possessed by our commercial and industrial rivals.

Elementary education in England, the foundation upon which higher instruction has to be built, is provided by two rival systems—the voluntary and the board schools. In the former considerably more than half the school-going children of the country are at the present time taught. In a large proportion of them, though by no means in all, religious instruction is given in accordance with the tenets of some particular form of Christianity. Their income consists of exchequer grants, fees (dwindling away since the Free Education Act), endowments, and voluntary contributions. Some of these schools are excellent, better than the best board schools, but most are inefficient for lack of proper means. The buildings are antiquated; the staff small and often inferior; child labor extensively used; the teaching apparatus inadequate. The weaker voluntary schools have a tendency to drop off, but, if let alone, it would be generations before they were extinct.

Voluntary schools are spread over the whole of England and Wales; but the School Board system has been established in about two-thirds of the country only; and there the board schools, which are richer than the voluntary schools, show a tendency slowly to supplant them. Board schools in large towns are the most efficient part of our elementary system. But if the School Board system has been a success in the towns, it is generally admitted to have been a failure in the country, where the school area is the parish. Some rural board schools are certainly good, many are indifferent, and some are very bad. The worst elementary schools in the country are to be found, not among voluntary schools, but among rural board schools.

All public elementary schools, voluntary and board, are under the supervision of the Board of Education, which distributes among them a parliamentary grant. But the sum out of the rates by which the government grant is supplemented in board schools is on an average much greater than the subscriptions which supplement the grant in voluntary schools. Some of the latter subsist wholly on the government grant and have no subscriptions at all.

Such instruction higher than elementary as is now given by public authorities at the public expense falls, like elementary education, under two separate and rival systems—that of the technical day and evening schools maintained by county and municipal councils, and that of the higher grade and evening continuation schools maintained by School Boards. Each system has been supported and supervised by a separate branch of the Education Department. Each school has drawn exchequer grants from one or other of these branches, and the cleverer ones from both.

The schools of the municipalities, and those of the School Boards, are capable of indefinite overlapping and rivalry. In some cases the united wisdom of the council and the board has averted this danger, and the consequent loss to the ratepayers. Joint committees have been appointed, by which the schools of the two authorities are regulated, and made to supplement and not supplant each other. But in many places it is not so, and the ratepayers and taxpayers' money is wasted in a senseless competition. But waste of money is not the worst consequence of the dual system. The character of the instruction itself suffers. Schools are tempted to teach not that which is most profitable to the scholars and the nation, but that which is most popular and will attract most pupils. Preparation for examinations has taken the place of real education. In the day schools the mechanical acquisition of knowledge which can gain marks in an examination has supplanted all methods for cultivating the power of finding things out for oneself, and of applying knowledge to some more useful purpose than merely answering the questions of an examination paper. In evening schools an increasing number dance and swim, and gaze at magic lanterns; a decreasing number avail themselves of the opportunity for real study. As a plan for giving innocent recreation to the masses, the system of evening continuation schools has been a success; as a means of making up the terrible deficiencies of our people in commercial and technical capacity it is a failure.

CONCEIT.....IDA M. METCALF.....INTER. JOURNAL OF ETHICS.

Unbridled and unblushing conceit pervades the school atmosphere of to-day. The well-meant efforts of teachers in the lower schools to lead children to express their ideas freely, and the encouragement given to any attempt however feeble, have established a precedent according to which the pupils demand per-

petual tribute of enthusiastic praise. And this supreme self-complacency is accompanied by a total lack of respect for superior ability or more exhaustive knowledge. These girls and boys, fresh from the grammar schools, will airily contradict an expert on his own speciality, while attempts to convince them that such conduct savors of impropriety or presumption fall on unheeding ears. The laws of the scientist or the linguist, questions of taste, or the profoundest problems of philosophy are pronounced upon with equal cocksureness. Counter pleas may indeed be offered or evidence in rebuttal, but all on a plane of perfect equality. An intimation that on certain subjects they possess neither the data nor the mental power and training for correct judgment lays a teacher open to the charge of eccentricity and rank tyranny. It is perhaps on pedagogical questions that they pronounce with the most unerring inspiration, dogmatizing where competent authorities venture only to suggest, and criticising and reprimanding their teachers with an effrontery that would be laughable if it were less disgraceful.

A moderate amount of this discussion might seem to indicate an admirable independence, a commendable spirit of investigation. But it is speedily evident that there has been no investigation whatever and no weighing of evidence. The so-called arguments, couched in whatever form of speech, when reduced to their lowest terms amount simply to an expression of personal preference.

And just here we touch the root of the disease, in so far as so multiform an evil can be ascribed to a single source. These children are individually the centers of their own universe; and the laws of nature and of man sink into insignificance when in conflict with their good pleasure or convenience. The delusion is so extreme as to be almost a mania, and it permeates and poisons the very essence of their work and character.

What these young people most need to learn is the dignity of labor and the fact that self-respect demands obedience to law—in short, the supremacy of duty over personal inclination. What they are learning is to do voluntarily only what they find agreeable and interesting, and to consider the fact that their work is hard or makes them nervous the best of reasons for neglecting it. They see themselves and their moods as the pivot of a complaisant social order—and for this distorted view of life the school system is seriously to blame.

Sociologic Questions of the Times

CHILD LABOR.....W. E. WALLING.....ETHICAL RECORD*

The widespread agitation against child labor in the South has reopened the discussion of this very important problem throughout the whole country. It has been found that the work of the children in the textile mills in the South is reduplicated not only in other industries in the South, but in the Middle States, and in more than one Northern State, notwithstanding many years of child-labor legislation. The tobacco factories of Virginia and Kentucky, for example, are known to employ children under almost as injurious conditions as obtain in the cotton States; the slaughter-houses, tobacco shops, and bakeries in Chicago are employing children below the age of fourteen years under equally sordid conditions, and by night as well as by day; the enormous glass industry of New Jersey is employing children below the legal age under the most injurious conditions; the mines of Pennsylvania are using thousands of boys on the breakers, a large part of whom are known to be below the legal age; and the office boys, messenger boys, delivery boys, newsboys, and bootblacks of New York, as well as those of other large cities, are totally without legal protection.

Child labor in the North does not take place, as a rule, at such an early age as it does in the South; but its very much greater extent in this section makes it an even more important public issue. Besides the thirteen thousand children under sixteen employed in the factories of New York, there are thousands in the stores, thousands on the street, and other thousands scattered throughout the offices of the city. The street boys are as young as any of those employed in the Southern mills, and work in an environment equally or more injurious to their habits and character.

There is no question that the employment of children has become a universal custom among the working population of our large cities. Exceptions occur only among the most skilled artisans, and in an occasional family unusually ambitious for its children. Unfortunately, the census has not been taken in such a way as to throw the light we need on the extent of child labor in the United

*Member of the Executive Committee of Commission on Child Labor.

States; but whether the total number of children employed is increasing or not, it has assumed stupendous proportions. Wherever any exceptional decrease has been noted, it has been due to restrictive legislation, and has taken place in spite of the underlying tendency which forces the children to work at the earliest possible age.

Few persons realize what a broad subject the regulation of child labor is. It is by no means a question merely of restricting the employment of children to those above a certain age, and enforcing this restriction; although the enactment of a minimum age is required, and its adequate enforcement is the first and most fundamental feature of every child-labor law. Equally important is the requirement of certain educational qualifications on the part of every child that goes to work. A child should have gone to the public schools or some other recognized educational institution for the full period, and should have acquired the capacity to pass certain elementary educational tests. Child-labor legislation should also be accompanied by a more rigid enforcement of the compulsory education laws, and the raising of the compulsory education age.

A familiarity with the varied tasks that are assigned to children in the factories and workshops will make it clear to anyone that there are classes of work totally unsuited to weak, sickly, or defective children; and other kinds of labor that are totally unsuited to children under any conditions. Germany, Belgium, England and all the enlightened manufacturing nations have recognized this. Only the United States, which is built up on its system of the training of children, and is absolutely dependent upon it, has (with the single exception of the State of Massachusetts) failed to recognize this salient industrial fact. Several States have clauses in their laws forbidding the employment of children at dangerous trades, but the machinery which is absolutely necessary to make such a law anything more than a pious aspiration has not been developed.

Children are deformed, maimed, weakened, and made diseased for life in many of the trades flourishing in every industrial community. All those employed in sweatshops,

home labor, and other more or less isolated occupations, are subject to every unsanitary condition prevalent in these places. Those employed about such dangerous machinery as is common in the tin-can factories, stamping-mills, and saw-mills suffer more than the adults from the dangers of such employment. An undeveloped child cannot be expected to take the precautions of a man. In the Minnesota Bureau of Labor, for instance, the statistics show that the accidents among children are many times more common than those among adults.

The dangers, diseases, and unhealthy conditions of certain occupations is a subject of immense importance to a community which spends the larger part of its waking hours at work. It is impossible to give even the most general idea of the extent of these evils in a brief account. Among the worst of them are the necroses resulting from employment in potteries, and the phosphorus poisoning in match works. The writer has seen a small boy with his teeth ready to drop out from the necrosis of lead poisoning, and is assured by medical authorities that this was only a symptom of the softening of all of the bones in the body.

TEMPERANCE REFORMW. O. ATWATEROUTLOOK

The complexity of the drink problem is well stated by Prof. F. G. Peabody, in speaking of the "later developments of the so-called temperance cause":

Here is a social movement which has been very generally regarded as an isolated and specialized work. A few obvious remedies have seemed sufficient to meet the portentous evil of the drink habit. The pledge of abstinence, the prohibition of sale, the physiological instruction of children, the constant agitation of public sentiment—these and kindred methods of direct reform have appeared to bound the sphere of temperance work. More and more, however, it has become evident that, beyond these specific agencies of reform, there are on every side of the temperance question influences and movements which are among its most threatening enemies or its most powerful allies. Domestic, economic, even psychological and racial conditions are intimately correlated with the problem of drink. Is it drink which destroys the family, or is it the disordered family life which tempts to drink? Is the drink habit a morbid passion, or is it in many cases a normal and healthy craving for recreation which drives men to the saloon? Is it true, as one distinguished economist has said, that the thirst for liquor among workmen is not so much a question of drink as of food, and that to know why a poor man drinks one has but to look in his dinner-pail? Is it drink which robs men of their earnings, or is it the fluctuations of earnings which drives men to drink? Would the drink traffic be less pernicious if

wisely converted into a municipal industry? Is the moral tone of the community weakened by prohibitory legislation? How does it happen that the wine-drinking peoples of Southern Europe are temperate, and the water-drinking Anglo-Saxons intemperate? These are but indications of the varied inquiries which now confront anyone who looks below the surface of the problem of temperance. What seemed to be a detached question concerning a personal habit is in fact correlated with almost every movement of social or economic reform. The most effective attack upon the drink habit may come of some flank movement, in the interest of better homes, or healthy amusement, or regular work, or nourishing food, or State control, or the education of a new and superior desire. Temperance reform was in grave danger of being side-tracked from the main line of modern interests, and given over to politicians and the pious. It is now seen to be one aspect of the comprehensive social movement of the time, and, to many careful observers, the problem of economic progress appears to be in very large degree dependent upon the problem of drink.

The saloon has three powerful supports: the thirst for drink, the need of a part of the community for social intercourse, and pecuniary profit.

The taste for drink is very general; it often increases with the using, and the saloon-keeper has learned how to foster it. But if the evidence of men who know the saloon and its patrons is to be accepted, this liking of alcohol for itself is the least of the three factors.

The social need is legitimate and very large, and the saloon meets it with wonderful skill and success. The life of thousands of wage-workers is monotonous, how sadly so most readers of *The Outlook* are too fortunate to know. The number of men whose homes are unattractive is great, and the number of those who have no homes to go to perhaps even greater. The saloon attracts the transient visitor, and serves as the "poor man's club." The social instinct in man is strong; he is happy with his fellows; he wants a place where he can meet them on equal footing, without restraint, and without obligation save that for which he pays. The saloon gives him exactly what he wants, and the social glass makes it all the more acceptable. Despite the harmfulness of the saloon, some of the most competent and candid students of the subject question whether there are not many cases, especially in large cities, where it could ill be spared unless a social substitute were provided.

The manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors is a great business interest, thoroughly organized and very profitable. The producer and wholesale dealer are back of the retailer. The retailer not only makes money, but has

large influence, and is often a political leader. License fees help to relieve the burden of the taxpayer. Manufacturer, wholesaler, retailer, and the public derive profit, and the patron satisfaction, from the saloon. For a business which is so large and so remunerative, it is advantageous and easy to acquire political influence and to enlist the public in its support. All this the saloon does with great effectiveness.

None but those who have carefully studied into the matter can realize the strength of the social and financial foundations of the saloon. Hitherto these factors have been neglected, and the main effort against the liquor evil has been through legislation.

Prohibition has been backed by tremendous moral earnestness, and has had the support of many of the wisest and worthiest citizens. That it has done untold good in cultivating a moral sentiment in opposition to the liquor evil, that it has prevented the sale of liquor in many places, and diminished both its sale and use in many others, there is, I think, no question. And although the stern logic of events pronounces against State prohibition and the present reaction is natural and inevitable, it is perhaps both necessary and fortunate that the experiment should have had thorough trial. Society, like the individual, learns many of its best lessons from its failures. Where failure follows honest purpose, where the reasons are diligently sought, and where experience is utilized in improvement, there is the greatest hope for ultimate success.

THE GARDEN CITY MOVEMENT ARENA

A book entitled *To-morrow* has been written by a Londoner that bids fair to be as epoch-making in the field of practical industrialism as *Looking Backward* was in the realm of social idealism. Out of the very prosaic plan set forth in this book a movement has grown that has culminated in a chartered organization named the "Garden City Company." Briefly stated, the purpose is to obtain tracts of land comprising about 6,000 acres each upon which to locate, at a residential center, several thousands of industrialists of the agricultural, manufacturing, and artisan classes. Surrounding this residential center a belt of land must be reserved for the culture of vegetables, fruit, poultry, and dairy products. The distinguishing feature of the Garden City, as contrasted with cities that have grown haphazard, lies in the presentation at the outset of a complete plan, the fulfilment of which insures harmonious development in all its

parts. The project includes: (1) perpetual preservation of a surrounding agricultural area: expansion must be carried on by duplication—by the development of new residential centers that must each be environed by their rural area; (2) insistence upon sanitary, commodious, and artistic building in accordance with an original and homogeneous plan; (3) setting apart the unearned increment of land values for the improvement and upkeep of the municipality; (4) profit-sharing, or labor copartnership, in the factory or other business of the community wherever practicable.

The devotees of the Garden City plan assert that it holds the solution of those perplexing city problems—the housing of the poor, the abolition of the slums, and the supplying of employment to the untrained, unorganized poor.

The unique aspect of this movement is the unprecedented enthusiasm it has generated in people of widely separated social and commercial position. At a Garden City meeting held in London in July, the Bishop of Hereford spoke with enthusiasm, and the Bishop of Rochester declared his reason for attending to be a compelling interest that would not permit him to remain away. Prominent labor leaders and practical workmen mingled with distinguished M.P.'s and sundry "Sirs" of wealth and prominence.

Among the substantial patrons of this movement are several men of large wealth and long experience as owners and managers of vast manufacturing establishments. Mr. Alfred Harmsworth has taken one thousand shares in the company, and he says: "There can be no two opinions as to the great benefits that the British nation would derive from the general adoption of the Garden City scheme. If only as a means of pointing the way to Parliament and the municipalities, a concrete experiment on the Garden City lines is the need of the hour in social reform." Mr. James Branch, an extensive employer of labor, says: "If in two or three years I find it advisable to extend my business I should be very glad to go and make a start in a Garden City." Other prominent Londoners interested are the Earl of Carrington, Earl Gray, the Countess of Warwick, the Right Hon. James Bryce, the Rev. Stopford Brooke, Marie Corelli, and Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.

The Garden City Company has offices in Chancery Lane; and one of the largest and most influential London dailies is a strong champion of the new movement.

NEW YORK'S FOUNDLINGS...JOHN MATHEWS...LESLIE'S WEEKLY

In the new method of saving the lives of the little foundlings the city co-operates with two charitable organizations. These are the State Charities Aid Association, a Protestant institution, and the Guild of the Infant Saviour, Roman Catholic. A child found is taken at once to Bellevue Hospital, and lodged in the children's ward. Every morning Miss Walker, superintendent of the work for the State Charities Aid Association, and Miss McIntyre, superintendent of the Guild of the Infant Saviour, call at the hospital for foundlings. The children are taken away in turns by these young women—Miss Walker has possession of the first and the next is taken by Miss McIntyre. There are usually about four foundlings a week. The system in both cases is the same. Each child is carried away in the superintendent's arms the morning after it is found, so that no foundling remains in Bellevue as long as twenty-four hours.

It is first baptized in the hospital ward—those in charge of Miss Walker are christened by the Protestant clergyman at the hospital and those which are cared for by Miss McIntyre receive the baptism from a Roman Catholic priest whose parish includes Bellevue. So that half of the little ones which are found are made Protestants and half Catholics, no matter what their race or color, unless there is some indication of an expressed preference by someone who had a right to decide.

The foundling, when it is taken from the hospital, goes at once to a mother who has just lost her own child. It finds its place in arms made empty by death. The tender love of the mother flows again, wrapping in its softness and warmth the lonely little foundling. The foster-parent takes the new infant to her breast and cares for it as her own.

For this she is paid from \$10 to \$12 a month until the child is old enough to be weaned. Then it is taken into another home, where it is fed by another mother until it is ready for adoption. The great majority of foster-mothers are Italians. One reason for this is the high mortality among their own infants at birth, brought about by a prejudice which exists among the ignorant of this nationality against the presence of a doctor at such times. There is a health and physical vigor and a warmth of nature in the Italian mother that make her a most desirable foster-parent. The foundling becomes one of her family, and its place is assured because it contributes in a substantial way to the family's support.

While the little one is in the care of its temporary mother it is visited once a week, sometimes oftener, by the superintendent who has placed it there. If the child is sick the foster-mother calls a doctor employed by the State Charities Aid Association or the Guild of the Infant Saviour, whichever may be the sponsor for the infant. When the little foundling's period of nursing is ended there is usually a pathetic scene in the Italian home. The foster-mother has learned to love the little *bambino* for whom she has cared, a love the strength of which she does not appreciate until the parting. Italian mothers with half a dozen children of their own and depending sometimes on the wages of a day laborer for support plead fervently to be permitted to keep the child as their own, but the plea must be refused, and the system moves on. These first homes of the foundlings are far up-town or in the suburbs, where there are free air and green grass. In the second home the foundlings are no longer nursed, but are fed as befits children of their age, and those who care for them receive the same pay from the city as the foster-mothers, \$2.50 a week.

Only the persons who are engaged in the work of finding homes for children appreciate the number of childless homes in America. There are more of those who would adopt children than there are children to be adopted. And none of New York's foundlings in good health has reached the age of two years before it has been placed in a permanent home, and the child cannot be legally adopted then until it has been in this home a year, so that the new parents before they bind themselves by law will fully appreciate the responsibility which they have assumed. These families are investigated, too, as to their character and circumstances before they are permitted to adopt any child.

"People very often ask me," said Miss Walker, superintendent of the care of foundlings for the Charities Aid Association, "if it is not a dangerous thing to take into the home one of these founding children, about whose parents nothing is known or will ever be learned. The question cannot be answered from the experience of our own society, but a medical inspector who followed for twenty years the careers of foundlings has said that the foundlings compare favorably when they reach their growth with the children among whom they live, that there is no greater tendency apparent among them toward vice or crime."

The Sketch Book

Character in Outline

THE VETERAN WHO KNEW SPANISH.....PHILADELPHIA LEDGER

Like all wars, the difficulty with Spain developed a crop of warriors like Bret Harte's man who was with Grant. They are yet returning from Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.

A consequential small negro stepped into a drug store on Chestnut street to buy something they did not keep, and, having been made to understand that fact after considerable trouble, he remarked to the man who had waited on him:

"I see dar's a gentleman jest come hyar to 'stablish a class 'n teach Spanish. 'Pears like ter me ef de peeples hyar wants ter learn how ter speak Spanish dey'd better des go ter Cuby, an' Porty Rikey, an' aroun', an' learn hit des laik I did—by extrac' wid de people."

"So you have been to Cuba and Porto Rico, have you?"

"Oh, yes; yes, sah. I'se trabled mighty neah all ober de worl' myself."

"Whereabouts in Cuba did you go?"

"Des allober; ev'rywhar, neahly."

"Well, what places did you visit?"

"I was in de City of Havanner, an' odder cities; in fac', I was des all ober de place."

"Did you go to Cobra-di-Capello?"

"Oh, yes. I 'members dat place berry well; hit's right on de coas'."

"Then there's a town way in the interior; right almost in the middle. Let's see. What is the name of it? Boa Constrictor? That's it—Boa Constrictor. Did you go there?"

"You des bet I did; dey was a consargent camp dere, an' I was sent wid a 'spatch to de Gin'ral. I 'members dat place mighty well."

"Did you ever happen to get to Canine de Hydrophobia?"

"Law, yes! Our rigimunt was camped dar. Dar's a nice spring right in de oberskurts ob de town, an' I tell ye we enjoyed drinkin' dat watah. Dat's a nice place."

"You learned to speak Spanish right along, did you?"

"Laws-a-massy, mister, I learned to speak Spanish des as well as de nativitles; an' dey all said so. Spanish ain't no hard langwig. All yer got ter do is ter make hit soun' des as

little like yer own langwig as yer can, and you'se got it."

Then the man behind the counter, who speaks Spanish pretty well, addressed him in language which, being interpreted, expresses the thought, "You are a low-down, contemptible, worthless person."

"Yes, sah; dat's hit. You'se got it, boss. Whar'n de worle did you learn Spanish? Yes, sah. Dat's de trufe what you says. But I'se got ter go to de Pos'-office, right erway," and thus speaking the learned traveler and linguist departed.

CHANGES AND CHANCESLONDON VANITY FAIR

"Can't you spare me one more?"

She shook her head, smiling. "Look!" she said, and held out her programme.

A step sounded in the corridor.

"Your partner?" he queried.

"Most likely."

His fingers drummed nervously on a small table by his side.

"There's no time now—I want to say something—may I come to-morrow?"

Her eyes searched his face swiftly, and she colored.

A figure darkened the doorway. "My dance, I think?"

She bowed.

"Later," she murmured, as she rose to go.

Half an hour afterward, she sat in a curtained alcove. Her partner was fetching her an ice. There was a subdued light in her eyes and a half-smile on her lips. Presently the sound of voices reached her. A man and a woman paced slowly past, and paused, a few yards off, at a window. The man's voice was angry.

"You are insufferable, Lydia. Have you been watching me all the evening?"

"Almost," she admitted, coolly.

"Why?"

"Because I think it's a pity you should commit yourself to what you will regret later."

Her manner was irritatingly calm.

"I shall never regret it," he said, shortly.

"No?"

"No." His voice was full of the defiance

of uncertainty. She laughed mockingly, and waited. "What do you mean?" he said at last.

"You won't like it."

"Tell me."

"It will hurt."

He looked at her curiously.

"Why do you want me to know?"

For the first time she hesitated.

"Oh! we are cousins—family feeling, I suppose, and—"

"Yes?"

She flashed a look at him, and laughed nervously. "That is all," she said.

"Well, what is it I am to know?"

Her breath came faster. "There is insanity in her family," she said, slowly; and then there was silence.

The girl in the alcove moved. She gently pushed aside the curtain and looked once at the man's face. It was enough.

Later he saw her into her carriage.

"About to-morrow?" he murmured, as she said good night. But he did not look at her.

"I think not," she said, gently; and before the carriage moved she had time to see surprise give way to relief on his face and the grayness fade from his cheeks.

They met one day in the Park. It was ten years later and not in the Season.

"Is it really you?"

"And you! How little you have changed!"

"You, too!"

That was at first. Afterward, sitting down on an empty bench, they looked again. He noticed a hollowness in her cheek which had not been there ten years ago. She looked at his waist, and first smiled, then sighed. He caught the look, and reddened, wondering vaguely whether she had noticed his hair when he raised his hat.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"Africa, India, New Zealand. I've just come home to settle down. And you?"

"England, Scotland and Ireland," she said, with a laugh. "Exactly the same as it used to be."

He kept his eyes turned away.

"I wonder—did you ever hear—why I—"
He stopped confusedly.

"Oh, yes! I heard. Ten years ago."

"And you thought—"

She looked surprised. "Thought? Oh, well, you know, there wasn't much to think about. It wasn't true."

His stick fell with a clatter. "Then Lydia—"

"Told a lie," she said, quietly.

There was a long pause. His eyes began to brighten. She felt herself curiously able to follow his thoughts.

"I am not married," he said at last, abruptly.

"Nor I."

"Then—?"

There was a world of inquiry in the word. Her hour had come, and she deliberately suppressed a generous impulse which assailed her. She looked at him, smiling, and then let her eyes travel slowly down his person in one comprehensive survey. He bit his lip.

"All the glamor has gone," she said, cruelly.

AN UP-TO-DATE PROPOSALCLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

"Yes, I put your father on to a good thing last month."

"Did you? That was nice of you. Papa asked me the other day if I knew you."

"What else?"

"When I told him I had met you he asked me if I thought you had the money-making instinct. And I told him I didn't think you would be asleep when dividend day came around."

"That was nice of you. I gave your father a good tip yesterday. He took it, too. It must have netted him a couple o' thousand."

"Why, you are quite a good fairy, Mr. Slimmer. I'll remember that tip the next time I strike papa for my pin money."

"But why not give poor papa a rest?"

"I beg your pardon."

"Why not let somebody else put up for the pins? I happen to know that papa isn't on Easy street often enough to establish a permanent address there."

"Pray make yourself a little plainer, Mr. Slimmer."

"That's quite impossible, Miss Bimler. I feel that nature has done her worst for me."

"Ah, you are fishing for a compliment."

"No, Miss Bimler, you wrong me. I have no time for fishing. But let me particularize. I am neither young nor handsome. My temper is fairly good, my health excellent. That, I think, disposes of the minor details. Here is a schedule of my worldly possessions, subject, of course, to the daily fluctuations of the market. May I trouble you to look it over?"

"With what end in view, Mr. Slimmer?"

"I will come to that presently, Miss Bimler. I have shown your esteemed father a dupli-

cate of this schedule. It seemed to please him. He even entrusted me with a note for you. Here it is."

(He hands her a sealed envelope, which she opens with a "pardon me." It contains but two lines. "My dear, nail this chap—I need him in the business. Your doting papa.")

"It is quite evident, Mr. Slimmer, that you have made a favorable impression upon papa."

"And how about papa's daughter?"

"Will you make that a little clearer, Mr. Slimmer?"

"With pleasure. How does the sum total strike you?"

"Oh, of the schedule? Why, it seems very satisfactory."

"And—and will you share it with me, Miss Bimler—subject, of course, to the market fluctuations?"

"Oh, Abner, this is so sudden!"

THE WEB SHE WOVE.....W. O. MCGEEHAN....S. F. ARGONAUT

The Quiapo district of Manila is densely populated with the poorer class of Filipinos. Yet the people of this quarter once owned the richest prize in all the Philippines, the Galio Blanco, who was victor of as many mains as he had feathers. In those days the Quiapo was almost prosperous, for the Galio Blanco doubled its income by means of bets.

Legally he was the property of the Widow Mercado, who kept a little fruit and *beno* stand near the corner of the Escotta and the Calle Roan. But her neighbors regarded the bird as a district possession and the widow as custodian, which, in itself, was an honor to be coveted. She would have sold that honor and all that she owned to possess Isadoro, the dissipated young wood-carver, who strolled in every evening and, after becoming loquaciously drunk with her *beno*, went forth to make love to Maria, the baker's daughter.

Aside from the *beno* stand, the Widow Mercado was blessed with no charms. She was of the dark-complexioned type of Filipino, and several years older than Isadoro. He might, at any time, decide to mend his ways and marry Maria. This cost the widow many sleepless nights and numerous *centimos* for candles to gain the good offices of Nostra Señora del Quiapo.

Down at Malate they had a game-cock which had vanquished all the champions of that suburb, and a match was arranged for

him and the Galio Blanco. The people of Quiapo were jubilant because the Malate folk, with the courage of their convictions, backed their bird, even money.

Isadoro, who seconded the Galio Blanco in all his duels, appeared at the *beno* stand early in the afternoon to bear the feathered warrior to the battle-ground. The widow had always smiled sweetly at Isadoro, but this afternoon her smile was sugary to the extreme. Almost before he had seated himself she placed the seductive *beno* bottle at his elbow, and he immediately commenced a long series of toasts to the Galio Blanco, while the widow went to the little yard to get the bird.

She loosened the tethering string from the trunk of a banana, and, drawing the fowl toward her, gathered him into her arms. She glanced stealthily around; there was a scarcely audible snap, and the bird pecked viciously at her face.

"In the name of Nostra Señora del Quiapo," she murmured.

By the time she returned to the shop Isadoro's mind was in a musty state, and he was singing *Sobre Los Olas* out of tune. The *beno* bottle was empty.

"*Dios!*" cried the widow, in apparent indignation; "you are too drunk to manage the Galio Blanco to-day."

Isadoro drew himself up with maudlin dignity. "You mistake, señora—only a few glasses to the health of our king. Too drunk? Bah! No one else could manage him. It would be unlucky. I am the king's man, I, Isadoro. Even money. The Quiapo will be rich to-night. *Viva el rey!*"

The wood-carver staggered down the Calle Roan with the bird under one arm. The widow watched him until he disappeared around a corner. Then she withdrew to the inner apartment, and falling on her knees, whispered: "By to-night he will be mine. In the name of Nostra Señora del Quiapo."

Isadoro arrived at the Malacañan cockpit none too soon. Several preliminary fights had taken place, and the crowd was becoming impatient for the great event. The Malate bird's second had already adjusted the gaff to his charge's leg and stood holding him carefully in his arms. One of the Quiapo men held the Galio Blanco while Isadoro fastened the sharp little knife to its place on the leg. He could have performed the feat blindfolded, so accustomed was he to it. The thread was knotted securely, and everything was ready.

The pit was cleared of all save the seconds and the judge. The former brought their respective charges close together, and permitted them to peck at each other that the blood would be stirred to the fighting temper. At a word from the umpire, the seconds dropped the birds and drew back. The crowd watched the crouching fowls breathlessly and with bulging eyes.

It had been the custom of the Galio Blanco to spring at his adversary almost as soon as he touched the ground. This was the secret of his success, for the gaffs used in the Philippines are three or four inches long and razor-edged; consequently, the cock who gets in the first blow usually puts his opponent *hors de combat*.

The Galio Blanco crouched with head forward, neck feathers bristled, just an instant too long. The brown bird of Malate sprung upon him like a flash. There was a blurred tangle of brown and white and a little cloud of gray dust. When it subsided, the Galio Blanco faced his adversary, wobbling unsteadily, while a little scarlet stream spurted over his glossy white feathers. A deep groan and a storm of imprecations came from the Quiapo people. The Galio Blanco made a last weak attempt to reach his foe, stumbled, and rolled over dead.

In the pandemonium of cheers and curses several Quiapo men leaped into the pit. One of them, old Alessandro, the shoemaker, an expert on cock-fighting, seized the body of the Galio Blanco and examined it minutely. Suddenly he waved his hand for silence, his wrinkled face distorted with rage.

"His leg is broken," he shouted in Tugalo. "Isadoro has crippled him." There was a general movement toward the pit, but the old man cried out just in time: "Back! Remember that the American soldiers are here. We can do nothing. Let us go to the Widow Mercado and get her to make an accusation to the American officials."

The Quiapo portion of the crowd began to file out of the enclosure. "Come you pig, and son of a pig," said Alessandro to the dazed Isadoro; "come, or a knife in the back of you, speedily."

Isadoro followed him like one in a trance. Now and then he muttered through cracked lips: "*Dios!* I did not do it. My king, oh, my king!"

Maria, the daughter of the baker, spat upon him as he passed her. "Animal!" she cried,

furiously. Isadoro had been tried and found guilty. At the official trial numerous witnesses would be produced to swear that they saw him cripple the bird, and he would be sent to Bilibid Prison for several years. The people of Quiapo had been impoverished through the deed, and wanted satisfaction. If they had lost fairly they would have borne it philosophically, for the Filipinos are "good gamblers," but to lose through apparent treachery roused their fury to the highest pitch.

Were it not for the fact that several of the older men realized that the American authorities were unreasonable enough to set a higher value on a human life than that of a game-cock, Isadoro would have been disposed of long before they reached the *beno* stand.

"My little ones will starve," shrieked a mother of many; "all we had was on the Galio Blanco. Kill the traitor!" And others echoed the cry of "Kill."

The widow was serving Private Smith, of the Manila constabulary, with contraband liquid when the procession arrived. At sight of the khaki uniform most of the crowd drew back.

"Señora," said the old shoemaker, with forced calmness, "Isadoro crippled the Galio Blanco, and he was killed. Come with us to the court and make complaint."

Isadoro cast a look of mute appeal at the widow. It was entirely superfluous. She shrugged her lean mahogany shoulders. "It may be true or it may not," said the widow, quietly; "but I will not make complaint. The Galio Blanco was mine. *Vamos*, or I will tell the policeman to drive you away."

She laid her hand gently on Isadoro's shoulder and drew him into the *nipa* hut. With muttered curses the crowd withdrew.

"To-night," announced the widow, "we will go to the padre at the Church of Nostra Señora del Quiapo to be married."

Isadoro drew back from her with a curse. He looked into that unattractive face with something much akin to hatred. "If not," added the widow, with a look of determination, "I will tell the policeman to take you."

Then Isadoro realized that he was chained to her by circumstances and that, save for her, he had no friend in all the Philippines. Also, Bilibid Prison was a place to be avoided.

"I will go," he said, finally, in accents of despair.

"In the name of Nostra Señora del Quiapo, *gracias*," murmured the widow.

✿ Table ✿ Talk: ✿ Concerning Eating and Drinking

PENNY DINNERSLONDON DAILY NEWS

I had just dropped in at a little chapel, all gray and dilapidated-looking, at the back of the Bethnal Green Museum, to see the penny dinners which the London Vegetarian Association are providing for the hungry little ones of our schools. Inside there was much stir and bustle; the kindly Mrs. Fisk was handing out slices of hot pudding as fast as she could, and the chef—an old ship's steward, worth twenty waiters—was ladling out soup like a white-capped and jacketed Trojan.

And there had come for the penny dinner a little child of a year and nine months, led by a sister of six, a wee thing so tiny that her baby lips could not compass the spoon. That baby, toddling through the ice and snow in this twenty-second month of her earthly pilgrimage, wore a cotton frock. And had that cotton frock been removed the small form would have been as naked as when it entered this world in the autumn of last year. There was a boy of ten, too, eating his second helping, the shoulder of whose jacket, with a great tear showing the naked flesh, told the same tale. An outer garment—for decency's sake—they all had, but often that was all.

But now my eye began to take in the details of the scene. What a noisy, rampageous, unconventional meal it was! The big, strong, good-natured man who was keeping "order," and bustling the children out when they had finished to prevent them from getting into mischief, really did not mind the noise, and thought he was succeeding admirably. Certainly no plates were overturned, no soup (except a few drops and splashes) was on the floor or tables, and nobody got hurt. But all round the chapel there was an incessant movement like that of ants when their nest has been overturned. Here was a little boy with full plate held in both hands, head bent forward over it, and eyes staring hard, moving forward with overwhelming caution and slowness in the effort to get to a seat without spilling. There was a girlie who had finished her soup standing on the pulpit steps while she held her enameled plate before her face like a mask. Behind the plate one knew that a

small and active tongue was eagerly licking every part for the last drops of nourishment. Then came a perfectly natural consequence. Little girls cannot stand on stairs for long with their eyes covered up by iron plates. So the figure with the invisible face swayed and lost its balance, and came tumbling down on the floor. Luckily she was not hurt, and a fortunate inspiration had led the Vegetarian Society to provide plates that did not mind that kind of thing.

Round the corner where the steward ladled out the soup was an eager string of small boys waiting their turn for "more." Happily for them they were not to meet with the fate of Oliver Twist, for the penny buys as many helpings as you like. And so as fast as they were served they started off; a slow moving line of round heads covered with about a quarter of an inch of hair, and spread about to the nearest available seats. All around the platform boys and girls were eating a standing lunch, plates resting on the coconut matting; and every moment or so at the tables in the middle some girl with a tangle of hair falling in all directions would get up and climb over the back of the seat to get another plateful.

Five hundred meals were provided altogether that day at Bethnal Green, 330 in the chapel, and the rest sent out in special cases to board schools. Miss Nicholson, secretary of the society, showed me the excellent cooking plant which has been set up through the kindness of Mr. A. F. Hills. There are five steam coppers, which will cook 250 gallons of soup—enough for 2,000 meals—and a special oven which will bake an equal number of portions of pudding. The wholemeal bread and wholemeal plum cake are bought from outside.

The poorest children do not pay their own pennies, but bring checks supplied by the School Dinners Association to their schools. Some parents send their children with their pennies, and some dinners are bought and carried away. The London Vegetarian Society, however, charges a penny for each meal.

The penny pays for all the food and all the fuel, but not for the labor, so that the society has to come upon its friends for this part

of the cost. A large increase in the number of meals provided would not increase the labor cost much, so that this item might be relatively brought down to a mere trifle. To schools too distant to send their children the meals are sent free by cart, with plates and spoons, which are afterward brought back and washed up.

SOUP IN MANY ASPECTS . . . MILES BRADFORD . . . WHAT-TO-EAT

It is somewhat difficult to trace the history of soup back through the "dark ages" of cookery which preceded the eighteenth century, and it is extremely doubtful if prior to the Renaissance the juice of meat was generally used for such a purpose. It is true that the early Italian novelists have spoken of "capon broth with flour paste," and that tradition has told us of the black soup which was eaten by the Spartans, yet as we know that the soup of the heroes in the Iliad was nothing more than white onion broth, and that the jura and juscula described by Apicius were merely mixtures of oil, acids, spices and vegetable juices, one is inclined to believe that these boasted soups of the ancients could no more be compared to the delicious liquid foods of this day than could the hell-broth of the witches in Macbeth, with its toads, its tongues of dogs, its lips of Tartar, and its nose of Turk.

The most celebrated cooks and epicures have long been advocates of the claims of soup to be recognized, as Careme says, as the provocative agent of the good dinner, while Grimod de la Reyniere goes still further. "Soup," he says, "is what a portico is to an edifice. It is not only the first object of attraction, but, if it is well combined, it gives a true foretaste of the temple itself, just as the overture of an opera shadows forth the subject of the work." And while the masses may not have held such an exalted idea of the purpose of their soup, they were not tardy in recognizing the merits of a food which had so much to recommend it outside of its advantages from an economical point of view. Oxtail soup, for example, although now regarded as a national English dish, was unknown in England prior to the abrogation of the Edict of Nantes, having been invented by the French Huguenot emigrants because of the cheapness, at that time, of the little used ox tail.

So, too, in a great degree, nearly all the soups which have come to be known as "national" are just such combinations of material which represent but little cost. The

Scotch mutton and barley broth, the hoche pot, the cherry soup of North Germany, the Russian tschi or cabbage soup, the sopa of Spain, or the caldo of Galatia, not to mention many others, are foods whose economical features have had much to do with their popularity, and yet it is these soups, rather than the more expensive combinations of many kinds of flesh and vegetables, which have found a place in history and literature. Where is there a reader of books, for example, who does not know the broths of Scotland, or the cuscus of the Arabs, while Gautier's descriptions of the olla podrida and gaspacho of Spain are scarcely less familiar. To Gautier olla possessed merits that were undeniable, even though it was more of a stew than a soup, but of gaspacho he could not speak disparagingly enough.

While not less "messy," the rich and savory stew which Thackeray has done so much to immortalize will appeal more strongly to the ordinary palate:

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—

A sort of broth, or soup, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all kinds of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red pepper, mussels, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace,
All these you eat at Terre's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

But Thackeray is not the only man of letters who has visited Marseilles and ever afterward has sung the praises of its Bouillabaisse, nor is Marseilles the only spot on earth where this delectable dish can be prepared. Of course, there are fish in the Mediterranean which cannot be found elsewhere, but the fact that other fishes may be substituted can easily be demonstrated, for it is just as possible to prepare good Bouillabaisse within the borders of the United States as it is to make Lafcadio Hearn's gumbo herbes outside of the city of New Orleans, or the vaunted clam chowder of Rhode Island far from the waters of Narragansett Bay. To accomplish such culinary feats, however, one must exercise as much care in the selection of the recipe as in following the local methods of cookery to the letter, for otherwise it will be impossible to attain results that will in any sense prove satisfactory.

Less difficult to prepare are the onion soups of which both history and literature make such frequent mention, for soups of which the basis is the onion have been the delight of the bravest and wisest men since the day when soup was first invented. The Homeric heroes dined

well upon it, Stanislas, King of Poland, loved it so dearly that he gave it his own name, while the great Dumas spent days in the invention of an onion soup which, to his taste, surpassed all his previous efforts.

If one is in search of new culinary sensations, he cannot do better than follow the guidance of Dumas, for no soups are more delicious than those which he has taught us to prepare. Select his mussel soup, or if time presses too closely to permit of spending five or six hours over a single dish, his onion soup, which requires but a few minutes of cooking.

In the entire category of soups, however, there are none that to the loyal Englishman can compare to those which have made the name of Birch's a household word. This establishment, which was opened in 1711, was long one of the most popular of London eating houses, and its spring soup, so lauded by Walker, and its mock turtle soup, for the making of which the famous Dr. Kitchener left such explicit directions, received the highest praise from "The Committee of Taste," that company of the elite of the grand gourmands and wits of that day who met with regularity at the doctor's table to test his recipes and pass judgment upon the merits of all new dishes.

WOMAN AND DRINK N. Y. COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

Do society women drink? The average "society" woman does not "drink" in the sense in which the hag in the slum and the bibulous cook do. She is too careful of her sylph-like figure and of her porcelain skin to indulge in much champagne, and she has enough to make her nervous without whiskey; but what she does take is a sip of liqueur here and a thimbleful of madeira there and a drop or two of cognac in her coffee after luncheon, and maybe a cocktail, to give her an appetite for dinner. This all counts up at the end of the day, and after a while madame feels the need of her little fillips and encouragers in order to enable her to carry out the exacting routine of her busy social life. She doesn't realize that she drinks. But stimulate she certainly does.

Living, as she does, in an electric atmosphere and under highly unwholesome and artificial conditions, with nerves always strung to the highest state of tension, and ever looking out for some new form of excitement, it is almost inevitable that artificial stimulants should be resorted to in order to enable the

jaded human organization to meet the excessive demands that are made upon it. From morning till night, and often through the night as well, there is one long round of worry and excitement.

The demands of fashionable society are so exacting that even the simplest things become either fatiguing or exciting. The mere act of dressing, for instance, which has to be repeated several times in the day, makes a severe call upon the strength of a delicate woman, even if she has a clever maid to assist her; and after having been laced into her armor of satin and lace, and had her head coiffed elaborately, she is too tired to go out without having recourse to a nip of cognac or cordial to brace her up and give her courage to face the world with the stereotyped smile of amiability expected from her.

Then there are the ordeals of shopping and trying on. Standing on high heels and in a tightly laced corset—straight-front hygienists notwithstanding—to have a heavy velvet gown fitted in a superheated room is an ordeal that would cause most men to topple over and faint. But the poor fashionable lady has to stand it, and perhaps drive off to pay a half-dozen calls after she has been dismissed by the dressmaker. But the dressmaker knows the psychological moment when the customer is just on the verge of fainting or hysterics, and comes forward with an offer of a glass of Benedictine or the "tiniest drop" of green Chartreuse, and her fair customer finds it so grateful and comforting that, on her next visit, she looks out for it as a matter of course, and in a short time starts a bottle in her own room, if she has not already done so.

The high-sounding names of the various expensive liqueurs have such a distinguished ring about them that it never occurs to the lady who is consuming them that she "drinks." Some women delude themselves still further by drinking eau de Cologne or some other perfume on the assumption that a pick-me-up of this kind is quite harmless, whereas, if anything, it is more deadly than the other.

Of course, it is not suggested for a moment that all women who have recourse to this kind of thing go the length of making themselves intoxicated. But they do often get as far as acquiring a color, and a sparkle in the eye, and a style of conversation, all of which are quite foreign to their real nature, and the effect, in the long run, is bound to be unmanageable nerves, if nothing worse.

"FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND" HARPER'S WEEKLY

It is Memorial Hall at Cambridge, that massive, commemorative structure dedicated to the Harvard men who fought and fell for their country in the Civil War, which stands to-day as the largest college "commons" in the world. Twelve hundred fellows, rich and poor, lamb and lion, North and South, sitting shoulder to shoulder, eat here regularly; and at Randall Hall, across the way over a thousand more are provided for three times a day. The rest of the five thousand, in smaller detachments, find comfort for the inner man at the many private eating-clubs, the motherly boarding-houses, and the thrifty restaurants with which the "Elm City" is bountifully supplied.

No pilgrim to Harvard, if he be properly escorted, misses a visit to Memorial Hall. The dinner hour on Thursdays during the winter proves the most popular occasion. This from the reason that vesper services are held at the college chapel on that afternoon, and it is a much-practised custom among the more susceptible of the undergraduates judiciously to invite in turn all the pretty girls they know out to these services, and to pilot them afterward to the gallery of Memorial, where they are accorded the unique privilege of "seeing the animals feed." In this gallery have doubtless stood as many distinguished men and women as on any other single spot in America. The royal road of travel, both for visiting foreigners and for one's own countrymen, is a well-thronged one to Harvard and to Cambridge, and no by-path of it is better known than that to Memorial.

This gallery is at one end of a vast, high, vaulted hall—such a hall as one might fancy the Saxon kings of old must have banqueted in. Along its sides are large, finely-colored memorial windows, the gifts of classes that have come and gone, and below them, thickly hung, are paintings of famous dignitaries and other worthy personages, who, from their dull-varnished canvases, look down rather too soberly, it occurs to you, upon the blithe scene below. From the vantage-point that this gallery affords you see stretched away beneath you, softened by the cloister light which the windows give, a seemingly endless field of white linen—the tables, checkered by cross-lines of black—the rows of eaters. Up and down the aisles rush the waiters, for the lad of twenty is not only a good trencherman, but an impatient one. The rattle of many dishes; the rise and fall of eager conversation that sounds like the surf on a

summer's day; the glare of many lights and the glitter of much silver; the tramp of many feet, and the frequent outbursts of unrestrained laughter—all lend to the scene a strange and fascinating animation. For a waiter to drop an overloaded tray, and thus receive a vigorous encore from the boys, or for two of the white-frocked servitors to come to blows over some question of precedence, is merely an additional detail that frequently enlivens the situation.

It is not without its customs and stories—this gallery. One in particular, should you chance through ignorance to disregard it, is speedily forced upon your attention. Gentlemen on entering the gallery are supposed to remove their hats, but as there is no printed legend posted to this effect, the breach of etiquette is often committed. When discovered, as it almost immediately is, the whole hall begins to stamp its feet under the tables and to look you square in the face. Not a few visitors, mistaking the cause of this action, consider it a welcome, and bow profusely in response.

The story is told of a foot-light favorite who appeared one day on the gallery, and was immediately recognized by the hall. It was an undisputed case of she came, she saw, she conquered. A tremendous ovation was accorded her, and in an unguarded moment, and to show her appreciation of the welcome, she threw the contents of a bon-bon box to the fellows at the table directly beneath her. The results were unfortunate. It would seem that every man in the hall had suddenly acquired an acute taste for chocolates; the rush which took place for that spot under the balcony has never been equalled on any gridiron.

So far we have not gone behind the scenes. Fancy, if you can, the housekeeping problem that is presented for solution to the management of Memorial and Randall Halls, where in one week and in two rooms the following little list of edibles is consumed: 30,750 pounds of meat, 2,900 gallons of milk, 1,700 dozen eggs, 215 bushels of potatoes, 40 barrels of flour.

The object of both Memorial and Randall Halls is to provide good board cheaply, and the object is admirably well achieved. Both of these halls are managed by an association chosen from and by the students. Memorial is run on the "American plan" and Randall on the "European plan." The price at the former averages less than four dollars per week, while at the latter, paying only for what they order, the men, as a rule, get along comfortably on two and a half dollars a week.

V a n i t y F a i r

F a d s F o i b l e s a n d F a s h i o n s

THE SOPHISTICATED DEBUTANTE LONDON OUTLOOK

The debutante is young in years, of course, but her knowledge of the world is considerably greater than that of her mother and grandmother. She is aware that she is not the fashion just now, so she emulates her married sister in the matter of startling conversation in order to stimulate public attention. The mere man on being introduced to her suppresses a yawn and is trying to think of a suitable topic of conversation, when she forestalls him with chaff about his past or her own future. She is abnormally healthy, plays every game with enthusiasm, and is full of suppressed mental excitement. She is never tired. She will dance till 4 A. M. and be riding at 9. Every man who has sat out three dances with the debutante knows more of her than her mother who has studied her for years. There is no environment she finds so trying as that of her own family, and she extricates herself from it as rapidly as possible.

Her sensations are delightful. She is always getting "thrills" and has delicious panics about nothing in particular, which she fancies are scandalous. Though she is now brought out for the first time, she has so long brought herself forward that she has quite a clique of her own. She is so hopelessly demure and dull when with her mother that the latter is quite surprised at her success, for she hears her praises from every quarter to which she herself has no affinity. Whatever her dress allowance, she speedily exceeds it.

The debutante can do most things well enough to be a capital sporting companion, and she is sufficiently fresh to stimulate the most jaded man about town. Toward the end of the season her flirtations are seventeen deep and are mostly with married and middle-aged men. She is a deep disappointment to her mother because she never marries in her first season. Proposals are part of the fun. She gets a number which are not at all serious, and which flatter her vanity while they entail no broken hearts. When she is nine-and-twenty she will tell her fiancé how frightfully silly she was when she was "young," and he will smile indulgently and remember that he was not very wise himself at that period of his life.

THE MODERN ENGLISH DANDY SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN

Since King Edward took to wearing one, the bracelet has become so common among Englishmen, especially among those of the impressionable age, that it no longer attracts attention on the arm of the silk-hatted young clerk who sits opposite you on the 'bus or in the suburban train, where you can't help but see what is snuggling under his coat sleeve. The fact of itself would be enough to worry the American scientist who recently expressed alarm because so many young men parted their hair in the middle; but what would he say to some of the later developments of men's fashions in England? The masculine adoption of bracelets is nothing to it. Although the subject may seem rather frivolous, it manifests a tendency that has become worth serious consideration, for it is a fact that the gilded youth and middle-aged men who are supposed to set the fashions for London are borrowing feminine adornments and customs to a surprising degree. That American psychologist would find a fertile field for investigation over here.

Corsets are a case in point. There have been little paragraphs in the London papers every now and then for the last few months touching upon the increasing demand for men's corsets. To make sure about it, I asked a fashionable corset maker for news of the business. "Is it really true that Englishmen are taking to corsets?" "Mon Dieu, yes! Lots of Englishmen. Every corsetiere now understands the making of a good pair of male stays. The Englishman he says to himself, 'Tiens! I have the marvelous figure. It shall be more marvelous!'" And then the authority proceeded to explain that the corset mania had begun with the military man—they compare notes on corsets in some of the army clubs as gravely as they discuss the education bill at the National Liberal club.

Masculine "beauty shops," so called in deference to the feminine establishment, have not yet sufficient prestige in London to come boldly out and state their business. Men who insist that wrinkles must go and freckles vanish are obliged to take treatment under cover of the manicure shop. "The best people" have not yet countenanced with sufficient enthusiasm these

little foibles on the part of men to encourage beauty "artists" in the frank acknowledgment of their employment. Even in shops where one knows positively that men take complexion treatment, the proprietors only smile blandly and say: "Oh, yes; but our men customers wouldn't exactly like to have it known that they came here. We attend to our business quietly. Few of our clients use rouge, but blacking the eyebrows is common. It is a great improvement to many men. Powder, as every one knows, long ago became recognized as a necessity on a gentleman's toilet table. Cosmetics bought for male use are exactly the same as those sold to women. Absolute purity of manufacture is demanded by men just as it is by careful women. They must have the best cream and lotions. So trade is brisk in our line. A little later, perhaps, our men customers will be less timid about avowing openly the advantages derived from treatment." "There aren't enough women in England to use all the perfume we sell," said one distinguished representative of the cologne trade. "The women buy for the men. Not that we object, mind you. It's all right for business that men will scent themselves up to smell like sachet bags, but we on the inside wonder how far it will go. Not only is there a greater amount of perfume sold in London to men now than ever before, but the demand for masculine scent bottles and other toilet articles is much keener."

This tendency to effeminacy is noticeable in the manufacture of nearly all kinds of clothing for men.

Any Bond street dealer will tell you, without the slightest hesitation, that he employs dozens of workwomen to embroider dainty garments for his male clients. One shop never sends out a garment without embroidered initials and featherstitching on it, and another devotes its energy to decorating the legs of man's socks with silk initials and other needlework. A fanciful conceit in this line is the billiard-shirt monogram. The latest fashion insists that a really up-to-date man should not be caught playing billiards without a monogram or crest on his shirt sleeves just above his left elbow. Nothing, however, is more strikingly imitative of women's dress than the newest departures in the glove department and the collar box. The latest glove for man is our old friend the mousquetaire. This buttonless covering for the hand is frequently made of buckskin, but I understand that the style will soon appear in dress gloves. The

mousquetaire is almost symbolical of everything that is daintiest and most refined in the get-up of a dainty woman.

The De Joinville tie and collar, which is coming back into fashion, is nothing more or less than the satin stock made familiar by the shirt-waist girl. The popularity of the hunting stock brought the fashion into being, and it is predicted by the haberdashers that this shirt-waist-girl collar will be the rule rather than the exception in day dress for men.

Men's shirts for evening wear are now nothing less than soft muslin creations such as the average American girl uses for her best shirt-waist. Waistcoats are heart-shaped and are finished with a modest single-breasted row of buttons. The Englishwoman's latest fancy-work is crocheting of silk waistcoats for her men friends. Coquettish bow-knots are the thing for dinner ties, in black, and the haberdasher says that gayer neck ribbons are only biding their time, and will ere long descend upon the wardrobe of well-dressed English gentlemen. Then there are the handkerchiefs. Lavender, pale blue, pink and delicate green are the favorites, and, furthermore, the up-to-date male handkerchief is soft and clinging and frequently tucked and embroidered. In size, it often measures no more inches than a lady's.

SHE IS ANCIENT CHICAGO CHRONICLE

One of the pet reproaches made against the new woman is that, in her unseemly longing to stand upon the same footing as her afore-time lord and master, she invented the fashion of wearing garments of a mannish cut.

This is most unjust, and she may readily be proved guiltless of the charge by a trifling investigation of the fashions of ancient times and of conservative countries, where the poor things are as unemancipated as possible, and still wear the same style of garments as their foremothers of a thousand years ago.

The Chinese lady, as every traveler testifies, is one of the most modest, retiring, and conventional of creatures, yet she wears clothes almost exactly like those of her husband and brothers. Indeed, in China trousers are considered much more proper as feminine garments than skirts.

The Turkish woman's dress is identical with that of the husband who keeps her so carefully shut away from all new-fangled notions, and the Eskimo woman clothes her little fat legs in tight sealskin breeches, finished off with smart fur-topped boots.

The happy woman of Siam, who has never been obliged to go in for woman's rights, having always been as free as air and the equal of any man of her acquaintance, wears, like every man in the kingdom, a square of cotton or silk curiously adjusted about the legs and fastened by tucking two of the ends through at the waist in what travelers describe as a perilously insecure manner.

The Greeks, with their hunting goddess, their Amazons, and their swift Atalantas, in the athletic games, have shown us how beautiful women can be in the short tunic worn by the youths. But no doubt even then old folks mentioned a prehistoric time when girls were not so bold.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES. F. ADDINGTON BRUCE. N. Y. TIMES

It was a very ancient philosopher who gave utterance to the phrase, "The tailor makes the man," and it was long before the true inwardness of this remark percolated the brain matter of that philosopher's fellow-beings. In due course of time, however, one of them, by name Thomas Carlyle, was impressed by the immensity of the thought, and forthwith sat him down and indited a voluminous essay on clothes and tailors, giving the essay to an eager public, to the end that the eager public should only be further mystified and perplexed. Sartor Resartus, as the essay was styled, contained much that was brilliant, albeit somewhat mystical. But Sartor Resartus left a good deal unsaid, and some day another philosopher will be born to expound still further on the weighty subject of clothing.

That clothes have their ethics cannot be denied, but truth compels one to acknowledge that these ethics are terribly tangled. For instance, we see a sedate-looking gentleman, whose habiliment is not of the latest cut nor of the newest material, and at once we are constrained to say: "There is a man whom Dame Fortune has not treated kindly."

This is the natural inference, and proceeding from it we are often led into the grievous error of saying or doing something that may offend the man. Now experience should teach us, if other evidence than that of the man's clothes is not forthcoming, that the one we sneer at may be a multi-millionaire. There have been rich men in this world, and there are rich men in it yet, who delight in hiding their light under a bushel, so to speak. Unless a Legislature passes a law compelling men to dress in accordance with their circumstances, we will be left

as much in the dark as ever, if our only criterion is the cut of their garb.

Consider now what would be the effect of such a law. We would naturally find the humble laborer going to his day's toil in the plainest of homespun. The beggar, without work and without home, would fittingly don sackcloth and ashes. Iron gray would be the color of the miner's dress. Checks would suit the businessman, the size of the check being proportioned to the height of his rating. The haughty bank clerk would have to dress in suits of a well-figured pattern. The newspaper man or author would of course wear black and white. A coat of many colors would be extremely appropriate to the politician. The promoter would be compelled to array himself in broadcloth, as typical of his smooth manner of doing business. The saloon keeper must display himself in dark brown clothes, as indicative of the taste of his wares. The poet would be forced to wear spring suits at all seasons. Green would be the color of a critic's apparel. Finally, millionaires would have to promenade in cloth of gold.

Reflect, however, how terrible would be the consequences were such distinguishing marks given to every man. Robbers and cutthroats would lie in wait only for men dressed in cloth of gold. Editors would recognize a poet the moment he entered the sanctum, and the unlucky songster would be given a short shrift. Indignant actors and authors would slit the gullet of every man they caught in a green suit. Gentlemen in broadcloth would be avoided like poison by gentlemen in checks. The wearers of black and white would be easily dodged by those whom they sought to interview. Dark brown suits would never dare to go to church. Politicians would have a terribly hard time of it with office seekers. Beggars would have no chance at all. In fact, the whole universe would be overturned.

As it is, there are certain distinguishing marks in the clothing of some men, which infallibly betray their calling or characteristics. Do conceited men ever wear boots that don't squeak? Would a miser wear a necktie if he could grow a beard? Do undertakers wear other than black from head to foot? Did one ever behold a bank clerk whose collars were less than three inches high? Do actors ever take their morning walk along the Rialto without a silk hat and tan boots? Do musicians ever buy other than velvet coats? Can a golf player be found without a red necktie? Just think a bit about it

C h o i c e ✨ ✨ V e r s e

THE SAILOR'S SONG . . . JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM . . . SCRIBNER'S

Oh, the wind's to the West and the sails are filling free!

Take your head from my breast: you must say good-by to me.

You'd my heart in both your hands, but you did not hold it fast,

And the mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

Oh it's I must away, and it's you must bide at home!

I am sped like the spray, I am fickle as the foam:

It was sweet, my dear, 'twas sweet, but 'twas all too sweet to last,

For the mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

We have clasped, we have kissed, but you would not give me more:

I must win what we missed on some other, farther shore.

You can never hold the gray gull that swings about the mast,

And the mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

You will mourn, you will mate, but 'twill never be with me:

I am off to my fate, and it lies across the sea.

For it's God alone that knows where my anchor will be cast,

And the mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

THE MAN HE KILLED . . . THOMAS HARDY . . . HARPER'S WEEKLY

SCENE: *The settle of the Fox Inn, Stagfoot Lane.*

CHARACTERS: *The speaker (a returned soldier), and his friends, natives of the hamlet.*

I

Had he and I but met

By some old ancient inn,

We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin.

II

But ranged as infantry,

And staring face to face,

I shot at him, as he at me,
And killed him in his place.

III

I shot him dead, because—

Because he was my foe,

You see; my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although

IV

He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,

Off-hand like—just as I—

Was out of work—had sold his traps—
No other reason why.

V

Yes; quaint and curious war is!

You shoot a fellow down

You'd treat if met where any bar is,
Or help to half-a-crown.

THE TURNING DERVISH . . . ARTHUR SYMONS . . . LONDON SAT. REVIEW

Stars in the heavens turn,

I worship like a star,

And in its footsteps learn

Where peace and wisdom are.

Man crawls as a worm crawls;

Till dust with dust he lies,

A crooked line he scrawls

Between the earth and skies.

Yet God, having ordained

The course of star and sun,

No creature hath constrained

A meaner course to run.

I, by his lesson taught,

Imaging his design,

Have diligently wrought

Motion to be divine.

I turn until my sense,

Dizzied with waves of air,

Spins to a point intense,

And spires and centers there.

There, motionless in speed,

I drink that flaming peace,

Which in the heavens doth feed

The stars with bright increase.

Some spirit in me doth move

Through ways of light untrod,

Till, with excessive love,

I drown, and am in God.

A BALLAD OF SEMMERWATER . . . WILLIAM WATSON . . . CENTURY

Deep asleep, deep asleep,

Deep asleep it lies,

The still lake of Semmerwater,

Under the still skies.

And many a fathom, many a fathom,

Many a fathom below,

In a king's tower and a queen's bower

The fishes come and go.

Once there stood by Semmerwater

A mickle town and tall;

King's tower and queen's bower

And the wakeman on the wall.

Came a beggar halt and sore:

"I faint for lack of bread."

King's tower and queen's bower

Cast him forth unfed.

He knocked at the door of the ells's cot,

The ells's cot in the dale.

They gave him of their oat-cake,

They gave him of their ale.

He cursed aloud that city proud,
He cursed it in its pride;
He cursed it into Semmerwater,
Down the brant hillside;
He cursed it into Semmerwater,
There to bide.

King's tower and queen's bower
And a mickle town and tall;
By glimmer of scale and gleam of fin
Folk have seen them all.

King's tower and queen's bower
And weed and reed in the gloom,
And a lost city in Semmerwater
Deep asleep till Doom.

ALLUREMENT.....MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON.....McCLURE'S

From yonder hedge, from yonder spray,
He calls me onward and away.
Broad lies the world and fair to see;
The cuckoo calls—is calling me.

I have not seen nor heard of Care,
Who used my very bed to share,
Since that first morn, when airily
The cuckoo, calling, called to me.

My sweetheart's face? I have forgot.
My mother? But she calls me not.
From that sweet bank, from that dim lea,
The cuckoo calls—is calling me.

And I must go—I may not choose;
No gain there is, nor ought to lose;
And soon—nay, now—on some wild tree
The bird sits long and waits for me.

LOVE'S MIRACLEWILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.....ATLANTIC

'Tis not the touch of hands, 'tis not the light
Shining from eyes that tenderly do gaze
On the beloved face, 'tis not the praise
Of spoken words or sung, that may aright
Reveal the spirit's worship; these give sight
Of Love's fair flower and tender leafy sprays;
But Love's fruition must be found in ways
More subtly sought, and moods more recondite.

'Tis rather in the hours when far apart
From the dear sight of her whose very thought
Hallows the soul, the hours with memories fraught,
With yearnings filled, when to the eyelids start
Unbidden tears; Love's miracle then wrought
Touches with fire the altar of the heart.

DUST AND THE SOUL ..HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD..HARPER'S

Out of the depths the star-dust drew,
Out of the primal pulse in space
That at the Word took shape and place,
Refined through great and fervent heat
To purpling light, to rounded grace.

Out of the dust we gathered life.
We from the pulses of the dust
That whirls upon the windy gust,
That still to meet the world of sky
Aspires in every grass-blade's thrust.

The grass, the flint, the flower is one
With our own substance, we who are
The little brothers of the star
That through the outer universe
On mighty lines rolls free and far.

Yet one with star-dust though the frame,
The spirit which informs its clod
Is that of the archangels shod
With fire, His flaming ministers,
And but the living breath of God!

INGRATITUDE.....A. L. G. H.ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE

Not till the cruel roughening of the way,
Not till the hopeless tiring of the feet,
Not till the dusk and fading of the day
Is home most sweet.

Not till our joy has turned to memory,
Not till our hearts are wearied out with fasting
Do we lift beaten hands and cry to thee,
Life everlasting!

IDEALISMWALTER LENNARD.....FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

Do you remember, love, when once I dreamed,
In a rose sunset by a rosy sea,
While o'er our heads the changing colors gleamed—
Of all that human life, well-lived, might be?

You laughed. I think I hear your laughter rend
The sweet illusion of a future age:
It was not thus, you said, that "that great end"
Which we all hope for "dawns on history's page."

No, "life is earnest, life is real"—you
Had proved it so through many a dreary act:
And dreams were valueless; and only true,
"Hard, dry, experimental, actual fact."

Dear, fond, prosaic babbler! Yet you knew
The thousand unrehearsed effects of morn;
In twilight pale the inimitable hue:
In midnight dark the mystery forlorn.

You saw the golden glory of the flower,
You saw the pageantry of heath and tree.
What are they? Visions of a dreaming hour,
Brain-pictures, deftly wrought by you and me.

Who paints the rosy tints of sky and sea?
Whose is the rapture that the poet dreams?
What is the true save what we think to be?
What is the real other than what seems?

THROUGH SLUMBER GATEJOHN WINWOOD.....SMART SET

Could she but know the dream I send
To her white bed to-night,
The road o' sleep, from end to end,
Would blossom with delight.

And tenderly this dream of mine
Should lead through Slumber Gate,
In pathways delicate and fine,
To that far place I wait.

Why is it that the nights go on,
And still I stay alone
Between the darkness and the dawn,
Sick-hearted for my own?

Perchance, my dream came not to her,
Or loitered until day;
Perchance, she mocked my messenger,
And flouted it away.

Ah, well, I only know I wait
Until that night may be,
When she shall slip through Slumber Gate,
And laugh and run with me.

Literary Thought and Opinion

LONDON'S CHOICE OF BOOKS LONDON ACADEMY

In accordance with our custom, we sent last week to a number of well-known men and women a request that they would name the two books which, during the past year, they have read with most interest and pleasure. We have been obliged to omit the reply of a certain eminent scholar, as we could not read his handwriting. We print some of the replies below:

Mr. Herbert Spencer—I have not read any new books this year.

Mr. Thomas Hardy—Margaret L. Woods's *The Princess of Hanover*.

Sir Charles W. Dilke—Two recent books have made more impression on my mind than did any of the spring publishing season, but one of the difficulties of writing once a year is that one is apt to think, in the absence of any book of the first rank, of those which are fresh in one's mind. *La Maison du Péché*, which has had an extraordinary success in France, and Vandal's first volume of his *Avènement de Bonaparte*, are the two books which, in your words, have pleased and interested me most: though in the case of the novel the pleasure is qualified by pain.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton—During the last year my reading in pure literature has been chiefly among old books. I therefore am not entitled to express an opinion upon the question you raise. Still I have read a few of the books published during the last year, and I may mention one that has specially struck me, on account of its brilliance, its fecundity of thought and style. I allude to *Love and the Soul Hunters*, by John Oliver Hobbes, a quite remarkable book as regards texture of style and literary qualities generally.

Dr. Jessop—W. S. Lilly's *India and Its Problems*. Rudyard Kipling's *Just So Stories*.

Dr. Garnett—*The Cambridge Modern History*. *The Life of James Martineau*.

Professor Skeat—None; I have quite enough to do to read the old ones.

Mr. Frederic Harrison—Stephen Phillips's *Ulysses*. C. H. Frith's *The Cromwellian Army*.

Mr. Arthur W. Pinero—Sir Horace Rumbold's *Recollections of a Diplomatist*. De Wet's *Three Years' War*.

Mr. Edmund Gosse—No work of the imagi-

nation which has been published in 1902, and which I have read, has seemed to me so original, so subtle, or sustained at so high a pitch of excellence, as Mr. Henry James's *The Wings of the Dove*.

Mr. Arthur Symonds—I think Lady Gregory's *Cuchullain of Muirthemne* is the most important book published during 1902.

Mr. W. B. Yeats—But for a few works sent me by young authors I should have read no book published this year, so far as I can recollect, except Lady Gregory's *Cuchullain of Muirthemne*. I am entirely certain of the immortality of this book, and doubt if such noble and simple English has been written since the death of Morris.

Mr. Sidney Lee—Sir Leslie Stephen's *Studies of a Biographer* (second series). Mr. A. E. W. Mason's *Four Feathers*.

Mr. E. V. Lucas—Cunninghame Grahame's *Success*. Barrie's *Little White Bird*.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton—Hilaire Belloc's *The Path to Rome*. Rudyard Kipling's *Just So Stories*.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti—I could only name one. I read, in an Italian translation, the beginning (but by no means the whole) of Maxim Gorky's tale entitled *I Tre* (*The Three*), and thought it an interesting, remarkable work. I also read Conan Doyle's book *The War in South Africa*, its *Cause and Conduct*. Did not particularly like it, and considered it to contain some serious misstatements.

Mrs. Craigie—Prof. William James's *The Will to Believe*. Tolstoy's *Les Appels aux Dirigeants*.

Miss Braddon—Arthur Morrison's *The Hole in the Wall*. Miss Cholmondeley's *Moth and Rust*.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett—Austin Dobson's *Richardson*. J. M. Barrie's *The Little White Bird*.

Mr. H. G. Wells—The book that has interested me most this year is William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*. In addition, I have found at least seven novels or short stories interesting and remarkable. I send you the list for inclusion or omission as you think fit: Henry James's *The Wings of the Dove*, Joseph Conrad's *Youth*, Arnold Bennett's *Anna of the Five Towns*, W. W. Jacobs's

The Monkey's Paw (in *The Lady of the Barge*), J. K. Jerome's *Paul Kever*, Florence Popham's *The Housewives of Edenrise*, Marriott Watson's *Godfrey Mervale* (with the amusingly brilliant finale).

Mr. W. W. Jacobs—Jerome K. Jerome's *Paul Kever*. Florence Popham's *The Housewives of Edenrise*.

Benjamin Swift—Horatio F. Brown's *The Venetian Republic*. Sudermann's *Es Lebe das Leben*.

Ian MacLaren—Kipling's *Just So Stories*. *The Life of James Martineau*.

TWO SORTS OF FICTION H. W. BOYNTON ATLANTIC

One of the facts now commonly admitted is that the short story writer is exempt from many of the requirements laid upon the novelist. A scene, an episode, a rapid series of events, we are told, is all that he can be expected to deal with; and conciseness and saliency are the only qualities we can require in his product. But how is this saliency to be measured? How are we going to distinguish between the taking story and the story of permanent power? In accordance with what principle is the blessed remnant to be chosen by time from among the ten thousand short stories now printed every year? Or will they be chosen for different reasons, and not in accordance with any single principle whatever? They will of course possess style; but as I understand style to be nothing more than personality grown perfectly articulate, and a quality possessed by every true work of art, I see no reason for emphasizing its importance to the art of story-telling. The main question would be answered, but in such a way as to leave it practically open. For the question that we are really asking is, How does the best style in short story writing differ from the best style in long story writing? That it does differ is apparently indicated by the greater difficulty we experience in determining the relative value of short stories. As applied to the novel, we do not find it hard to solve the problem after a fashion. We say that the novel will live or not according to the richness or poverty of its interpretation of human life. A man must have a big view and a round and hearty voice, or he will not be a great novelist; this is our theory. It provides us with an admirable means of judging the massive, epical type of novel.

But here we must begin to qualify. A story is not necessarily massive because it is long, or insubstantial because it is short. And from this consideration we may be led to speculate

whether much of the confusion which attends our appraisal of the short story does not result from an attempt to make an arbitrary distinction upon mechanical grounds. We are not able to classify canvases according to their size, or poems according to their length. Why should we apply the foot-rule to works of fiction? No doubt a composition in the grand style is more likely to be effective if the scale is not restricted. But small things are not always trivial. Not every short story is confined to the scene or the episode; and very many long stories achieve intricacy but not mass. More than one of Mr. Kipling's tales is a condensed novel, and more than one of Mr. James's novels is an expanded episode. What, then, is the conclusion of the matter? Something like this, it seems to me: That the quality of the tale, so far as it is differentiated from the novel, is lyrical rather than epical; the more or less emotional interpretation of some phase of human experience, in contrast with the interpretation of the experience in the large, as discerned by the creative spirit in its loftier and serener mood.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS, OLD AND NEW LONDON SPECTATOR

Would it be possible to establish some kind of a standard child's library? Would it, that is, be a possible and a useful undertaking to collect together some dozen or twenty books which the verdict of time has pronounced to be good rather than merely exciting—a child's book can easily be, but not often is, both—and which a child would be the happier for reading? The question is suggested by the enormous output of books for children which during the last few years has flooded the market. Their quality is undoubtedly different from that of the children's books of thirty and forty and fifty years ago; it is at least doubtful whether it is as good.

To take a random dozen—Grimm and Hans Andersen could never be left out—what books that have been published in the last ten years could be set on the same shelf with, say, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Through the Looking-Glass*, *The Heroes*, *The Water Babies*, *Masterman Ready*, *The Children of the New Forest*, *The Coral Island*, *The Dog Crusoe*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, *Feats on the Fjord*, *Dick Sands*, and *Tom Brown*—all of which were children's books twenty years ago? Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Books* and the *Just So Stories*, of course, would bear the comparison; so would Mr. Andrew Lang's series of fairy-tale books, with Mr. Henry Ford's charming illustrations, though

these are mostly old tales retold. But when you come to the majority of children's illustrated books of to-day—at least, to those which appear to be popular—you get to a really curious comparison between what children like (or are supposed to like) now and what was liked in the "sixties" and "seventies." To-day there is a queer tendency toward hideousness. Instead of being given stories and pictures of beautiful princesses and knights and kings and fairies, children are presented with ugly distortions of human beings. The pictures, which presumably are meant to amuse, are of men with enormous heads, ugly bodies, tiny legs; the nearer you can get to a conception of ugliness alive the better, apparently, for purposes of illustration. What is the reason for it? Do children really like looking at and thinking about pictures and stories of ugly creatures? We do not believe it. All children have an appreciation of what is quaint and out of the way, and like to be told stories of queer beasts and beings. But they do not naturally love what is ugly. If they did they would like ugly people and ugly animals in real life, and they do not like them.

The truth is that there is in reality a large ethical question—or perhaps, we should say, a broad educational problem—underlying the simple question of the selection of a book to give a child. Is it a good thing or a bad thing for a child to look at—even if only to laugh at—what is ugly? Is it not rather the fact that the more that ugliness is pointed out to a child, and the more often he is asked, as a child, to look at what is ugly, the more inclined he will be to expect and to select what is ugly when he is a man? The men and women who take the most charitable views of their fellow-creatures, who habitually look for and point out to others what is good rather than what is bad, are not those who can be imagined to have taken, as children, a delight at gazing at pictures of monsters. It is the child who is afraid of the bobbing and shrieking puppets of the Punch and Judy show who will grow up the kindest of critics. But if it is admitted, as it surely must be, that it is better for children to see beautiful rather than ugly things, how are we to account for the present tendency toward hideous books? Certainly we cannot attribute it to a general desire on the part of children for ugliness—a demand, that is, which is bound to be met with a supply. Children do not demand any particular kind of book: they take what they are given. They were delighted with Kate Greenaway twenty years ago: they could be

taught to be delighted to-day. The responsibility for the continued existence of children's books crowded with ugliness and distortions lies with the giver of the book, who is not a child. He is attracted, perhaps, by the novelty of grotesque illustrations, and thinks that children will be attracted also. Yet if he realized that children, like other people, see and look for what they are accustomed to see and have pointed out to them, would he not change his gift-book? A child's book—a book belonging to the child's library—ought to have a certain nobility about it. The princes ought to be brave and the princesses beautiful; the men and women and children ought to do gracious things, not to clown through a hundred pages of knockabout tomfoolery and twisted ugliness. Yet that is undoubtedly a tendency of children's books of to-day—to insist on what is bizarre, ridiculous, and monstrous. The tendency will disappear in time, when people realize that it is a bad thing to give children hideous things to play with and think about; but the strength of the contrast between the nursery and schoolroom books of to-day and thirty years ago is curiously noticeable.

BEGINNINGSCAROLYN WELLS.....CRITERION

Some one, I forget whom, said, "Beginnings were invented to obstruct continuations," but this can't be true of novels, for, notwithstanding the obstructive beginning, novels continue, and probably will do so, so long as any author and reader both shall live. But of the various possible beginnings it is interesting to note which one different authors consider the least obstructive. Perhaps the bold plunge *in medias res* is oftenest used by our best, or, at least, our most confident authors. This beginning apparently presupposes the reader acquainted with the characters of the author's book, and therefore establishes at once a confidential intimacy. Kim is a fair example of this beginning:

"He sat, in defiance of municipal orders, astride the gun Zam-Zammeh on her brick platform opposite the old Ajaibgher—"

Stevenson adopts this plan in most of his books. The Master of Ballantrae begins thus:

"The full truth of this odd matter is what the world has long been looking for and public curiosity is sure to welcome."

Henry James, too, affects this opening. The Awkward Age begins:

"Save when it happened to rain, Vanderbank always walked home, but he usually took a

hansom when the rain was moderate, and adopted the preference of the philosopher when it was heavy."

Perhaps the climax of assumption of the reader's familiarity with existing facts is reached in *What Maisie Knew*, whose beginning sounds more like a continuation:

"The litigation had seemed interminable, and had in fact been complicated; but by the decision on the appeal the judgment of the divorce court was confirmed as to the assignment of the child."

Though used much of late, this beginning is not of recent origin, for *Jane Eyre* is an old instance of it:

"There was no possibility of taking a walk that day—"

Another often used and more simple beginning is the *Once-Upon-a-Time* style.

Witness Jerome:

"One morning in early May, when the wind was cold and the sun hot, and Jerome was about twelve years old, he was in a favorite lurking place of his, which nobody but himself knew."

Frank Stockton, of blessed memory, often adopted the *Once-Upon-a-Time* opening.

Ardis Claverden opens:

"On a pleasant morning, at the very end of summer, a man was sitting upon a fence by a roadside."

The conversational opening is a favorite with many authors, and, in capable hands, it has its advantages. Kipling begins *The Light That Failed* in this way:

"'What do you think she'd do if she caught us? We oughtn't to have it, you know,' said Maisie."

And Sir George Tressady begins with an unprovoked speech.

Reference to *Infancy* is another mode. This dates back to *David Copperfield*, occurs in *Richard Carvel*, but is found in its most delightful phase thus in *Sentimental Tommy*:

"The celebrated Tommy first comes into view on a dirty London stair, and he was in sexless garments, which were all he had, and he was five, so, though we are looking at him, we must do it sideways, lest he sit down hurriedly to hide them."

The *Geographical Beginning* is rational, and much used by practical writers. The *Gentleman from Indiana* says first:

"There is a fertile stretch of flat lands in Indiana where unagrarian Eastern travelers glancing from car windows shudder and return their eyes to interior upholstery, preferring

even the swaying caparisons of a Pullman to the monotony without."

Mr. Howells, being extremely practical, begins *Indian Summer* thus:

"Midway of the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, where three arches break the lines of the little jewelers' booths glittering on either hand—"

While Kate Bonnet plainly states:

"The month was September and the place was in the neighborhood of Bridgetown, in the island of Barbadoes."

A large concourse of authors follow the lead of the *Pictorial Beginning*. Note Caleb West:

"The rising sun burned its way through a low-lying mist that hid the river and flashed its searchlight rays over the sleeping city."

And *The King's Jackal*:

"The private terrace of the Hotel Grand Bretagne, at Tangier, was shaded by a great awning of red and green and yellow, and strewn with colored mats, and plants in pots, and wicker chairs."

An amplification, or perhaps a development, of the *Pictorial Beginning* is the *Atmospheric Opening*. This is more subtle and gives the reader a hint of conditions rather than a material picture. It is useful to indicate a bucolic atmosphere—witness David Harum:

"David poured half of his second cup of tea into his saucer to lower its temperature to the drinking point, and helped himself to a second cut of ham and a third egg."

The influences of locality may be cleverly indicated by this *Atmospheric Beginning*. On the first page of *Blix* we read:

"It had just struck nine from the cuckoo clock that hung over the mantelpiece in the dining-room, when Victorine brought in the halved watermelon and set it in front of Mr. Bessemer's plate."

And turning to *Trilby*, a book that is all atmosphere, we find in its *Atmospheric Beginning* only a foretaste of joys to come:

"It was a fine, sunny, showery day in April. The big studio window was open at the top, and let in a pleasant breeze from the northwest. Things were beginning to look shipshape at last. The big piano had arrived from England and lay, freshly tuned, alongside the eastern wall; on the wall opposite was a panoply of foils, masks, and boxing-gloves."

After reading that, who could help continuing?

Wherefore, let the young and inexperienced author have a care as to his beginning, for thereby often hangs the success or non-success of a tale.

B r i e f ✎ C o m m e n t : L i t e r a r y S a y i n g s a n d D o i n g s

The London Academy, following its custom of some years' standing, has written to a number of prominent men and women asking what two books of the last year they enjoyed the most. In our department of Literary Thought and Opinion we print several of the replies thus received. Many very noteworthy things come from a study of these. First, that some very eminent men of literary quality have read no new books, their position being very well contained in the words of Prof. Skeat, the renowned student of Chaucer: "I have quite enough to do to read the old ones." Of the others many have found but a single book worthy of remembrance. And finally, of those who recalled one or two books, few thought any novels of the popular sort of value. Mr. James's new book, *The Wings of the Dove*, has won the admiration of Mr. Edmund Gosse and H. G. Wells. Mr. Kipling's *Just So Stories* has appealed to Ian MacLaren, G. K. Chesterton and Dr. Jessop. While Mr. Barrie's *The Little White Bird* has a single admirer in E. V. Lucas.

—The list is peculiar—very peculiar—but it is a great sidelight upon the reading of the literary man. The very divergence of taste shows individuality and power of discrimination. And where these exist there is no such thing as an immense literary popularity. It is blind following that makes the tremendous sales. Just as the persistence of advertising advances the sale of a new breakfast food, so does advertising advance the sale of the new novel. And as the sale dies out on the cereal up comes a new cereal, so as the sale of one book dies out up comes another. As Misther Dooley once remarked, "Women do all the readin' of books"; the figure of the cereal is still carried out.

—More works and more upon the Boer War. And now the literary instinct has tainted even the practical sober women. Mrs. Delarey is to publish a book, telling of the war as it affected the women. The Transvaal will soon be so Anglicized that every Kopje will contain upon its tiny peak a poetess or novelist. Mighty is civilization!

—It is interesting to note in this connection that Mr. Kruger's book of memoirs is almost a drug on the English market, while

DeWet's is a veritable bargain counterspecialty. There is always an element of romance about the fighter that the statesman never possesses. This may account for the above state of affairs; likewise there might be some question of personal feeling in the matter.

—The London Reader of Plays again rushes into the breach and saves the day. His most recent dictum is the refusal to grant a license for a play called *Paradise Lost*, based upon Milton's poem of the same name. The censor bars the play on the ground that it is "scriptural." Evidently the gentleman refuses to make his position a sinecure.

—Among a collection of letters and drawings by Thackeray to be sold shortly is an excellent unpublished specimen of his cleverness in writing rhymed prose epistles. The letter in question, which is to Miss Kate Perry, reads as follows:

Well, I thought assure as sure could be, should find a letter from kind J. E. Pray why doesn't she write to me? I'd like to know, and if not she, where's her sister, Miss K. P.? One or other is surely free to send a line to double you tea. What is the reason? I have often said. Are Kate and Jane both ill in bed? Is that little shivering greyhound dead? or has anything possibly happened to Fred? or have they taken a friend instead, of that old fellow they've often fed (along with Venables, Clem and Sped) with a broken nose and a snowy head? Tell me, how shall the riddle be read?

—The London Punch has been giving Aids for Authors, "being a few suggestions for intending novelists who are otherwise thoroughly equipped for the profession of letters, but happen not to have any initial ideas." We give below one of these "plots":

IN QUEST OF THE INFINITE.
A Study on two Planes of Being.
(Esoteric Series.)

Romney Vandyke, artist, prostrate with aggravated neuritis, brought on by three months' incessant toil on his picture, *A Vision of Vastness*, content to recognize that the Soul is All, the Body Nothing, and Pain non-existent. Feels henceforth that the sole duty of Man is to liberate the Ego from the chains of sense, and to send it forth enfranchised in quest of the infinite.

Awkward situation with Mary Brewer, his betrothed. Mary, suffering with toothache, refuses to believe that there is no such thing as Pain, resents her lover's attempts to raise her to the Higher Levels, and prefers to go to dentist. Soul of Romney grieved. Further progress of Romney in the realms of mysti-

cism and further occasions of loss of temper on part of Mary. Engagement finally broken off on ground of incompatibility of temperaments. Marriage of Mary to man of strictly business habits. Departure of Romney to the Temple of Wisdom in California for the Higher Consolation.

—Mr. A. B. Paine is to write a biography of the late Thomas Nast. This book, which was authorized by the dead cartoonist, should be full of interest.

—Mr. J. W. H. Crosland, who wrote that sensational book, *The Unspeakable Scot*, is to produce another book which, judging from the title and author, should be even more striking. *Lovely Woman* is Mr. Crosland's new theme, a theme old enough and big enough for any man. No woman ever attempts this; wherein the gentler sex proves itself the wiser.

—A new book, containing one long and several short stories by Henry James, is announced. Commenting on this, the *Tribune* takes occasion to say:

With Mr. James's preferences in the matter of an abiding place his readers have nothing whatever to do; but they are certainly justified in wondering what effect an American environment would have had on his talents. Life in France and in England has apparently confirmed him in careful, finical, fastidious literary methods—methods almost old maidish in refinement, precision and frigidity. His earlier work is stronger, if less finished, than his later books. What would the latter have been if the author had remained an American?

—The poems in Kipling's *Just So Stories* have been set to music and will be published in a volume by themselves. If we are not much mistaken, this is a going back to source. All of Kipling's verse has a lyric swing and musical cadence which suggest that it might have been composed to the accompaniment of a piano.

—A rather fancy sum was that paid for a book the other day in London; \$2,500 was the price given for an original edition of Carslake's Gaelic Translation of John Knox's Geneva Liturgy. There are very few copies of this work extant and none are in perfect condition. At the same sale a first edition of Keats' poems inscribed by the poet to B. R. Haydon was sold at \$885. Alas for the poets of to-day. There are many editions which do not bring in as much. Nor is the proportion in accordance with merit. For we have really good poets to-day, and were the emolument greater, would have more. Recently there has been a pleasurable increase in the number of books of poems. There is a fund of good poetry waiting to be discovered.

—When Dr. Henry Van Dyke's *The Story of the Other Wise Man* was translated into Turk-

ish, it was submitted, in the usual course, to the censor. That worthy approved all the book except its title, which he said would not do.

"Why will it not do?" the publisher asked.

"Because it is not true," was the solemn answer.

The publisher was puzzled. "Not true?" he asked. "In what respect is it not true?"

"Because," explained the censor, "there is no Wise Man but Mahomet."

The title was accordingly changed to one which, if translated freely into English, would read, "How the Other Scientist Got Left Behind."

—The *North American Review* began the new year with a decided innovation in admitting fiction between its covers. The first installment of Henry James's novel, *The Ambassador*, appeared in the January number. If the *Review* can keep its fiction pure in quality and very small in quantity, the innovation will prove decidedly a benefit.

—Horace Howard Furness, Jr., is following in the footsteps of his famous father, the editor of *The Variorum Shakespeare*. Mr. Furness has been a deep and ardent admirer of the Avon Bard, is a pupil of the late Professor Child of Harvard, and has been associated with his father in editing the above edition, which is, of course, the finest and completest edition of Shakespeare. He will hereafter devote himself to the historical plays, while his father edits the comedies.

—The announcement that Mr. Irving Bacheller will shortly publish a book of poems is not without suggestive meaning. The number of well-known novelists who write verse increases daily. The versatile genius of Mr. Kipling or the charm of Mr. Le Gallienne of course hardly applies here. But Mr. Meredith has written some very beautiful poetry, as have also Mr. Howells and Mr. Hardy. Miss Ellen Glasgow recently had published a small volume of poems from her pen and Mr. Owen Wister has his name in print over some rather humorous verses done for Remington drawings. These are but examples.

—It is not surprising at all to see novelists thus writing poetry. Every great novelist must have the instinct of the poet in him. It is poetry which lifts his work and stamps it with the mark of lasting worth. The greatest difference between the ephemeral and the enduring novel is that one is narrow, petty, and small in its appeal, while the other has the breath and sweep of life in it. And it is poetry that gives this very quality.

General Gossip of Authors and Writers

There is not much to be said about Mr. J. M. Barrie. Those who have read him need not be told of his exquisite humor and pathos, his absolutely unique individuality and charm. Those who have not read him will not draw a whit nearer to him for all the words that may be written. After all one might sum up Mr. Barrie: "Only name him and he is all-praised."

Mr. Barrie is now in his forty-second year. He is a graduate of Edinburgh University. His literary success began with *Better Dead*, in 1887. Since that time the principal novels and stories which have come from his pen are as follows: *Auld Licht Idylls*, An Edinburgh Eleven, *When a Man's Single*, 1888; *A Window in Thrums*, 1889; *My Lady Nicotine*, 1890; *The Little Minister*, 1891; *Sentimental Tommy*, *Margaret Ogilvy*, 1896; *Tommy and Grizel*, 1900; *The Little White Bird*, 1902. In addition he has written many successful plays: *The Professor's Love Story*, 1895; *The Little Minister*, 1897; *The Wedding Guest*, 1900.

Sunlight and optimism and art play all through Mr. Barrie's writings. Who can forget *Tommy* or *Margaret Ogilvy* or *Grizel*; or, to go further back, the fanciful *Lady Babbie*? Absolutely unique he stands in his field, a man who writes honestly and beautifully, one who betterers the world of letters and life.

—Maurice Maeterlinck has completed two new plays, both of which will probably be produced in Paris this summer. It is good to notice that while one of them is a fairy story the other is a play of modern life. Let us hope that M. Maeterlinck will hereafter put his poetry nearer to the daily life and bring his idealism and power to the portrayal of human beings rather than abstractions.

—This recalls the fact that Mr. Alfred Austin's three-act drama in blank verse has been secured by Beerbohm Tree. The title is *Flodden Field*. Here is a chance for the Laureate to redeem himself. The world attends. Likewise let Mr. Phillips look to his laurels.

The London Academy, discussing Mr. Austin's venture, says that, "in writing a play for Mr. Tree, Mr. Alfred Austin is strictly following the precedent set by Poets Laureate. Tennyson had three plays produced at the Lyceum, and if Wordsworth is unknown as a

dramatist, all the earlier holders of the office were playwrights, from Ben Jonson, Davenant, and their obscure successors to the great day of Dryden, and the less illustrious reigns of Shadwell, Nahum Tate and Colley Cibber. Really it was almost demanded of Mr. Austin that he should write a play."

—But Mr. Austin is not the only English poet to have his fling at the drama. Mr. Laurence Housman—he of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* fame—has written a religious drama called *Bethlehem*, which has already been produced. The conception and execution of this Nativity play are so modern and unique that Mr. Housman has felt the need to justify them. This he does in the following terms:

In spiritual matters the past tense is foolishness; everything "is," nothing "was." Christmas is not merely commemorated; it is in our midst year by year; and the present tense is the only one that can be applied to it. To make Christmas present in my play has been my chief aim. So my shepherds are not Hebrew shepherds; they are English and Christian. They do but rehearse, as do the peasants of Oberammergau, the event which already fills their lives. No explanation is needed as they run to Bethlehem, knowing already what awaits them there; and when they enter the stable it is as Christian worshipers coming to kneel by the "crib," and to say a "Hail, Mary!" before the Lady-Altar. My wish is to show how the thrill of the expected event can give as great a dramatic effect as the unexpected; that the knowledge of things does not in any degree lessen the wonder of them; an essential element of the drama will be its familiarity to those that hear it.

—Nothing could be better than to see how the literary and poetic drama is coming back again. Plays are being widely printed and are read more and more each day. It will not be long now before the drama shall again take its pristine place. It is bound to come. We are growing so wearied of the machine-made novel. Art is bound to have its turn.

—Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam has been stirring up a hornet's nest in the ranks of the army of women's rights. First a lecture before the staid Pilgrim Mothers, and then a climax in the January Harper's, with her *Omar for Ladies*. This is not quite the light in which we have been wont to view that delightful portrayer of child life, but it is none the less a pleasant one. Continue the good work, Miss Daskam.

—S. E. Kiser's charming little book, *Love Sonnets of an Office Boy*, is getting a good deal

of notice abroad. The book deserves it, for it is delightfully, refreshingly original and piquant.

—Mr. Kipling's recent poem in the *London Times* on the Anglo-German alliance has produced a prodigious stir. This is quite natural. Everything Kipling does produces a stir. And how he does love the foreigners. The Russians! and now the Germans:

That we must lie off a lightless coast
And haul and back and veer,
At the will of the breed that have wronged us most
For a year and a year and a year!

There was never a shame in Christendie
They laid not to our door—
And ye say we must take the winter sea
And sail with them once more?

Look South! The gale is scarce o'erpast
That stripped and laid us down,
When we stood forth but they stood fast
And prayed to see us drown.

The dead they mocked are scarcely cold,
Our wounds are bleeding yet—
And ye tell us now that our strength is sold
To help them press for a debt!

'Neath all the flags of all mankind
That use upon the seas,
Was there no other fleet to find
That ye strike hands with these?

Rather strong words these and—rather good poetry. It is hard ringing verse, but it beats and throbs with vitality and power.

—The death of Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, on December 26, robbed American literature of a woman whose work was full of promise and merit. Mrs. Catherwood was a Western woman. Her home for several years had been in Chicago. She was born in Ohio in 1847, and was married to James Steel Catherwood in 1887. Mrs. Catherwood wrote *Craque-o'-Doom*, *Old Caravan Days*, *The Secret at Roseladies*, *The Bells of St. Anna*, *The Story of Tonty*, *The Lady of Fort St. John*, *Old Kaskaskia*, *The White Islander*, *The Chase of St. Castin* and other Tales, *The Spirit of an Illinois Town* and the *Little Renault*, *The Days of Jeanne d'Arc*, *Bony and Ban*, *Mackinac and Lake Stories* and *Spanish Peggy*. Her most important book was, of course, *Lazarre*.

—The death of Mrs. Catherwood causes one to look back over the past year and consider how great has been our literary loss. In Bret Harte there has passed away one of our most famous writers. Scarcely less sad and even more poignant was the death of Frank R. Stockton. The tragic end of Paul Leicester Ford closed abruptly a career that was just beginning

to shape into definiteness. While the pitiful death of Frank Norris is so recent that the pain is still felt. In addition, the gloomy sad record contains the name of E. L. Godkin.

—This is, indeed, a heavy roll of honor. But the world at large has also suffered. Jean de Bloch, Émile Zola, Aubrey de Vere, George Henty, George Douglas Brown, Mrs. Alexander, and Lord Acton are some of the better known names that circle the globe.

The grief is, however, not absolute, for while the loss has been great, it has not left us utterly bereft. We have still great men left: men like Tolstoi and Ibsen, and Morley, Phillips, James, Swinburne, to mention but a few from many.

—Realism in fiction has found a new sponsor in Mr. Anthony Hope. Imagine the author of *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Dolly Dialogues* in this rôle, you who can. Perhaps it is the case of the comedian who ever thinks that he can play tragedy. Still Mr. Hope has come nearer to realism than ever before in his new book, *The Intrusion of Peggy*—delightful, fanciful, romantic realism.

—Dr. Charles A. Eastman, author of *Indian Boyhood*, an excerpt from which we published last month, is a full-blood Sioux Indian. Mr. Eastman lived for fifteen years of his past life as a member of a Sioux tribe in what we are pleased to call "savagery." Then brought into civilization by his father, he was educated in the "white man's way," and lives in that way to-day. The significant facts of his life are these: He was trained as an Indian for fifteen years, and as a white man for nearly the same length of time. Beginning without a word of the English language or a civilized conception, he prepared for college in nine years. He never attended a Government school, but spent twelve years of his school and college life in leading institutions for the higher education. Neither he nor any of his forebears were "agency" Indians, nor has he ever received rations or annuities. He has been for many years a citizen and a voter, as was his father before him. By profession he is a physician, and has for many years been Government surgeon connected with the Indian Bureau.

—Mr. Jack London, the novelist, is an ardent student of sociology, and has lately spent some time in the East End of London busy in observing slum life there. He dressed as an American sailor looking for employment and carried little or no money. Just now he is living in a bungalow near San Francisco, with an outlook over the Golden Gate.

In ✂ ✂ D i a l e c t : S e l e c t i o n s o f C h a r a c t e r V e r s e

BEWITCHED C. FOX SMITH LONDON OUTLOOK

O none may share the sorrow
And none may break the spell,
For I ha' crost the weird water
An' drunk o' weepin' well.

An' I ha' pluckt the bitter fruit
Of Elfinland forlorn,
An' spoke wi' the wan woman
Beneath the twisted thorn.

O I ha' bought dark wisdom
For the heart within me sold,
An' I ha' gi'en my livin' soul
For a mint of fairy gold.

The stream runs on i' the old way,
The birds sing on the trees,
An' the sun shines on the hillside,
But I know nought o' these.

There is no man dare speak wi' me,
No home where I may dwell,
For I ha' crost the weird water
An' drunk o' weepin' well.

OLD HOME WEEK IN PODUNK H. S. KELLER N. Y. HERALD

How air ye, Ezra? Wal, by gum!
It duz me good ter see ye hum.
This Ole Hum Week, it seems ter fetch
The ney'b'rin folks right down the stretch.
Be'n 'way a lot o' years frum us—
Le's see, ye useter drive the bus
Ter bring the people from the train,
In sunshine or in time o' rain.
An' then, b'gosh! ye got a pull
In politicks, an' soaked yer full
O' fluence till ye got a seat
In State Assembly, slick an' neat.
An' then ye got anuther lift,
An' took a new holt on yer shift,
Until ye landed in the pen
Where Uncle Sam keeps Congressmen.
Ye ain't forgot the old-time joys
Ye had among the Podunk boys?
Good; glad yer memory hain't slow—
How 'bout thet ten loaned years ago?

MORE PROBLEMS ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

Moses in de bullrush,
Mighty clost de sea;
'Spouse de tide hed riz up?
Whar would Moses be?

Joshua in de battle,
Ain't got light ter see;
'Spouse de sun been sleepy?
Whar would Joshua be?

Jonah in de big storm—
Whar would Jonah be
Ef de big whale hadn't said:
"Dis too much for me?"

Tarryfyin' problems—
Des won't bresh away!
Hope we'll see 'em plainer
Wen come de risin' day!

A RURAL REALIZATION JOSH WINK BALTIMORE AMERICAN

Our Alice has got back from the city—
Hair fixed up fine as a fiddle,
Which ain't nothin' half like so pretty
As her usual part in the middle.
Happenin' t' drive down t' the station,
Sight of her set my heart hummin',
Though I wouldn't for the all of creation
Admit that I knew she was comin'.

Cars had stopped when I spied her—
Somethin' 'fore time t' get out,
An' I wasn't slow gettin' beside her,
If there was other people about;
But 'count of her 'quired city graces,
An' idees I saw she had found there,
Though I hauled up home her an' her laces,
I didn't feel fit t' go 'round there.

Still I found her as pleasant as ever
Next evenin' on happenin' t' call;
'Nquired 'bout the folks, an' the river,
An' the farm, an' the pasture an' all—
But town life don't hitch up with Alice,
She'd lost twenty pounds I could see—
Worst of it—though I don't bear no malice,
It's the part of her used t' like me!

"THE BLACKBIRD" MOIRA O'NEILL OUTLOOK

There's a bird that sings in the Narrow Glen,
The brave black bird with a golden bill,
He'll call me after him, an' then
He'll flit, an' lave me still.
A bird I had was one'st my own,
Oh, dear, my Colleen Dhu to me!
My nest is cold, my bird has flown—
An' the blackbird sings to me.

Oh, never think I'll tell her name,
I'll only sing that her heart was true:
My blackbird! ne'er a thing's the same
Since I was losin' you.
'Tis lonesome in the Narrow Glen,
An' rain drops heavy from the tree;
But whiles I'll think I hear her when
The blackbird sings to me.

I'll make a cradle of my breast,
Her image all its child shall be,
My throbbin' heart shall rock to rest
The care that's wasting me.
A Night of Sleep shall end my pain,
A sunny Morn shall set me free,
An' when I wake I'll hear again
My blackbird sing to me.

"MARY LIZ"BALTIMORE AMERICAN

'Pears to be a certainty,
 Ev'ry dadblame' fad they is,
 Comes aroun' to this here town,
 Is took up by Mary-liz.
 First, she had the "higher art,"
 An' the attic's cluttered yit
 With the buckets, pans an' things
 That she said was—I forgit.

Then she tried to elocute!
 Raised the rafters—it's a fac',
 When she tore her hair, an' howled
 In that piece, "The Maniac."
 Nex' she had was—le' me see—
 What was that there kind o' art
 Where you learned to fall down right?
 What's the name? Oh, yes! Delsarte.

Women's clubs! She's joined enough
 To bewilder any saint.
 Wrote a paper—has it yet—
 "Is it Womanlike to Faint?"
 Then she had the euchre fad—
 Talk an' shuffle—cut an' jump,
 Half the time she'd be in tears,
 'Cause she didn't play the trump.

Women's fads is just like germs—
 Always catchin'! An', gee whiz!
 They know what they're doin' of
 When they hunt up Mary-liz!
 Don't know what she'll take up nex'.
 Kind o' wonderin', you see,
 'Cause just at the present time
 Mary-liz's fad is me!

THE WAY OF THE REGULAR. . .ROBERT V. CARR. . .COLLIER'S WEEKLY

Reg'ler soldier, such they name me—bin that way
 fer twenty years.
 Arizona, Injun-fightin'; Cuba, helpin' volunteers.
 Googoes got some malo feelin's after old Manila's
 fall,
 Then we takes a hike to China—up against that
 heathen wall;

Which Pekin she was good, however, loot there was
 with the advance,
 But a reg'ler wouldn't touch it—not unless he got a
 chance.
 Fightin', yes, an' foreign service, sights an' things
 to fill your eyes,
 Heathen gods an' heathen people, heathen lands an'
 heathen skies.

An' I'm here in 'Frisco loafin'—clean discharge an'
 mucho tin,
 An' I'm sayin', my amigo, that I won't take on agin.
 No, siree! I'm thro' with hikin' an' the service has
 my scorn—
 Shave-tail, I was fightin' plenty 'fore your shoulder-
 straps were born.

Then you come around all snarly, "Dress up, there!
 say, can't you see?"
 "Front!" you yell, you kid of twenty, looking
 bayonits at me.
 An' you fill my soul with feelin's of extreme an'
 great fertig,
 With your way of doin' business, like a private was
 a pig.

Why, the service's gone to blazes; everything is
 clear N. G.,
 An' you bet your extra pesos that the same is shut
 of me.
 Fer I'm here in 'Frisco loafin'—clean discharge an'
 mucho tin,
 An' I'm sayin', my amigo, that I won't take on agin.

LATER

Well, say! I jes' got lonesome, couldn't stand it
 much nohow,
 This civilian life's a dead one, mucho malo I'll
 allow.
 Loafed around an' spent denero till no más of
 such I had.
 Got to thinkin' that the service wasn't—well, oh,
 not so bad.

Chow an' quarters an' a bunkie, an' your clock a
 bugle call,
 Once a soldier, soldier always; you can't help it,
 that is all.
 Queerest thing, you git so lonesome, honestly,
 that's what you will,
 Actually you git clear homesick fer inspection or a
 drill.

So I quit the game of loafin' when I'd spent my
 travel tin;
 Say, amigo, I feel better since I have took on agin.

YE MAYDE WHO COOKED BY MAYLEWHAT TO EAT

A Proper True Gem of Poesie, ye Whych Con-
 taynes some Goodlie Thoughtes & a Verie Wise
 Moralle at ye Ende.
 Alle putte in Easie Verse by Bylle Nesbytte, ye
 Scribe.

There was a gentyll mayde,
 Who dallyed in ye Dough,
 In Kytchenne Garbe arrayed,
 For it became her soe.
 She soughte toe bake ye Breade,
 And felt she colde notte fayle,
 "For I," she bravelie sayde,
 "Learned 'How toe Cooke by Mayle'"

She putte ye Loaves wythinne
 Ye Ovenne, pypinge hotte,
 And soone she razed a dynne
 By shriekynge: "I forgott
 I know notte what toe do
 Now that ye Loaves are there"
 She wepte, "Alas! Boo hoo!"
 And tore her Auburne Hayre.

She straightwaye soughte her penne,
 As I'm a truthfule Barde,
 And wrote ye Teachinge Menne
 Uppone a Postalle Carde.
 "Ye Loaves," she wrote, "are placed
 Wythinne ye Stove toe Bake;
 Please answer me in Haste,
 What next steppe I shalle take."

Oh, Maydennes, heede thys rhyme;
 Ye Breade, alas! was burned;
 She heard noe Weddyng Chyme,
 By Lovers she was spurned.
 Take heede! Nowe, do notte fayle
 Ye lessonne fayre toe see:
 If you muste Cooke by Mayle,
 Buy from ye Bakerie.

Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

THE INTRUSIONS OF PEGGY

Mr. Anthony Hope's new book¹ contains the elements of the Dolly Dialogues and the Prisoner of Zenda. It is delightful, fresh, and really worthy. It shows greater insight into character than anything which Mr. Hope has heretofore done. It is distinctly a larger thing than his previous work. It is to be hoped that such "intrusions" may be repeated both by Peggy and Mr. Hope.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

A graphic picture of Western life during the late campaigns against the Indians, together with a very unusual phase of Western character, is to be found in John Erminie.² A book not without flaws, but one which wins, in spite of them; thoroughly readable and unquestionably interesting.

OUT OF GLOUCESTER

It has been years since as fine stories of fisherman's life have appeared as those to be found in Mr. Connolly's book.³ The author is a downright realist, but he has not forgotten poetry and humor. A virile, strong, vital book.

THE LAST WORD

The Last Word⁴ is a romance of newspaper life, mixed with elements of Texas character and vocation. A strange compound of cowboys and journalists, full of lights and shadows, with contrasts that somehow adjust themselves. There are many pithy sayings and some rather noteworthy scenes. Distinctly a book of promise.

ALEXANDER GORDON

Politics and art and a social problem are the ingredients of Mr. Alexander Black's Richard Gordon.⁵ The story is strong and well written, and the characters are drawn with sureness and skill. The thread of tragedy which ever clings in the background of the theme gives dignity to the tale.

¹The Intrusions of Peggy. Anthony Hope. N. Y., Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

²John Erminie of Yellowstone. Frederic Remington. N. Y., The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

³Out of Gloucester. James B. Connolly. N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.

⁴The Last Word. Alice MacGowan. Boston, L. C. Page & Co.

⁵Richard Gordon. Alexander Black. Boston, The Lothrop Pub. Co. \$1.50.

A PRAIRIE GIRL

The Biography of a Prairie Girl,¹ by Eleanor Gates, is the story of the life of a child in a Dakota farming-house, from her birth until her departure for an Eastern college. There are many delightful passages which tell of the pleasures of living close to nature, and several thrilling incidents are related such as would occur in the land of prairie fires and Indians. The book is a good one to put into the hands of young people, especially, but it will also be appreciated by their elders.

HOUSEWIVES OF EDENRISE

In The Housewives of Edenrise,² by Florence Popham, we have an excellent, and often delightfully humorous, picture of life in a suburban village not far from the English capital. The village gossip, tea-drinkings, entertainments, and croquet matches are well described. Mixed up with all this is a very sensible wife with a very sensible husband.

SIDNEY LANIER ON SHAKESPEARE

A thoroughly worthy book, both from an educational standpoint and from a literary one, is the publication of Sidney Lanier's lectures on Shakespeare.³ A highly valuable book, with a rare sidelight upon the poet and the great dramatist, printed with rare taste and edited with unusual skill.

BOOKS ON THE BOER WAR

It is touching to contemplate such a picture of an aged patriot crushed by defeat as we have in The Memoirs of Paul Kruger, Told by Himself.⁴ Aided by secretaries, an editor, and a translator, he has placed before the English-speaking world such an account of his career and of his devotion to the independence of his country and people as must long remain one of the most remarkable records of patriotism which history contains. Mr. Kruger's passionate invective will find an echo in many a heart; but, if we would be worthy students of history, we must remember that in these memoirs we have only one side of the controversy between

¹The Biography of a Prairie Girl. Eleanor Gates. N. Y., Century Co. \$1.50.

²The Housewives of Edenrise. Florence Popham. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

³Shakespeare and His Forerunners. Sidney Lanier. N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. 2 vols.

⁴Memoirs of Paul Kruger, Told by Himself. N. Y., The Century Co. \$3.50.

Great Britain and the Boers. Probably the other side will never be known in our time, for it lies in the archives of the British Colonial Office, and there will remain, unless some persistent member of the British Parliament succeeds in unearthing it. Whether or not Mr. Kruger's terrible arraignment of the conduct of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Chamberlain, and his subordinates is impartially stated in every particular, it will be easily forgiven for its severity by all fair-minded persons who sympathize with a struggle for liberty. How desperate and noble that struggle was may, in some measure, be gathered from Three Years' War,¹ by Christian Rudolf de Wet, the ubiquitous Boer Commandant. It is a story of swift, vigorous and unceasing action against heavy odds in numbers, if not in position, and it demonstrates the great change that arms of precision and long range have wrought in modern warfare. It shows how easy it is for a body of determined and brave men, operating in a country with which each one is familiar, to not only hold at bay, but harass and defeat a numerically superior body, however well equipped, to whom the contour of the district is unknown.

De Wet premises that he is not a writer. It would have been well if some one had warned him against the excessive use of the eternal "I." Its incessant use in these pages has imparted an air of egotism which becomes painful. Still, the book is a remarkable one, and it is to be hoped that the brave author of it will be accorded the generosity of those "fellow-citizens of the British Empire" to whom he dedicates the volume.

FORSTER'S LIFE OF DICKENS

John Forster's Life of Dickens,² in three volumes, published in 1871-2-4, a classic as it is among biographies, appealed to the few rather than to the many of those who desired to know something about the literary and personal life of the great popular author of half a century ago. As Dickens's works still hold, and will continue to hold, a high place in English literature, it must be a boon to his many admirers in the present day that an abridgement of Forster's large biography has been issued in such a form and at such a price as to place it within the reach of a widely-extended body of readers.

¹Three Years' War. Christian Rudolf de Wet. N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

²Forster's Life of Dickens. Abridged and Revised by George Gissing. N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co. \$2.00.

Mr. George Gissing has had charge of the work, and has taken the opportunity of revising passages in accordance with recent information. He has also substituted some of his own criticisms for those of Forster; so that we have a Life of Dickens which may be said to have been brought down to date. Mr. Gissing's part is thoroughly well done, the book is admirably illustrated, facsimiles of several manuscripts add interest, and, taken altogether, the volume will be a welcome addition to the libraries, not only of students of literature, but of general readers.

LONDON AT NIGHT

In The Night Side of London¹ Robert Machray has given an intimate picture of the seamy side of life after dark in the world's largest city. The account will be found, by older readers, both interesting and instructive, but one cannot help feeling that the night life of one of the great cities is much like that of the others. The drawings made by Tom Browne, R.I., and R.B.A., are illustrative of the text in the highest sense.

THE STRONGEST MASTER

A student of Harvard, son of a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, expelled from his university for gambling, is the hero of The Strongest Master,² by Helen Choate Prince. Following out his determination to work his own way in the world, he becomes a clerk in a shoe factory. The principal *motif* is not a pleasant one, but Mrs. Prince's careful, judicious, and excellent work makes the book very readable.

THE TASKMASTERS

The Taskmasters,³ by George Kibbe Turner, is a worthy addition to The First Novel Series. It is a tale of industrial and political conditions in a New England manufacturing town, and relates the struggles of a son of a deceased mill-owner who, finding himself penniless, starts life as a lawyer. Mr. Turner has treated his subject with skill, and has shown a keen appreciation of dramatic antithesis of character and situation. His handling of plot, description and individuality is most promising, and his book well deserves attention and warm appreciation.

¹The Night Side of London. Robert Machray. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50.

²The Strongest Master. Helen Choate Prince. Boston and N. Y., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

³The Taskmasters. George Kibbe Turner. N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

**THE POET
AND
PENELOPE**

A delightful story, full of the charm of delicate touches and close contact with Nature in her varied moods, is *The Poet and Penelope*,¹ by L. Parry Truscott. Penelope is a delicious creation, exemplifying all the artlessness of a child of Nature, and showing how true simplicity can pass unscathed through the tempests of a London season; while the Poet, with his dreamy devotion to his art, his little eccentricities and sensitiveness, and, withal, his strange blindness to that love which a poet is usually supposed to be able to fathom so well, is a fitting companion to the picture of his beloved. To make an ancient bronze vase the *deus ex machina* is a stroke of genius. The book is one to be read and re-read for the sake of its dainty word-painting.

**THE ASCENT
OF THE SOUL**

Those who are interested in the development of the Soul will find much that is helpful, instructive and inspiring in *The Ascent of the Soul*,² by Amory H. Bradford, D.D. The author does not enter upon any sophistical treatment of the tripartite nature of man, body, soul, and spirit, so dear to medieval schoolmen, but takes the simpler standpoint of man's dual nature, body and soul, regarding the soul as an entity equally with the body. The volume may well contribute largely to a deepening of the spiritual life.

I Will Repay,³ by George Dyre Eldridge, is a weird tale embracing many characters, all of which are

sketched with care and much dramatic power. The gist of the story seems, at first, to be a mystery concerning twin brothers, but it shifts ere long to the question why the character really occupying the most prominent position should have wrecked his own life and that of another in order to escape from the consequences of an accident. As a tale of New England life, it is interesting.

**MORE
REVOLUTIONARY
FICTION**

It takes long and diligent toiling to exhaust the treasures of a rich and extensive lode, but, looking at the long array of literary brilliants already gathered from the mine of the Revolutionary War, one would be inclined to think that the day must assuredly have arrived when it would be announced that it was worked out. But

¹*The Poet and Penelope*. L. Parry Truscott. N. Y., Putnam's. \$1.00.

²*The Ascent of the Soul*. Amory H. Bradford, D.D. N. Y., The Outlook Co. \$1.25.

³*I Will Repay*. George Dyre Eldridge. N. Y., Lewis, Scribner & Co.

no! From the day when Fenimore Cooper staked his claim to the present moment the mine has been exploited, and we have no guarantee that next year also will not show some more products. From this rich treasure-house Francis Lynde has extracted the *Master of Appleby*,¹ in which a few historical incidents are used as a setting for a romantic love story. It is by no means a milk-and-water story. Dueling, slaughter, Indian cruelty, hairbreadth escapes and the like are crowded into the pages in such abundance as to satisfy the most exacting of sensationalists.

Burton Egbert Stevenson also has added another Revolutionary tale in *The Heritage*,² but the scene is laid in the West, and deals with General St. Clair's unfortunate expedition, followed by General Wayne's successful one. The story is a thoroughly good one and is well told.

In *Under Colonial Colors*,³ by Everett T. Tomlinson, there is no love element at all; and this is, probably, because the volume is intended for boys, and, of course, they never dream of love. The book gives the story of Colonel Benedict Arnold's expedition to Quebec, great stress being laid upon the severity of the march up the Kennebec and the sufferings of the young hero and his companions in a British prison. The author's intention, in showing what patriots will undergo for their country, has been to enclose history in such a setting of fiction as will make it interesting. He has most certainly succeeded.

**GLENGARRY
SCHOOL DAYS**

In his new book, *Glengarry School Days*,⁴ "Ralph Connor" has again carried us to that part of Eastern Ontario which produced the Man from Glengarry, one of the best specimens of humanity depicted in recent fiction. In the present work we are treated to inimitable, detached sketches of the school life of the sturdy descendants of a sturdy Scotch ancestry, and through all runs the influence of the noble woman around whom so much of the interest of the former Glengarry volume gathered. *Glengarry School Days* will rank with the best of the "Ralph Connor" books.

¹*The Master of Appleby*. Francis Lynde. Indianapolis, Bowen-Merrill Co.

²*The Heritage*. Burton Egbert Stevenson. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

³*Under Colonial Colors*. Everett T. Tomlinson. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.20.

⁴*Glengarry School Days*. "Ralph Connor." N. Y., Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25.

Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It

Following is a list of books received at this office between December tenth and January tenth:

Essays and Miscellany

- Addresses on War: Chas. Sumner: Introduction by Edwin D. Mead: Boston, Ginn & Co. \$0 50
 Biographic Clinics: The Origin of Ill-Health of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, and Browning: Geo. M. Gould, M.D.: Phila., P. Blakiston's Son & Co. 1 00
 Can Telepathy Explain? Minot J. Savage: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 00
 Everyday English: Jean Sherwood Rankin: Boston, Educational Pub. Co.
 Isle of Content, The: And Other Waifs of Thought: Geo. F. Butler, M.D.: Concord, Mass., Erudite Press
 Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Amer. Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution 1897-98: J. W. Powell: In Two Parts: Wash., Gov't Print. Office.
 Pipe Dreams and Twilight Tales: Birdsall Jackson: N. Y., F. M. Buckles & Co. 1 25
 Successful Advertising: How to Accomplish It: J. Angus MacDonald: Phila., Lincoln Pub. Co. 2 00
 Text-Book of Nursing, A: Clara Weeks-Shaw: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. 1 75
 Woodsman's Handbook, The: Henry Solon Graves: Wash., Gov't Print. House.

Fiction

- Eshek the Oppressor: Gertrude Potter Daniels: Illustrated by G. C. Whitney: Chic., Madison Book Co. 1 50
 Father Tom of Connemara: Elizabeth O'Reilly Neville: Illustrated: Chicago, Rand, McNally & Co.
 Hidden Fortune, The: An Educational Story: Des Moines, Shisster Chase Co.
 Old Plantation Days: Martha S. Gielow: N. Y., R. H. Russell
 Quest of the Holy Grail, The: Ferris Greenslet, Ph.D.: Illustrated: Boston, Curtis & Cameron.
 Under the Sun; Or, The Passing of the Incas: Charles W. Buck: Louisville, Sheltman & Co.
 Vale of Cedars, The: And Other Tales: Grace Aguilar: Illustrated by T. H. Robinson: Phila., Jewish Pub. Society.
 Week in a French Country-House, A: Adelaide Sartoris: Illustrated: N. Y., Macmillan Co. 1 50

Historical and Political

- Ancient Athens: Ernest Arthur Gardner: Illustrated: N. Y., Macmillan Co. 5 00
 As It Is in the Philippines: Edgar G. Bellairs: N. Y., Lewis, Scribner & Co. 1 50
 Civil War. Times, 1861-1865: Daniel Wait Howe: Ind., Bowen Merrill Co.

- Future of War, The: Jean De Bloch: Boston, Ginn & Co. 50
 Historic Highways of America: Vol. 3: Archer Butler Hulbert: Cleveland, Arthur H. Clark Co. 2 50
 Mont Pélee and the Tragedy of Martinique: Angelo Heilprin: Illustrated: Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co. 3 00
 Spain and Her People: Jeremiah Zimmerman, LL.D.: Illustrated: Phila., Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. 2 00

Poetry

- Argonauts of Immortality, The: Mason Carnes: N. Y., Brentano's.
 Black Prince, The: and Other Poems: Maurice Baring: N. Y., John Lane.
 Croesus and Ione: A Drama in Four Acts: Charlotte E. Wells: N. Y., Riggs Print. & Pub. Co.
 Immortalite: Madame G. De Montgomery: Paris, Alphonse Lemerre.
 Jonathan: A Tragedy: Thos. Ewing, Jr.: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1 00
 Pinnacle of Parnassus, The: Clarence E. Eddy: Salt Lake City, Tribune Print. Co. 50
 Plantation Bird Legends: Martha Young: N. Y., R. H. Russell.
 Poems of the Heart: Rev. T. F. Hildreth, A.M., D.D.: Norwalk, O., Laning Co.
 Queen Moo's Talisman: The Fall of the Maya Empire: Alice Dixon Le Plongeon: N. Y., Peter Eckler. 1 50
 Rainbows: Olive Custance: N. Y., John Lane.
 Rollicking Rhymes of Old and New Times: N. W. Bingham: Illustrated: J. A. Jameson: Boston, Hy. A. Dickerman & Son.
 Selected Poems: Wm. Watson: N. Y., John Lane
 Things: Geo. W. Stevens: Illustrated by Ardo D. Condo: Toledo, O., Franklin Press. 1 25
 Triumph of Love: Edmond Holmes: N. Y., John Lane.
 Whimlets: S. Scott Stinson: Pictured by Clare Victor Diggins: Phila., Hy. T. Coates & Co. 1 20

Religion

- Divine Question, The: Lionel Josaphare: San Francisco, A. M. Robertson 25
 Proofs of Life After Death, The: Compiled and Edited by Robt. J. Thompson: Chicago, Robt. J. Thompson 2 00
 Next Step in Evolution, The: I. K. Funk, D.D., LL.D.: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co. 50
 Unitarianism in America: George Willis Cooke: Boston, Amer. Unitarian Association. 2 00

Among the February Magazines

Some Communities with Striking Individualities might be the title of a volume in which had been collected the papers on various American towns which have from time to time been contributed to Harper's by Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D., the Professor of Political Economy in the University of Wisconsin. The latest of these is the paper in the present issue in which Mr. Ely, under the title of A Decreed Town, makes a study of Greeley, Colo. To the political economist it is a study of peculiar interest. The intimate history of another community, although another phase of it, is given in George Edward Woodberry's account of The Literary Age of Boston. Professor Woodberry has the chair of Comparative Literature at Columbia University. Glimpses of two far-away parts of the world are given in Mary H. Pixotto's A Summer in a Gondola, which sails, of course, the Venetian canals, and Edwin Lester Arnold's The Edge of an Empire, which follows the course of the well-preserved, ancient wall across England from Tyne to Solway, built by the Roman Emperor Hadrian. The illustrations in the former article are two-color drawings by E. C. Pixotto. Following upon Benjamin Kidd's paper on The Man Who Is to Come in its last issue, Harper's presents this month another discussion of the Darwin theory in the article by Thomas Hunt Morgan of Bryn Mawr College on Darwinism in the Light of Modern Criticism. He prefaces his argument in this manner:

Darwin's theory of natural selection was formulated primarily to explain the origin of those existing structures and of those adjustments in animals and plants that are useful to them in competition with other animals and plants and with the surrounding conditions. Only secondarily does the theory serve to explain the Origin of Species, since it takes into account solely those structures and reactions that are of vital importance to the individual, and it is well known that many specific characters of organisms are of little or of no use to their possessors. If, therefore, it could be shown that processes highly important for the welfare of the individual could not have arisen as the result of competition and of the survival of the fittest, a wide door for skepticism would be thrown open, and we should be justified in questioning whether other useful acquirements are in reality the outcome of a battle for existence and the survival of the successful competitor.

A discussion by Léon Gérôme of True

Gods and False in Art is prefaced by a slight account of the artist-author by André Castaigne, who has also made three drawings of scenes about Gérôme's studio and home. The Dutch Founding of New York, by Thomas A. Janvier, gives us the historical number that nearly always may be found in this magazine.

The fiction in Harper's can be indicated only. There is too much of it even to mention all. Beside the serials the more prominent stories are: Buondelmonte, by Maurice Hewlett; The Caravan, by Mary Tracy Earle; The Hundred and Oneth, a child story, by Annie Hamilton Donnell; The Last Gift, by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman; and The Rights of Man, by George Madden Martin, author of Emmy Lou. The Pine Lady and The Mer-Mother, by Richard Le Gallienne, are two poems which are illustrated in colors by Sarah S. Stillwell.

—In the Atlantic for February, under the title The Sensational Journalism and the Law, and over the signature of Geo. W. Alger, there is an arraignment of the habit of the so-called yellow journals in interfering in the course of events of law trials. It is a timely article and recalls some incidents and examples that are striking. Another paper of much importance and from a high authority is the discussion, by President Hadley of Yale, of Academic Freedom in Theory and Practice. He speaks of the principles of academic freedom from early times until the present day.

In the first chapters of a biographical relation, entitled My Own Story, J. T. Trowbridge tells of his First Experiences As a Writer, making an exceedingly interesting reading of the beginning of a literary career. Some Episodes of Boston Commerce is from the pen of M. A. de Wolf Howe and throws much light on some happenings of historical interest to the Hub of the Commonwealth, while The Pre-dynastic Kings and the Kings of the First Three Dynasties at Abydos makes some comparisons of life as the ancients knew it with the Persian life of to-day, and tells of some remarkable discoveries of Persian furniture in ancient tombs. The Basket-maker is an interesting sketch by Mary Austin. This number is exceedingly rich in matters of belles-lettres interest. Lafcadio Hearn is

made the subject of an article by Paul Elmer More, while Early Persian Literature is the title of a review of Edward G. Browne's Literary History of Persia. Co-operative Historical Writing is a comprehensive review of The Cambridge Modern History, and particularly of Volume 1, which treats of the renaissance. Libin, a new writer of the realistic school, is treated as an interpreter of East Side life. Mr. Charles Rice tells us something of him in the following paragraph:

Libin, the author of this volume, is a poor, untutored proletarian, a newsdealer by trade. He created somewhat of a literary furor by his pen-sketches or rather snapshots of the East Side reality. His little volume was hailed with delight in many a Jewish home throughout the country. His numerous admirers regard him little short of a Yiddish classic, a pioneer in a new departure of realistic fiction. Thousands of intelligent readers in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and elsewhere, read and reread his sketches, discuss warmly their merits and their weak points. The general verdict of his readers and critics assigns to his work a permanent place in good Yiddish fiction; and good or even tolerable Yiddish fiction, as well as good literature in general, the American reader must keep in mind, is a very rare article, especially in this country. A heap of rubbish is annually dumped on the Yiddish book market by a host of pensters without a shadow of literary quality about them. Amid this insipid stuff offered the Yiddish readers as an apology for tolerable fiction, Libin's volume stands out in striking relief as something unique, refreshing, and of lasting literary worth.

—The prominent part played by the Senate in our political organization is made the subject of a study by Henry Loomis Nelson in The Century for February. Mr. Nelson writes in an easy style, yet there is directness and a force in his sentences that drive home the points he would make:

The Senate is the most powerful body in the government. It is often spoken of as an oligarchy; but this is not absolutely accurate. Sometimes the President defeats it by an appeal to the country; but the Senate yields slowly even to the country, for the people have a long time in which to forget the early sins of a senator, who, if he be wise, will be cautious during the latter half of his six years' term. But two-thirds of the Senate can be careless until their indifference or obstinacy threatens the party. A senator is not chosen by the people, and legislatures are rarely held to a strict account for the manner in which they select senators, or for the kind of men whom they choose. There is a general immunity for the middleman in politics. The executive who appoints is often punished for a frailty of judgment, or for partisan blindness to bad character, while the senator who votes for confirmation may go scatheless. The people have not often been watchful over elections to the Senate, and are not accustomed to take failure to elect good men, or the actual election of unworthy men, as anything that they can help. They seem to suffer

from the inertness which often accompanies a conscious lack of power.

In Part III. of the Prologue of the American Revolution, Justin H. Smith recounts Arnold's Battle with the Wilderness. It is a serious paper and worth serious consideration. Two other serial articles are those of The Poe-Chivers Papers, the second installment of which is given, and Khartum to Cairo In an Adirondack Canoe, by William Gage Erving, which has also reached Part II. The initial number in this magazine is Frank Wilbert Stokes's description of The Aurora Borealis. The beautiful picture which he pens of this northern phenomenon is wonderfully crystallized in the four remarkable paintings which he has made and reproductions of which, in full colors, accompany the article.

Besides the continuations of serials, of which there are a number, there are numerous shorter stories. Among them we notice The Baby from Ruggles's Dip, by Kate W. Hamilton; Her Freedom, by Virginia W. Boyle; Knights to the Rescue, by Virginia Cherry Waltz, and When the Consul Came to Peking, by Abigail H. Fitch. There are a number of poems, some of which are illustrated.

—The New Navy at Work in the World's Work for February is a well-written article and an exceedingly well illustrated one. A good idea is given of the great difference of our present navy from that of the time of the Civil War. After reading this article, one should have a fairly broad idea of the life, the work, and the play of the new navy. Growing Cuban Tobacco in the United States tells of successful experiments in producing Cuban leaf in Texas and Ohio. The question of whether or not we can compete with Cuba in the production of the finest leaf-tobacco is intelligently discussed in this paper by Marrion Wilcox. A study of Herbert Spencer is made in a paper by George Iles, several photographs of Spencer, his home and its environments accompany the article. Two articles that might be read with great profit are those of What We Can Learn from German Business Methods, being a careful estimate by Louis J. Magee, and The Work of a Japanese Craftsman, in which Herbert G. Ponting tells of the marvelous care spent on the details of Japanese art-ware. One of the features of this number is the article by Arthur Goodrich on The United States Steel Corporation's Profit Sharing Plan, in which he makes clear a matter of business detail which has aroused not a little curiosity

in outsiders. Mr. Goodrich's articles are remarkable for their explicitness of statement and clearness of insight. There are many other articles which lack of space do not permit mentioning, but the splendid paper by Dr. Floyd M. Crandall, in which he tells of The Prevention of Physical Breakdown, should not pass unnoticed. It should be read by every one and can be done so with great benefit.

—There are a number of short stories in McClure's current issue. *Jimps* is the tale of a wee little girl, and a likeable little girl she is. The story is by Florence Wilkinson, and is illustrated by Arthur I. Keller. The *Phonograph* and the *Graft*, by O. Henry, is humorous and tells a tale of a very interesting mix-up. F. Luis Mora has made some pen-pictures for it. Another story illustrated by pen pictures and also with a touch of humor is the first installment of a continued tale entitled *The Triumph*. It is by Arthur Stanwood Pier, and promises well. As a Tale That Is Told by Mary Clark Huntington, is a third short story, while the second installment of *The Flying Death* brings that narrative to an end. A society story is Edith Wyatt's *Snow-White* and *Rose-Red*. The characters are both Austrian and American, and the scene is Chicago. The matter other than fiction in this issue does credit to the magazine, no number of which has contained any article more readable or more welcome than the present paper by Lieutenant Peary, *The Last Years of Arctic Work*. The following clipping tells of his discovery of what Mr. Peary considers to be the most northern land:

One march from here carried us to Cape Washington. Reaching the low point, which is visible from Lockwood Island, just at midnight, great was my relief to see, on rounding it, another splendid headland, with two magnificent glaciers debouching near it, rising across an intervening inlet. I knew now that Cape Washington was not the northern point of Greenland, as I had feared. It would have been a great disappointment to me, after coming so far, to find that another's eyes had forestalled mine in looking first upon the coveted northern point.

It was now evident to me that we were very near the northern extremity of the land, and when we came within view of the next cape ahead, I knew that my eyes at last rested upon the Arctic Ultima Thule. The land ahead also impressed me at once as showing the characteristics of a musk-ox country.

The cape was reached in the next march, and I stopped to take variation and latitude sights. Here my Eskimo shot a hare, and we saw a wolf track, and traces of musk-oxen. A careful reconnaissance of the pack to the northward, with the glasses, from an elevation of a few hundred feet, showed the ice to be of a less impracticable character than it was north of Cape Washington. What were evidently water clouds showed very distinctly on the horizon.

This water sky had been apparent ever since we left Cape Washington, and at one time assumed such a shape that I was almost deceived into taking it for land. Continued careful observation destroyed the illusion. My observations completed, we started northward over the pack, and camped a few miles from land.

The two following marches were made in a thick fog, through which we groped our way northward over broken ice and across gigantic, wavelike drifts of hard snow. One more march in clear weather, over frightful going, consisting of fragments of old floes, ridges of heavy ice thrown up to heights of twenty-five to fifty feet, crevasses and holes masked by snow, the whole intersected by narrow leads of open water, brought us at 5 A.M. on the 16th to the northern edge of a fragment of an old floe, bounded by water. A reconnaissance from the summit of a pinnacle of the floe, some fifty feet high, showed that we were on the edge of the disintegrated pack, with a dense water sky not far distant.

Of sociologic nature is Francis Nichol's paper, *The Children of the Coal Shadow*, in which the author tells of child-labor in the coal regions. The initial article in the magazine is Will H. Low's *A Century of Painting in America*, in which is told the beginning of American Art by notes descriptive and biographical on Smybert, West, Copley, the two Peales, Trumbull, and Stuart, with reproductions of many of their most famous canvases. Of great value is the symposium on *The Surgery of Light*. This treats of Dr. Niel Finsen of Copenhagen and His Discovery of the Healing Rays. First Jacob Riis gives a word about *The Man Himself*, then Cleveland Moffett tells of Dr. Finsen and the Story of His Achievement. This is followed by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's account of the Finsen System in England, and by Dr. George G. Hopkins' of the Finsen System in America, *Its Use in Combination with the X-Ray*. A photograph of Dr. Finsen and illustrations of his earlier and later apparatus are presented.

—An account of the Canadian Indian is given in *Outing* by Leonidas Hubbard, Jr. In *The Children of the Bush* he explains that

To the residents of Lower Canada the whole world is divided into two parts, the "settlements" and the "bush." You go through the settlements on the train until the railway ends. Then you drive until you come to the last house. Here the road ends, and all beyond is the bush. When you stand for the first time on its edge and look away toward the North Star, you suddenly realize that the bush runs all the way to the pole. If it is night and winter, and a wind like fine shot is coming down from the Ungava, it seems to you that a wolfish presence hangs over the bush ready to seize anyone who ventures beyond the last house, and you understand why the Indians see an evil spirit in the land, and give good furs to the *windago* for that spirit's appeasing.

When winter comes the white wastes are peopled by nomad families, who have left the reserves and

missions to tramp over the rocks and snow fields and frozen lakes, pitching and folding their tents more silently than the Arabs, in pursuit of furs—furs which come to the markets for you and me to buy, if we can afford them. I wanted to know something of these men of the bush, to know the motive that inspires their lives, and to see what the forest holds of joy or sorrow for its people. So, one day I rode through the Laurentides to the railroad's end, and from there went northward to the reserve of the Montagnais.

A succinct account of what he found there with a description of the people and their life make up the rest of the article. The New York Horse Show is made the subject of a paper by C. B. Davis. It is illustrated with pen sketches. On Chinese Roads is a descriptive article from the pen of the author of *Through Hidden Shensi*, Francis H. Nichols. The photographic illustrations are unique. *Pistols with Pedigrees* is the title of an unusual article by John Paul Bocock. The tales of many pistols that have figured in incidents well known to history are given, and some of these interesting firearms shown in illustration. Two other papers tell of President Roosevelt's hunt and of *The Business of Travel*. Where the Waters Are Frozen contains descriptions of ice sports by several writers, while *Some Little Outdoor Stories* is made up of three little tales, by three authors.

—In the February *Cosmopolitan*, an issue which, by the way, is bright from cover to cover, Emma B. Kaufman writes of *Barbaric Jewels as Worn by Modern Women*. She gives countless illustrations of prominent titled and even royal personages who, she declares, verge on barbarism in their display of personal jewelry. Sixteen photographs of well-known examples are presented for the delectation of the reader. Another article that should be dear to the hearts of women is one by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen 2d, one of the editors of the magazine. He writes of *The American Bride*, and makes some altogether enjoyable remarks on that wonderful being. Photographs of well-known American brides of 1902 are given. Accounts of President McKinley's tours and scenes from them are given in a paper by W. W. Price. Mr. Price declares that:

No President, while performing the duties of Chief Executive, ever did half as much traveling through the United States as the late President McKinley, although President Roosevelt promises to equal the record of his predecessor, if he should be elected for another term. These presidential trips constituted one of the methods President McKinley had of getting close to the people of the country. Not only did he greatly enjoy these tours, but he found immense benefit, physically and mentally, in

them. As he grew in popularity, his speeches and addresses while on these trips, frequently from the rear end of splendidly equipped palace-cars, were received with unbounded enthusiasm. President McKinley made it a point guardedly to feel the pulse of the people by carefully worded statements in his speeches, and he never returned to the White House from one of these journeys without being able to come to a conclusion as to what the people wanted. President Roosevelt, too, is following the same course. The desire of the people to have the latter among them is growing as fast as was the universal wish of the nation to have President McKinley visit in all directions.

The *Triumphal Tour* of Adolf Lorenz is a short appreciation by John Brisben Walker. *Making a Choice of a Profession* is treated in a second paper in which Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones sets forth the advantages and trials of the ministry. The *Captains of Industry* who are told of this month are William A. Clark, Henry M. Whitney, and August Belmont, a metropolitan trio. Harry Thurston Peck tells of *What a Father Can Do for a Daughter*. H. G. Wells continues his *Mankind in the Making*, and Richard Le Gallienne his *Old Love Stories Retold*. Viscount Wolseley writes of *The Young Napoleon*, while Elbert Hubbard tells of *Leo Tolstoi*. In fiction there are stories by Louise J. Strong, this being a curious affair, entitled *An Unscientific Story*; Octave Thanet and James Edmund Dunning, and a continuation of *Barlasch of the Guard*, by Henry Seton Merriman.

—The *Courts of the Rajahs* is the very interesting initial paper in *Everybody's* for February. It is quite a comprehensive account of Rajah grandeur, and indicates the part the Rajahs took in the recent Durbar. The series of accounts of *Great Days in Great Men's Lives* in this issue speaks of the *Life of Benjamin Franklin*.

A *Viking of the East* is by H. S. Canfield and tells the strange adventures of James Brook, Rajah of Sarawak. It is well illustrated. Some account is given of Miss Jane Addams, the well-known worker at the Hull House in Chicago, with a photograph. Under the heading of *Courage or What?* O. K. Davis tells of remarkable feats of bravery in the service in the Philippines and China. The *New Medical Science of Prevention* is described by Thomas L. Stedman, M.D. The fiction in the number includes, besides serials, *The Rapier of Farrara*, by Atherton Brownell; *Three Little Stories of Real Life*, by G. W. Ogden, Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, and Catharine Holland Brown; *A Japanese Gentleman*, by C. V. C. Matthews, and *Hygeia at the Solito*, by O. Henry.

—The Woman's Home Companion presents an unusually attractive number in its current issue. A Neglected Birthplace, by Clifton Johnson, tells of the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. Another paper, by Arthur Branscombe, speaks of The Birthplace of the American Flag. What the Congregationalists Are Doing for the Good of Mankind is an exposition by H. A. Bridgman, the editor of The Congregationalist. The modern snow-plough and its economic place in railroading of to-day is told by Anne O'Hagen, the text being accompanied by some excellent photographs. The Calling of the Dead, by Winthrop Packard, is a story of the memorial services held in Gloucester each year for the fishermen drowned from vessels from that city. A good short story is that of Enter, Mr. Dunn—Exit, Mr. Dunn, by Tudor Jenks. Clara Morris has contributed The Love That Follows Us, which is the story of the affection of a dog. The Flight of Fenella, by Richard S. Howell, is continued. The remainder of the fifty-odd pages of the magazine contains departmental contributions and readable miscellaneous matter.

—Country Life in America presents an array of articles timely for this season of the year. The Carnation and How to Grow It is full of valuable suggestions. The Orange in California and Florida tells something of the great orange-growing industries of the semi-tropical parts of our country. We are taken among these scenes again in A. Radclyffe Dugmore's article, The Pleasures of Florida Camping. Mr. Dugmore has taken some

interesting photographs in Florida, some of which are presented here. An insight into the business of seed-growing is given by W. S. Harwood in A Great Seed-Growing Estate, while John A. Craig tells of The Points of a Good Sheep. Other articles, a few poems, and some unusually good photographs complete an interesting number.

—The Criterion for February contains an account of the Grand Opera of the present season under the title, Art New and Old in the Season's Opera, by Catharine M. Roope, while Charles Meltzer tells in a companion article of how things go behind the scenes at the Metropolitan Opera House. Arthur E. Bostwick seeks to give the meaning of The Carnegie Library System, and tells of this great philanthropist's sensational library gifts. The Literary Associations of Litchfield County, Conn., are treated of by Gen. James Grant Wilson.

—The National for February seems to be an improvement over its former issues, and includes, besides a number of always well-edited departments, an amount of miscellany which amuses, interests, and instructs. The First World Movement of Science is a striking excerpt by Elmer Gates from a recent publication. In Art Movements of To-day, Frederick Coburn discusses what he pleases to call the triple alliance of painters, sculptors, and architects. Florida scenes are shown in the article In the Playground of the Millionaires, while In a Tub to Tangier gives a picturesque account of Morocco's second city. There are numerous short stories, poems, and miscellany.

Magazine Reference List for February, 1903

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical

Art Movements of To-day.....National
Art, New and Old, in the Season's Opera...Criterion
Behind the Scenes at the Metropolitan Opera
House.....Criterion
California's Year in Art.....Overland
Century of Paintings in America, A....McClure's
Chinese Theater.....Overland
Continental Tendencies in Arts and Crafts..Chataug.
*Moral Influence of the Theater, The....Cornhill
"Municipal Art".....Chautauquan
Paintings of the Barbizon School.. Chautauquan
True Gods and False in Art.....Harper's
Woman's Success in Photography, A....National
Work of a Japanese Craftsman, The.. World's Work

*Current numbers of quarterly, bi-monthly and foreign magazines.

Biographical and Reminiscent.

Addams, Miss Jane.....Everybody's
Builders of California, The.....Overland
Captains of Industry.....Cosmopolitan
Finsen, Dr., Story of His Achievement..McClure's
Hearn, Lafcadio.....Atlantic
Libin, Interpreter of East Side Life.....Atlantic
*Life of Spurgeon, Chas. Haddon, The.....Sunday
Reminiscences of Wendell Phillips..New England
Spencer, Herbert.....World's Work
Tolstoy, Leo.....Cosmopolitan
Work of Bela L. Pratt, The.....New England

Educational Topics

Academic Freedom.....Atlantic
*Life in an Industrial School.....Leisure Hour
Rapid Growth of Public Libraries..World's Work
*Woman-Student at Oxford, The.....Chambers's

Essays and Miscellanies

- American Bride, The.....Cosmopolitan
 American Girl, The.....Woman's Home Comp.
 *Animal Wind-Bags.....Knowledge
 Appropriate Dressing..Woman's Home Companion
 Barbaric Jewels Worn by Women..Cosmopolitan
 *Business Side of Literature, The.....Chambers's
 Chronicling Small Beer.....Lippincott's
 *Confessions of a Cigarette-Smoker...Chambers's
 Courage or What?.....Everybody's
 Early Persian Literature.....Atlantic
 *Garden Wife, The.....Cornhill
 *Germs of the Waverly Novels.....Cornhill
 Imperial Alexander Lyceum, The...Chautauquan
 Indian Money.....New England
 Literary Age of Boston, The.....Harper's
 Literary Associations of Litchfield Co...Criterion
 Literary Pilgrimage, The.....Atlantic
 Meaning of the Carnegie Library System, Criterion
 New England Editors.....New England
 Pistols With Pedigrees.....Outing
 Playground of the Millionaires, The....National
 Poe-Chivers Papers, The.....Century
 Prevention of Physical Breakdown, World's Work
 Rapid Growth of Pub. Libraries...World's Work
 Real Forces in Literature.....Atlantic
 Renter in a Country Town, The...Country Life
 Sensational Journalism.....Atlantic
 *Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris..Leisure Hour
 Unwritten Chapter of Les Misérables..Lippincott's
 Watchers of the Fog, The.....Overland
 What a Father Can Do for His Daughter...Cosmo.

Historical and Political

- Birthplace of the American Flag, The
Woman's Home Companion
 *Brown, John.....Leisure Hour
 City of Hartford, The.....New England
 Courts of the Rajahs, The.....Everybody's
 England and Russia in the Politics...Chautauquan
 Damascus.....Cosmopolitan
 Dutch Founding of New York, The...Harper's
 Edge of an Empire, The.....Harper's
 Historic Mansion, An.....New England
 Lincoln's Neglected Birthplace...W. Home Com.
 Lost State of Franklin, The.....New England
 Moscow.....Chautauquan
 New Navy at Work, The.....World's Work
 Overshadowing Senate, The.....Century
 Pre-Dynastic Kings at Abydos.....Atlantic
 President McKinley's Tours.....Cosmopolitan
 Prologue of the American Revolution, The..Century
 Viking of the East, A.....Everybody's
 Young Napoleon, The.....Cosmopolitan

Religious and Philosophical

- *Bible and Science, The.....Sunday
 Christendom to Rally in Jerusalem.....National
 Literary Loss of the Bible, The.....Century
 *Personal Forces in Religious Journalism
Leisure Hour
 *Receiving Moderators.....Cornhill
 *Ruskin's Bibles.....Good Words
 What the Congregationalists Are Doing
Woman's Home Companion

Scientific and Industrial

- *Animal Pedometers.....Knowledge
 Aurora Borealis, The.....Century
 *Barrages of the Nile, The.....Chambers's
 *British Wild Flowers.....Knowledge
 Case of Protective Coloring, A.....Country Life

- Darwinism in the Light of Modern Criticism. Harper's
 *Engineering.....Cornhill
 Episodes of Boston Commerce.....Atlantic
 Era of Thrift in the Middle West, An..World's Work
 *Ether and Wireless Telegraphy, The...Chambers's
 Finsen System in America, The.....McClure's
 Finsen System in England, The.....McClure's
 Great Seed-Breeding Estate, A.....Country Life
 Growing Cuban Tobacco in the U. S...World's Work
 How Railroads Fight Snow.....W. Home Com.
 *Journalism as a Profession in France..Leisure Hour
 Judging Corn.....Country Life
 Last Years of Arctic Work, The.....McClure's
 *Lunar Eclipse of 1902.....Knowledge
 Making a Choice of a Profession.....Cosmopolitan
 New Medical Science of Prevention, The..Everybody's
 Orange in Florida and California, The..Country Life
 *Pea Family, The.....Knowledge
 *Photographs of Comets.....Knowledge
 Points of a Good Sheep, The.....Country Life
 Science, the First World-Movement.....National
 *Secrets of Arctic Geography.....Good Words
 Surgery of Light, The.....McClure's
 Triumph of Adolf Lorenz, The.....Cosmopolitan
 Trolley Lines in a Railroad System...World's Work
 Wave Motors.....Lippincott's
 West African Trading Station, A....Lippincott's
 What a Father Can Do for His Daughter
Cosmopolitan
 *World on Fire, A.....Chambers's

Sociologic and Economic

- Children of the Coal Shadow.....McClure's
 Law and Status of Politics in Negroes...Overland
 *League of Ministering Children, A...Leisure Hours
 Mankind in the Making.....Cosmopolitan
 Present Status of the Professions...World's Work
 Rights of Man.....Harper's
 Study of a "Decreed" Town, A.....Harper's
 U. S. Steel Corporation's Profit-Sharing Plan, The
World's Work
 *Visit to Manitoba Penitentiary, A....Chambers's
 What We Can Learn from German Business Method
World's Work
 Work with the Hands.....Everybody's

Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors.

- *Adventurer in Spain, The.....Good Words
 Angling.....Outing
 Business of Travel, The.....Outing
 Caring for the Bird Dog.....Outing
 Carnations.....Country Life
 Children of the Bush, The.....Outing
 Hated Rogue of the North, The.....Outing
 Hockey.....Outing
 In a Tub to Tangier.....National
 Khartum to Cairo.....Century
 New York Horse Show, The.....Outing
 On Chinese Roads.....Outing
 *On the Ruins of Carthage.....Leisure Hour
 Pleasures of Florida Camping.....Country Life
 *Poacher, The.....Chambers's
 Pres. Roosevelt's Miss. Bear-Hunt.....Outing
 Rise of Saber Fencing, The.....Outing
 Shelburne Farms.....Country Life
 Six-Day Racing.....Outing
 Summer in a Sandola, A.....Harper's
 Skating Just for Fun.....Outing
 St. Bernard Dog, The.....Country Life
 *Treasure of the Incas, The.....Chambers's
 *Unexplored St. Andrews.....Chambers's

Wit and Humor of the Press

A gentleman telegraphist "called" a young lady operator in another office repeatedly without response. At last the "click, click" came, and he telegraphed back vehemently: "I have been trying to catch you for the last half hour!" The maiden wired back: "That's nothing! There is a young man here who's been trying to do the same thing for two years and he hasn't caught me yet!"

—The day after Thanksgiving: "What are the probabilities for to-morrow?" asked the star boarder of the drug clerk, who was looking over the paper. The drug clerk turned to the weather page and, seemingly unconscious that the landlady was behind him, read: "For to-morrow and Saturday, hash, followed by turkey soup and croquettes."

—"Burble, I never saw you looking so ghastly. Why don't you ask some doctor what ails you?"

"Because I know what ails me. It's quick consumption."

"Quick consumption?"

"Yes; having to bolt my breakfast in two gulps and hurry to catch the train for down town."

—Bunkoed Again—"I don't think much of this museum," said Jinks; "why, they ain't got no skull of Napoleon Boneparte, and the one I was in, up to New York, has two."

—Jones: "You are looking better than you did the last time I saw you."

Brown: "Yes, I have got wholly over the effects of my summer vacation, and am now building up my strength in preparation for next year's vacation."

—Casey: "Well, ye can't prevint what's past an' gone."

Cassidy: "Shure, ye could av ye only acted quick enough."

Casey: "How could ye?"

Cassidy: "Shtop it before it happened."

—"I suppose," said the very young man who was seeking knowledge, "the secret of success in politics is learning to treat one's inferiors with deference." "Preferably with beer or whiskey," replied the wise old politician.

—"Is her social position an assured one?"

"I should say so! Why, it's bounded on the north by two generations of scandals; on the

east by Newport; on the south by ten millions; and on the west by South Dakota."

—"But what will you do when all the vermiform appendices shall have been removed?"

The great surgeon smiled. "I was reading only to-day," he said, "that the stomach may be taken out."

"Without killing the patient?"

"How funny you are!" exclaimed the great surgeon, and laughed outright.

—"Hiram, I see where that college that our Zeke goes to up in Chicago has bought 50,000 bugs."

"Gosh, Mandy, don't send any more money, an' maybe we can pay his schoolin' in potato-bugs."

—Kentucky teacher (of infant geography class): "Tommy Blood may tell us what a strait is."

Tommy Blood: "It's jis' th' plain stuff 'thout nothin' in it."

—Biggs: "I understand that you lost money on that chicken-raising experiment of yours."

Boggs: "Yes, I did; but I expect to get it all back again. I am writing a book on how to raise chickens."

—"Well," remarks Gladys, "I suppose you are all through your holiday worries, aren't you?" "Yes," replies Nanette, "I exchanged my last misfit present this morning, and have settled down to enjoy myself."

—Doctor—Your temperature is up to one hundred and seven degrees. Auctioneer (drowsily)—Hundred an' seven! Hundred an' seven! Going, going at hundred an' seven! Who'll make it a hundred an' eight?

—Jerrold—I took Dolly out in my auto yesterday. Harold—Of course you proposed to her? Jerrold—No! Every time I started to I broke down.

—Salesman—This is the best stove in the market. It will save half your coal. Customer—Is that so? Then give me two of them so's I can save it all.

—Sunday-school Teacher—And it took Noah a hundred years to build the Ark. Street Arab—What was the matter—was there a strike?

Over the Wine and Walnuts*

HAD ALREADY LEFT FIFTY

From Burnley, England, comes to the column a story of a young married woman, whose husband brought her wealth without giving her either position or social distinction. But she was persistent, and started out in a coach to make calls on her new neighbors.

"John," she said to the Lancashire lad she had invested with a footman's livery, "take the cards from my dressing-room and leave one at each house where we stop. I shall not get out of the carriage."

The countryside was well covered within two hours, and she bade him start for home, saying, "Turn into the left road, John, and we'll stop at the Vernon's, the Smythes' and the Graham's on our way back."

"Cawn't do it, mum!" protested John. "One of the nob's will 'ave to be left hout. Hi've honly the hace of spades and the ten of clubs left, mum!"

KNOW HIS MAN

A good story is told of the late Dr. S——. He was for upwards of fifty years a prominent member of the Maritime Synod. At length, grown old in years and unable (as his congregation thought) to minister to their needs, he was asked to resign, the idea of being to superannuate him. The Doctor refused, feeling that his days of usefulness were by no means over.

The party opposed to him was, however, the stronger, and, much to his regret, he was compelled to hand in his resignation. An aged friend tried to comfort him by getting him to take a reasonable view of the matter, and not to fly in the face of Providence. He succeeded but poorly.

"Hoot man," replied the Doctor, "Providence had naething ava to do wi' it. It was the MacCurdys, the Archibalds and the de'il!"

KING EDWARD'S REPLY.

Edward the Seventh, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Sea, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, etc., was recently at a reception in

*Compiled from Short Stories.

London where various classes of society were largely represented by both sexes. An extremely wealthy costumer, who enjoys an international reputation, approached him and remarked familiarly:

"The crowd is a somewhat mixed one this evening, your Majesty, is it not?"

"Well, my dear——," responded the King, apologetically, and with an amiable smile, "we can't all be tailors, you know."

JUST PROVOCATION.

A good old Quaker was milking a cow whose lively disposition often tried his patience severely. On this occasion she managed to overturn the pail, which was nearly full. The old man arose in righteous indignation and said: "I will not kick thee, neither will I beat thee, but I will twist thy durn tail!"

TOO PATRIOTIC

Patrick had worked hard all his days, but his sons had spent his money for him, and when he was too old for active work he was offered the position of crossing-tender at a small railroad station. He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him and the meaning of the various flags was clearly stated.

"In case of danger, with a train coming, of course you wave the red flag," said his friend, proceeding with his explanation. A hard old hand grasped his arm:

"Man, dear, it'll never do," said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. "I could never trust meself to remember to wave a red flag whin there was a green wan handy."

NOT HER FINGERS.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was one day seated near the refreshment table, at an entertainment, and observed a little girl looking with longing eyes at the good things. He said kindly, "Are you hungry, little girl?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Then why don't you take a sandwich?"

"Because I haven't any fork."

"Fingers were made before forks," said the doctor, smilingly.

The little girl looked up at him and replied, to his delight: "Not my fingers."

Open Questions: Talks With Correspondents

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

928. Can you give me the sources of the following quotations:

'Curved is the line of beauty
Straight is the line of duty:
Walk by the last and thou shalt see
The other ever follow thee.'

"A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek."

"Oh, doth not the joy of a meeting like this——"

I have not the remainder of this quotation and shall be glad if you or any of your readers can furnish it.

"And whether crowned or crownless when I fall
It matters not so that His will be done."

—J. N. Campion, Omaha, Neb.

929. Can you tell me the authorship of the following lines:

'Lucifer'—kindly said as 'Gabriel,'
Lucifer—soft as 'Michael,' while serene
He, standing in the glory of the lamps,
Answered, 'My Father,' innocent of shame
And of the sense of thunder.

The lines are found on p. 269 of *St. Elmo*, by Augusta J. Evans, a work published by Dillingham. If you will answer in your *Answers to Correspondents* page I shall esteem it a favor.—Felix H. Pickworth, Anamosa, Iowa.

[It is the editor's impression that these lines are found in *Festus*, a poem by Philip Jas. Bailey.]

930. Can you kindly assist me in the search for the poem beginning as follows:

'Neath Heaven's high arch
A glorious form appears.

If you succeed in finding it will you please let me know where it can be obtained, or publish it in *Treasure Trove*.—C. B. Kinyon, Ann Arbor, Mich.

[Can any of our readers place this quotation?]

931. (1) Could you kindly help me to find the words of an old song entitled, *The Song of All Songs*, part of one verse of which is:

Just before the battle, Mother, what are the men
about,
Good morning, Horace Greeley, does your mother
know you're out?

It goes to the tune of *The Captain With the Whiskers*.

(2) Also where can I find the song, *The Regular Army O*.—Wm. Hardman, Kaspar, S. D.

932. Can you inform me through *Open Questions* where I can get the following poem, the title of which I do not know:

Even the snow flake lets a shadow fall,
As to earth it softly sinks to rest.
So may the whitest, purest souls of all
Seem sometimes wrong to those that
love them best.

—Mrs. Luxton, So. Butte, Mont.

933. Have you ever published an illustrated article on Ella Wheeler Wilcox; if so, what was the date?—O. C. Painter, 1511 Guilford avenue, Baltimore.

[We have never published such an article.]

934. Please inform me in what issue of your magazine I can find a review of the new book *Dawn-Thought*, by J. William Lloyd.—E. L. Brown, Brooklyn Post Office, Brooklyn, N. Y.

[This book has never been reviewed in our columns.]

935. Have you ever published, or do you know where could be obtained, a poem, the title of which is either *The White Rose* or *The Rose That Grew Too High for Me*? I do not know the author. I am very desirous of obtaining it.—Mrs. Harold L. Butler, Valparaiso, Ind.

[The Editor does not know this poem. Perhaps some reader may.]

936. Will you kindly inform me as to where I can secure a copy of a selection called *The Tooter*? I heard it recited on the stage last season. It is the story of a boy who greatly annoyed his neighbors, practising on his horn, but one young maiden prophesied that some day he would be famous, and after this prophecy was fulfilled the maiden heard him play at—I think—some grand musicale. Perhaps the piece is also known under some other name than *The Tooter*. I hope you can help me, for I am exceedingly anxious to get it.—Cora H. C. Young, Le Roy, Ill.

937. I should like to have a copy of the poem, or, better still, see it published in *CURRENT LITERATURE*, of which the following is a part, as near as I remember:

Girls have been known
To lightly turn the corner of the street,
And days have lengthened to months
And months to lagging years
Ere they looked in loving eyes again,
And we have other fears
Yet dare not explain.

And also another poem, similar to the above, regarding the parting of friends. They were both published in a Washington, D. C., paper about a year ago. Will someone tell who the author is?—Lamar C. Oyster, Lumberport, West Va.

[In the lines you give have you not confused two poems? The editor did not see those printed in the Washington paper, but well recalls Coventry Patmore's beautiful lines entitled *Parting*. They are given below, and it easily may be seen that some of the lines you quote are from this poem:

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell.
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine.
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow comes?
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months,
And months to lagging years,
Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.

Parting, at best, is underlaid
With tears and pain,
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm the hand
Of him who goeth forth.
Unseen, fate goeth too.
Yea, find thou always time to say some earnest word
Between the idle talk, lest, with thee henceforth,
Night and day, regret should walk.]

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

889. Your statement concerning my answer to No. 889, in the December issue, contains a slight error which I wish to correct. Along the Way is the title of a volume of Mary Mapes Dodge's poems, including *The Two Mysteries*. I said that the collection from which your correspondent quoted was wrong in attributing the poem to Whitman.—F. A. Brewer, Battle Creek, Mich.

[We are glad to make correction of this error in the report of our correspondent's letter.]

903. Would like to suggest that *The Star Monthly*, published at Oak Park, Ill., at 50 cents per year, is a good monthly for boys.—R. M. Worsen, Cannon City, Colo.

910. Replying to query 910, the quotation mentioned is from Longfellow's translation of the *Divine Tragedy*, and can be found in the *Third Passover*, seq.—J. N. Campion, Omaha, Neb.

[Many thanks for this prompt reply.]

911. This is part of a temperance song, said to have been composed by J. B. Gough when first he foreswore liquor. It was quite popular in the enthusiastic temperance meetings of that period,

and could be found in the old temperance song-books. It is a parody on the old English ditty of *Long Ago*:

Give back the friends that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long ago.

It begins:

Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Oh, how I wept when I knew she was dead,
Long, long ago, long ago.
She was an angel, my love and my pride,
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried,
Poor broken heart, it was well that she died,
Long, long ago, long ago.

I do not remember any more just now.—E. Sobey, Kalal, Molokai, Territory of Hawaii.

[Many thanks to this far-away correspondent who takes the trouble to send us this information. Also to Mrs. Frank Beach of Seattle, Wash., and M. R. Treat of Portland, Me., both of whom have sent complete copies of the poem. These will be forwarded to the querist, C. D. W., if he will send us his name and address.]

914. That celebrated sunset description can be found on page 71 of the *Life of Samuel Sullivan Cox*, by his nephew, William Van Zandt Cox, and his friend, Milton Harlow Northrup, published by M. H. Northrup, Syracuse, N. Y., 1899. The article first appeared in the *Columbus Statesman* for May 19, 1853, under the caption, *A Great Old Sunset*. This biography of Mr. Cox also contains several other fine selections from his writings and speeches.—Walter Hurt, Cincinnati, Ohio.

[The editor begs to thank his correspondent for his kind interest and information. Another reply to this query will be found in the December issue of *CURRENT LITERATURE*.

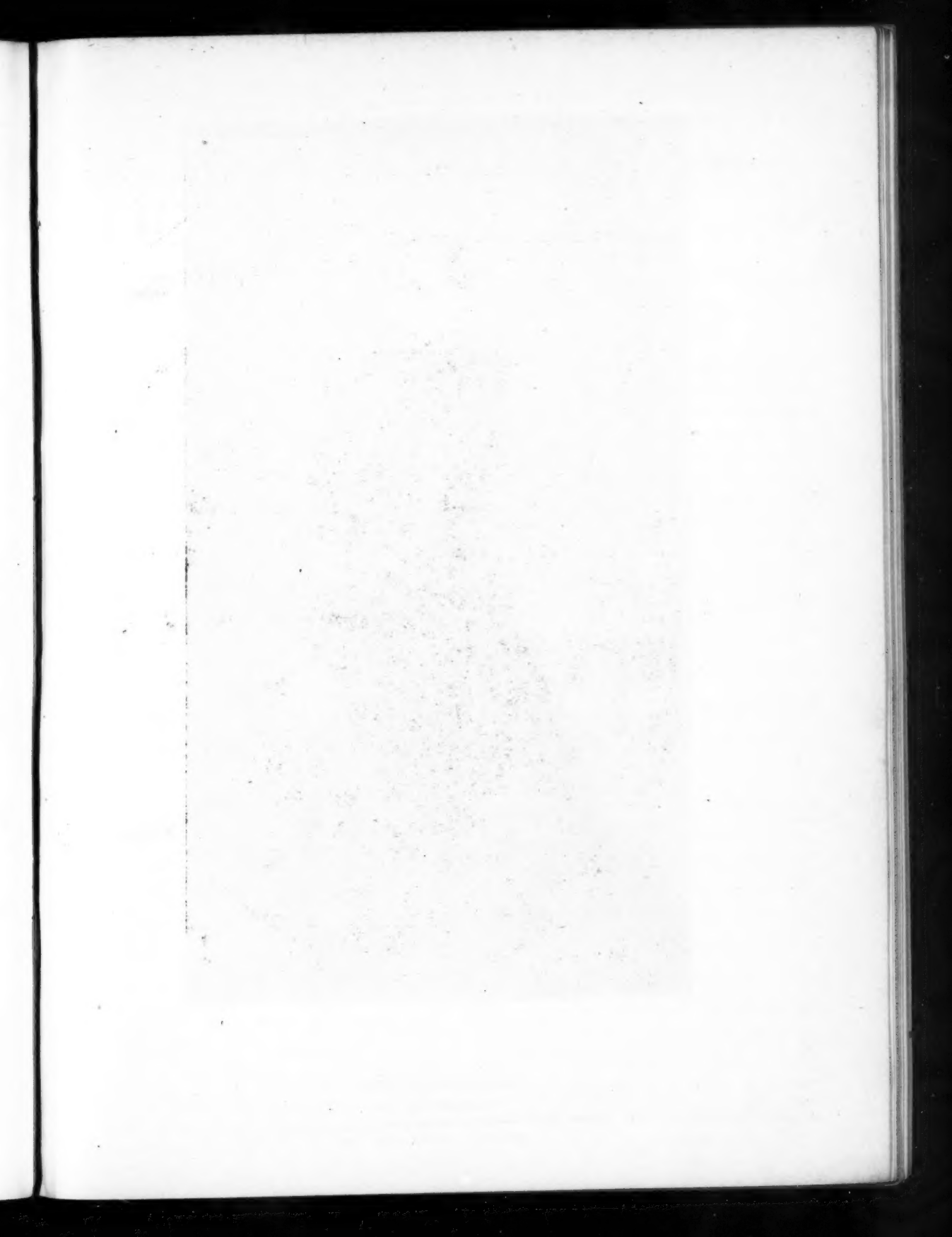
922. Replying to query 922, the quotation therein wanted (although not quoted correctly) is from Whittier, in *Cassandra Southwick*, stanzas 27 and 28.—J. N. Campion, Omaha, Neb.

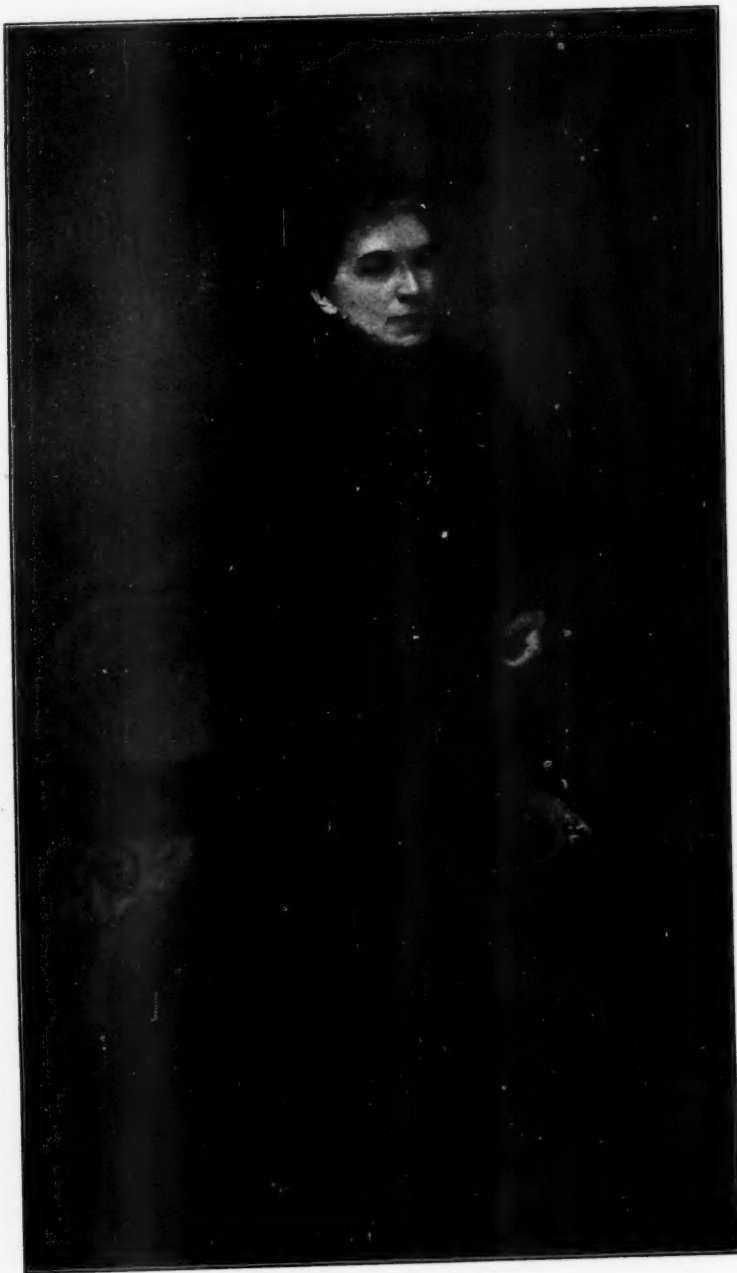
926. (1) The stanza asked for by a correspondent in your January number is in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, Section LIV. and as follows:

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

—Elizabeth Ackers, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

[Answers to this query have been sent also by J. R. H., New York City; L. F. Valentine, Clay Center, Kan.; Lena B. Leary, Mattoax, Va.; J. N. Campion, Omaha, Neb., and Henry J. Fuller, St. Paul, Minn., to whom the editor desires to return thanks. As these answers are the same as that given above, they are not printed.]





MRS. HUMPHRY WARD
(See Gossip of Authors)